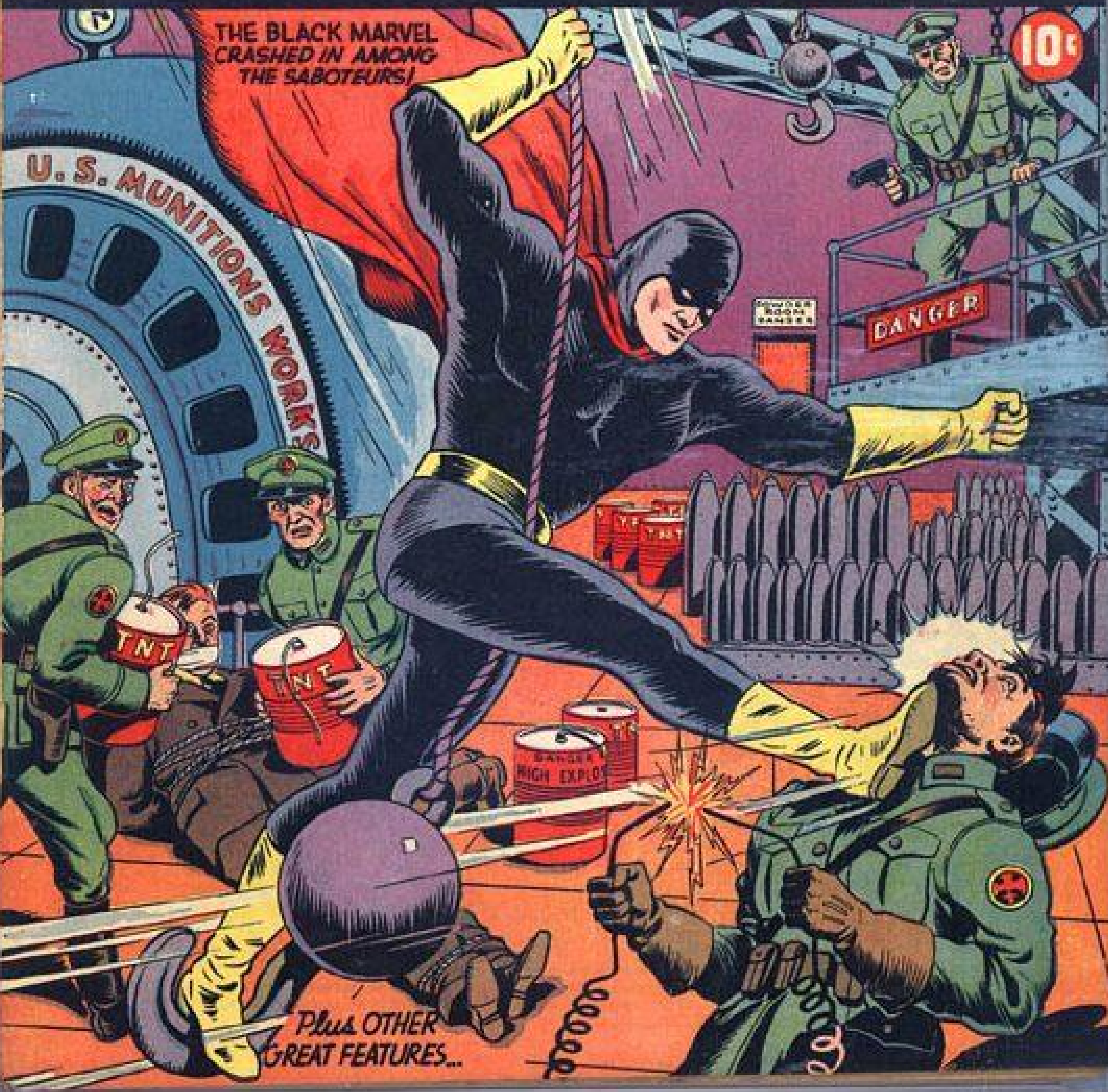
MYSTIC COMICS

NEW *Sensational* FEATURE...
The **BLACK MARVEL**

MARCH
No.
5


10¢
THE BLACK MARVEL CRASHED IN AMONG THE SABOTEURS!
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DANGER
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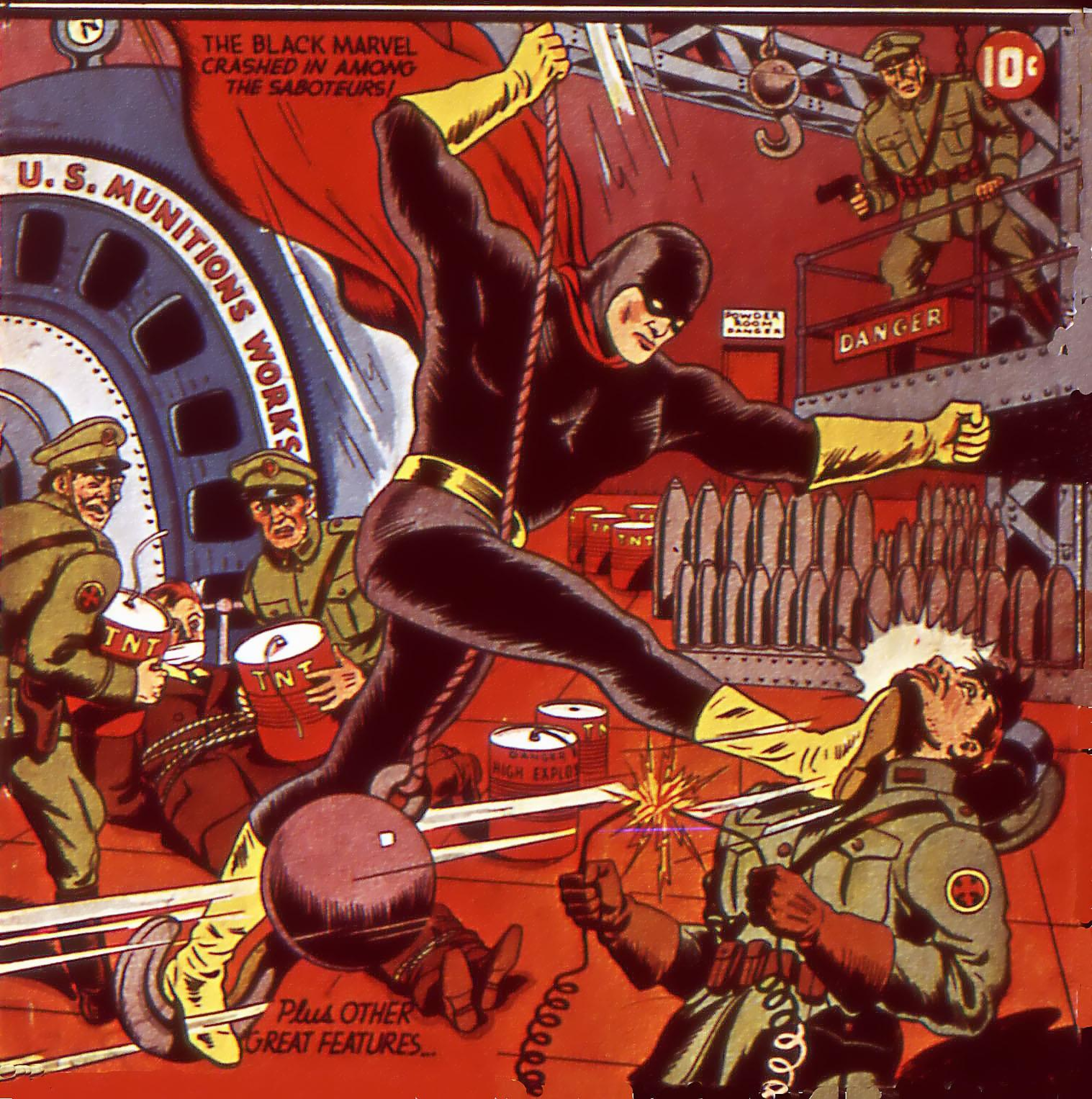
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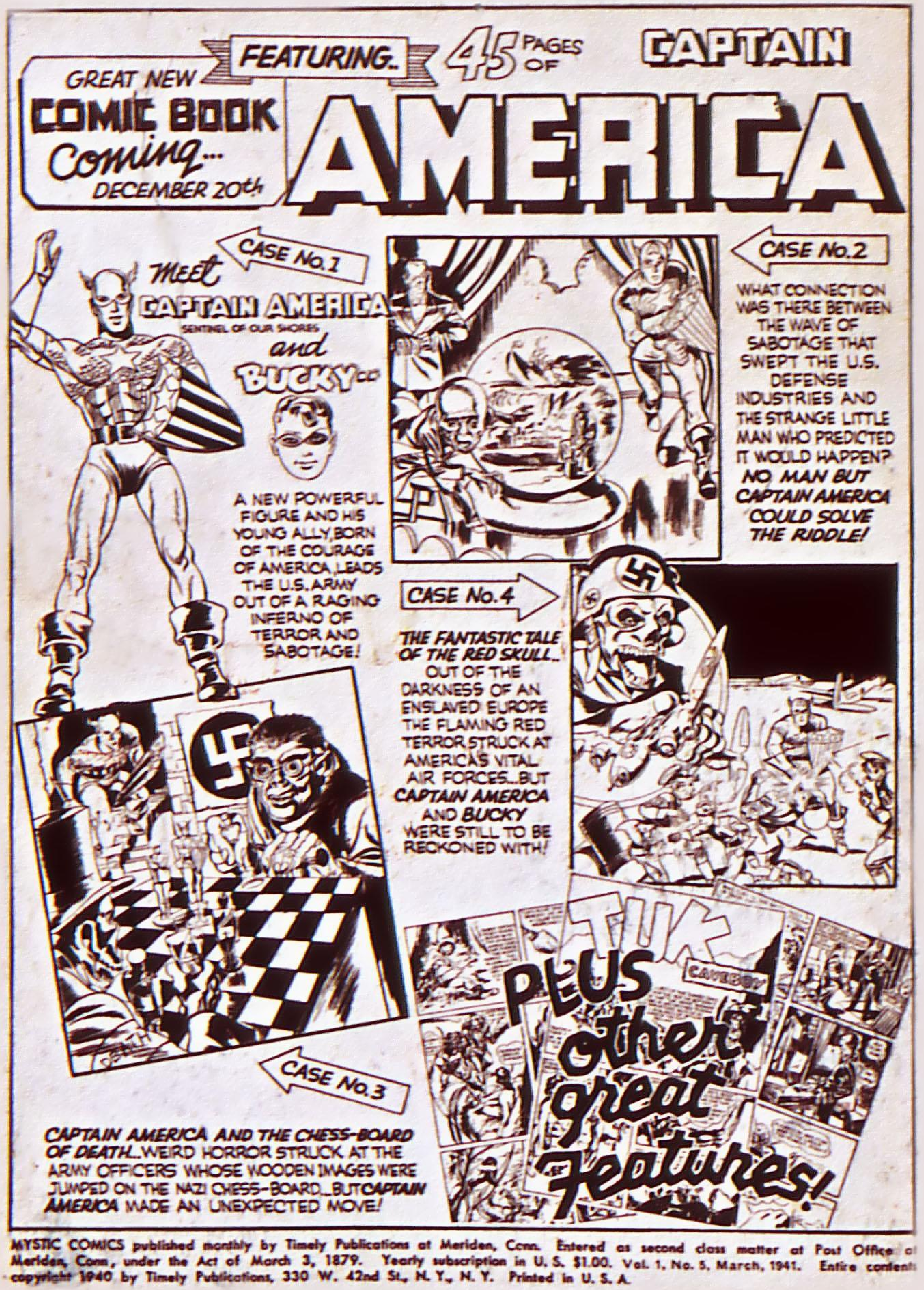

GREAT NEW
COMIC BOOK
Coming...
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FEATURING.. 45 PAGES OF

CAPTAIN AMERICA

CASE No.1

Meet
CAPTAIN AMERICA
SENTINEL OF OUR SHORES
and
BUCKY

A NEW POWERFUL FIGURE AND HIS YOUNG ALLY, BORN OF THE COURAGE OF AMERICA, LEADS THE U.S. ARMY OUT OF A RAGING INFERNO OF TERROR AND SABOTAGE!

CASE No.2

WHAT CONNECTION WAS THERE BETWEEN THE WAVE OF SABOTAGE THAT SWEPT THE U.S. DEFENSE INDUSTRIES AND THE STRANGE LITTLE MAN WHO PREDICTED IT WOULD HAPPEN? *NO MAN BUT CAPTAIN AMERICA COULD SOLVE THE RIDDLE!*

CASE No.3

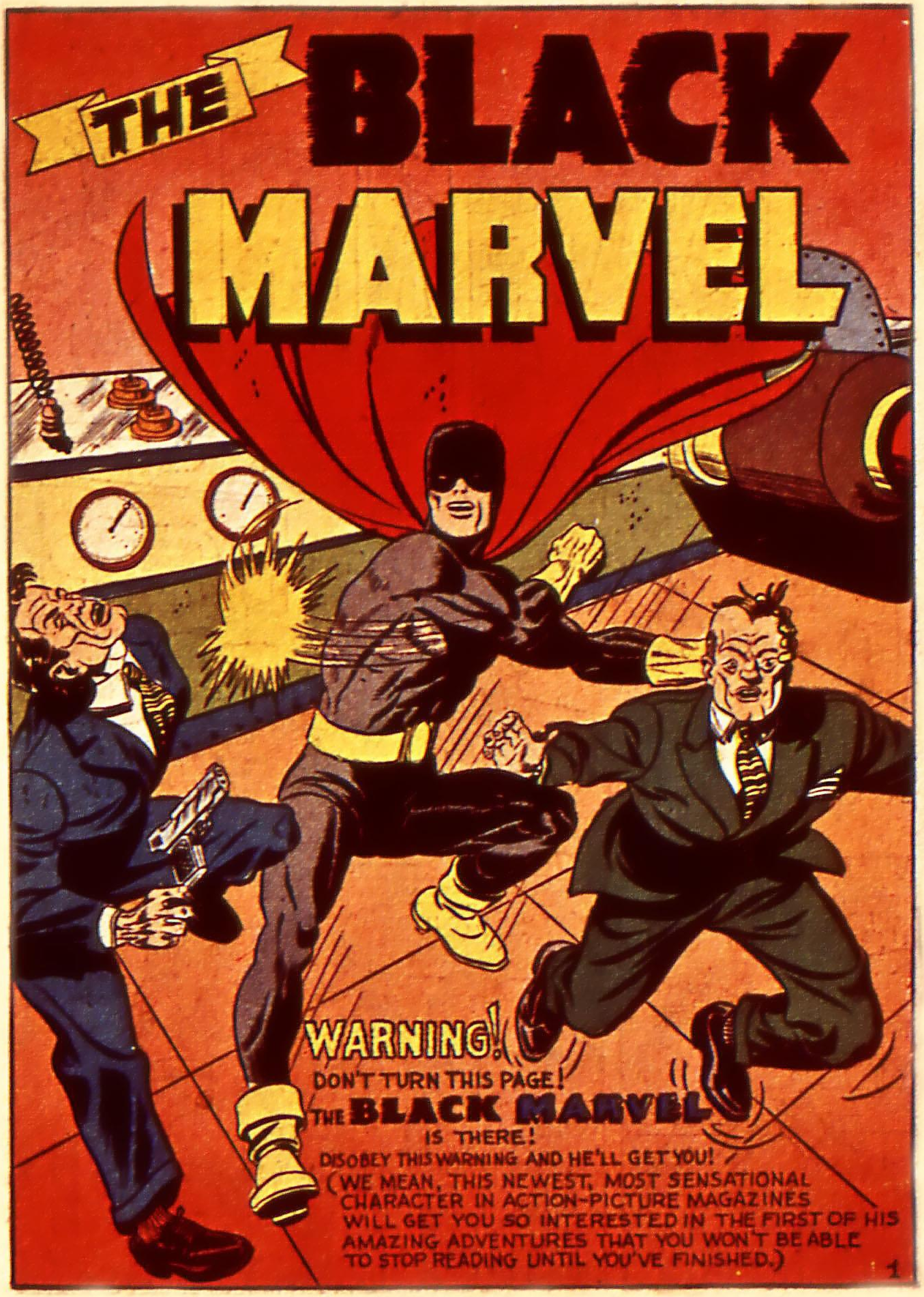
CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE CHESS-BOARD OF DEATH...WEIRD HORROR STRUCK AT THE ARMY OFFICERS WHOSE WOODEN IMAGES WERE JUMPED ON THE NAZI CHESS-BOARD...BUT *CAPTAIN AMERICA* MADE AN UNEXPECTED MOVE!

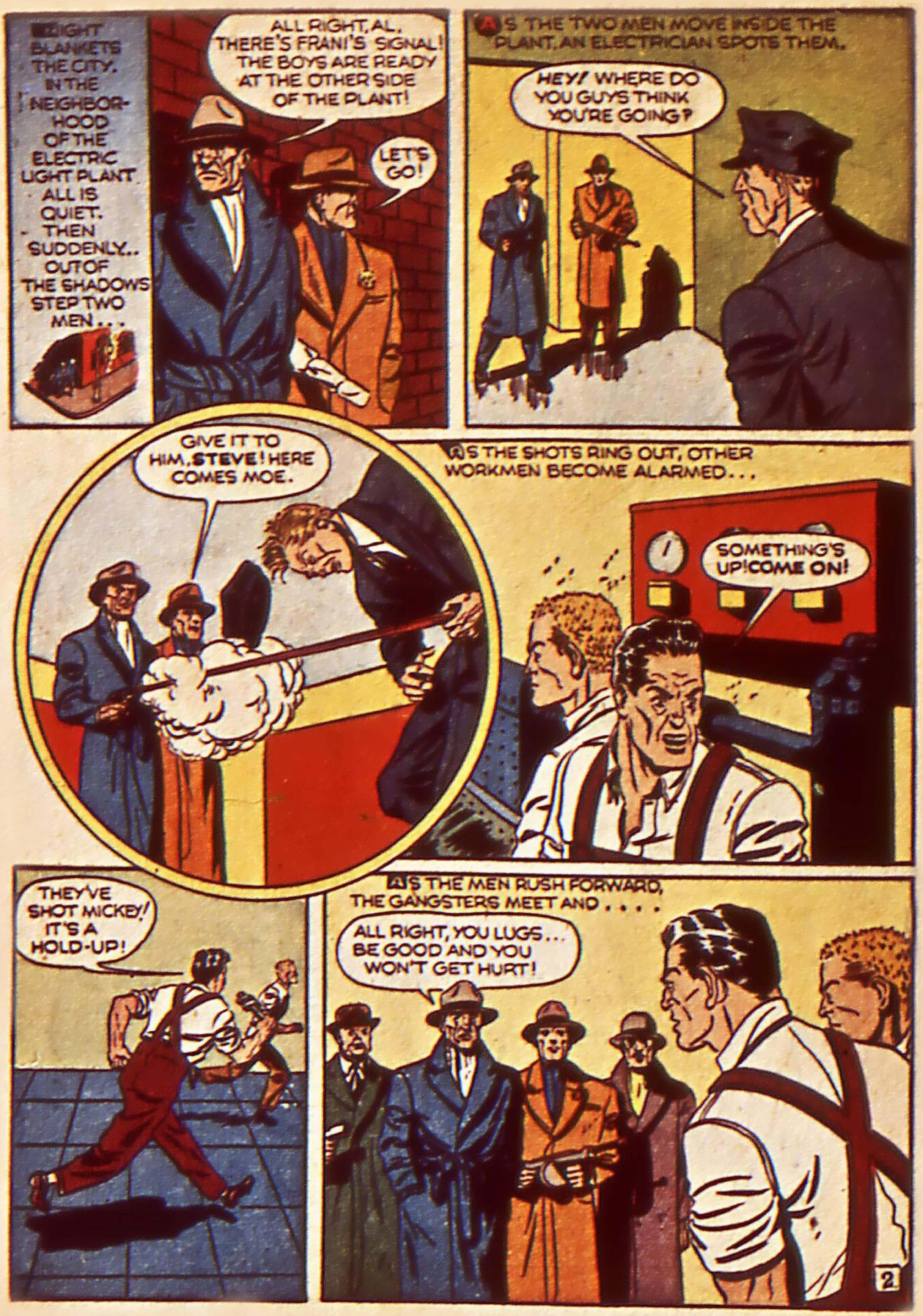
CASE No.4

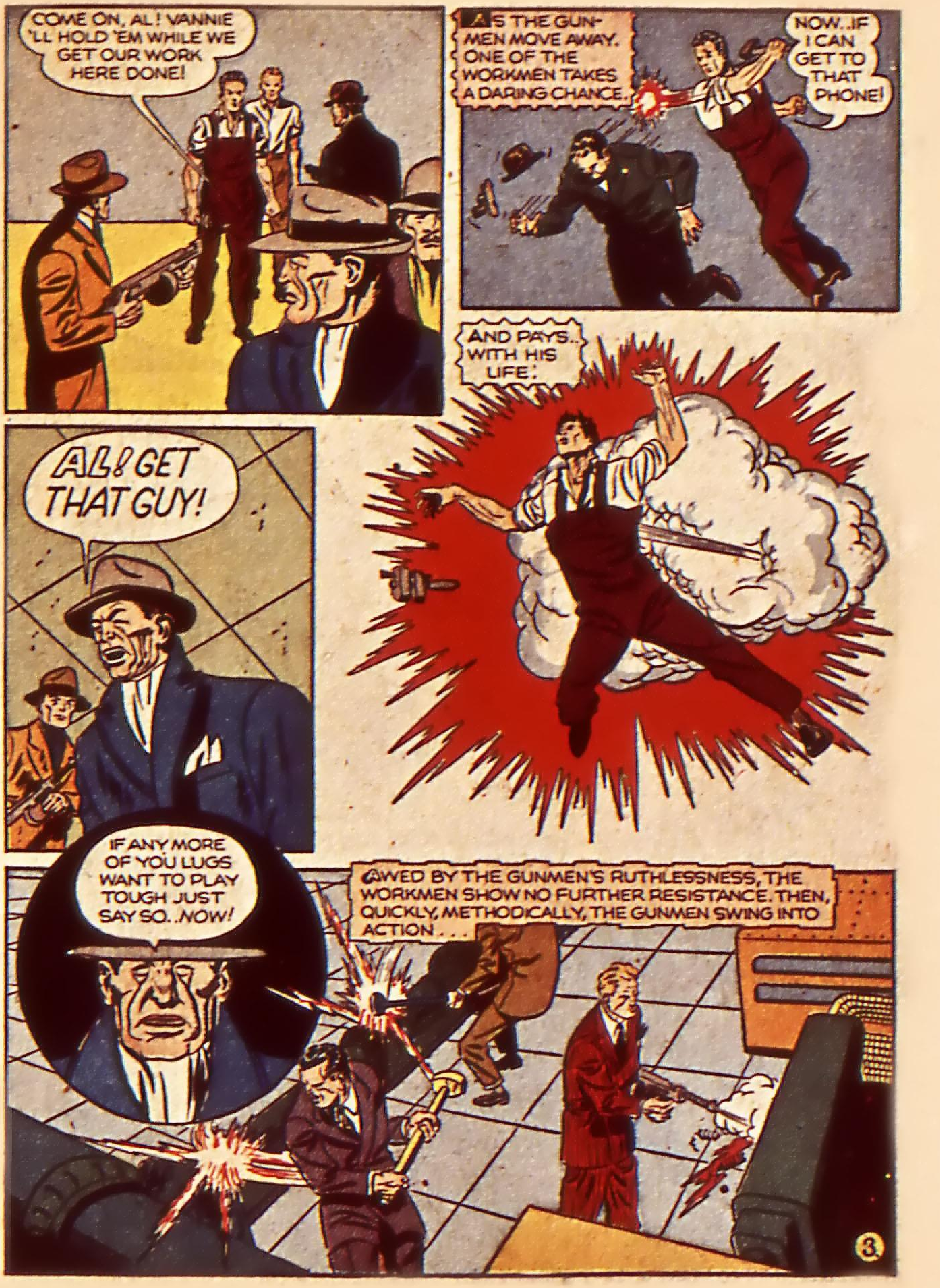
THE FANTASTIC TALE OF THE RED SKULL... OUT OF THE DARKNESS OF AN ENSLAVED EUROPE THE FLAMING RED TERROR STRUCK AT AMERICA'S VITAL AIR FORCES...BUT *CAPTAIN AMERICA* AND *BUCKY* WERE STILL TO BE RECKONED WITH!

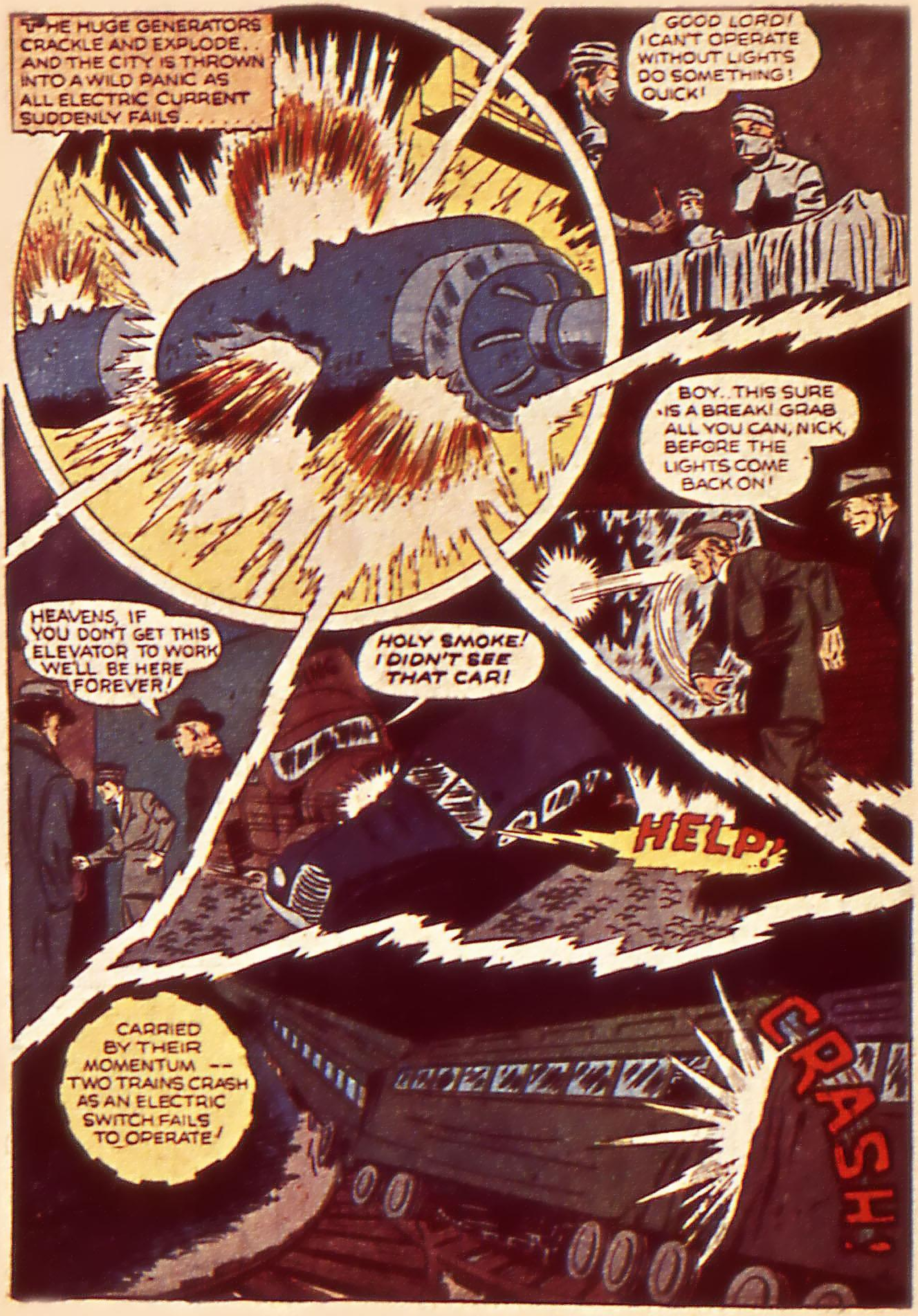
PLUS other great features!

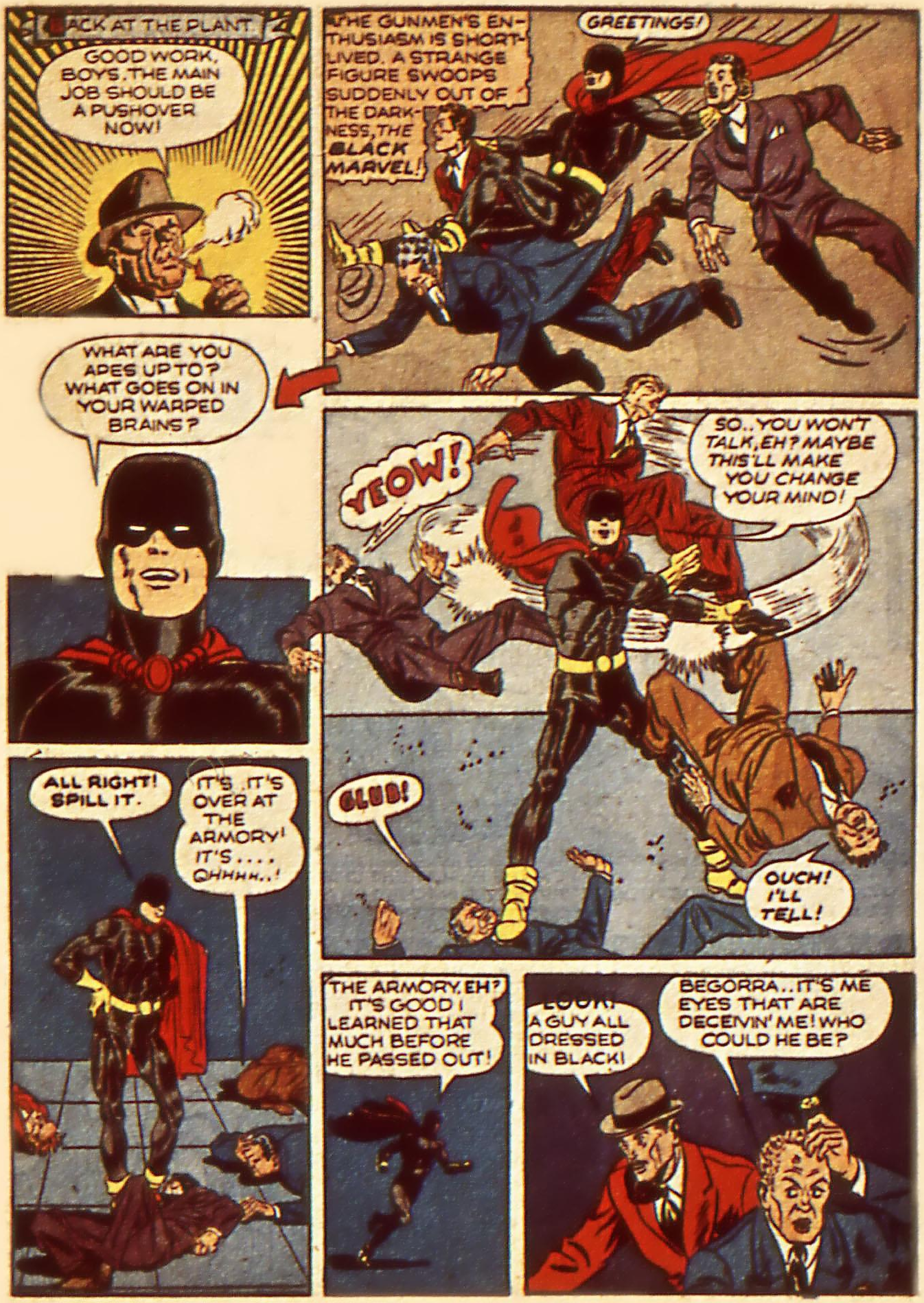
MYSTIC COMICS published monthly by Timely Publications at Meriden, Conn. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Meriden, Conn., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in U.S. $1.00. Vol. 1, No. 5, March, 1941. Entire contents copyright 1940 by Timely Publications, 330 W. 42nd St., N.Y., N.Y. Printed in U.S.A.

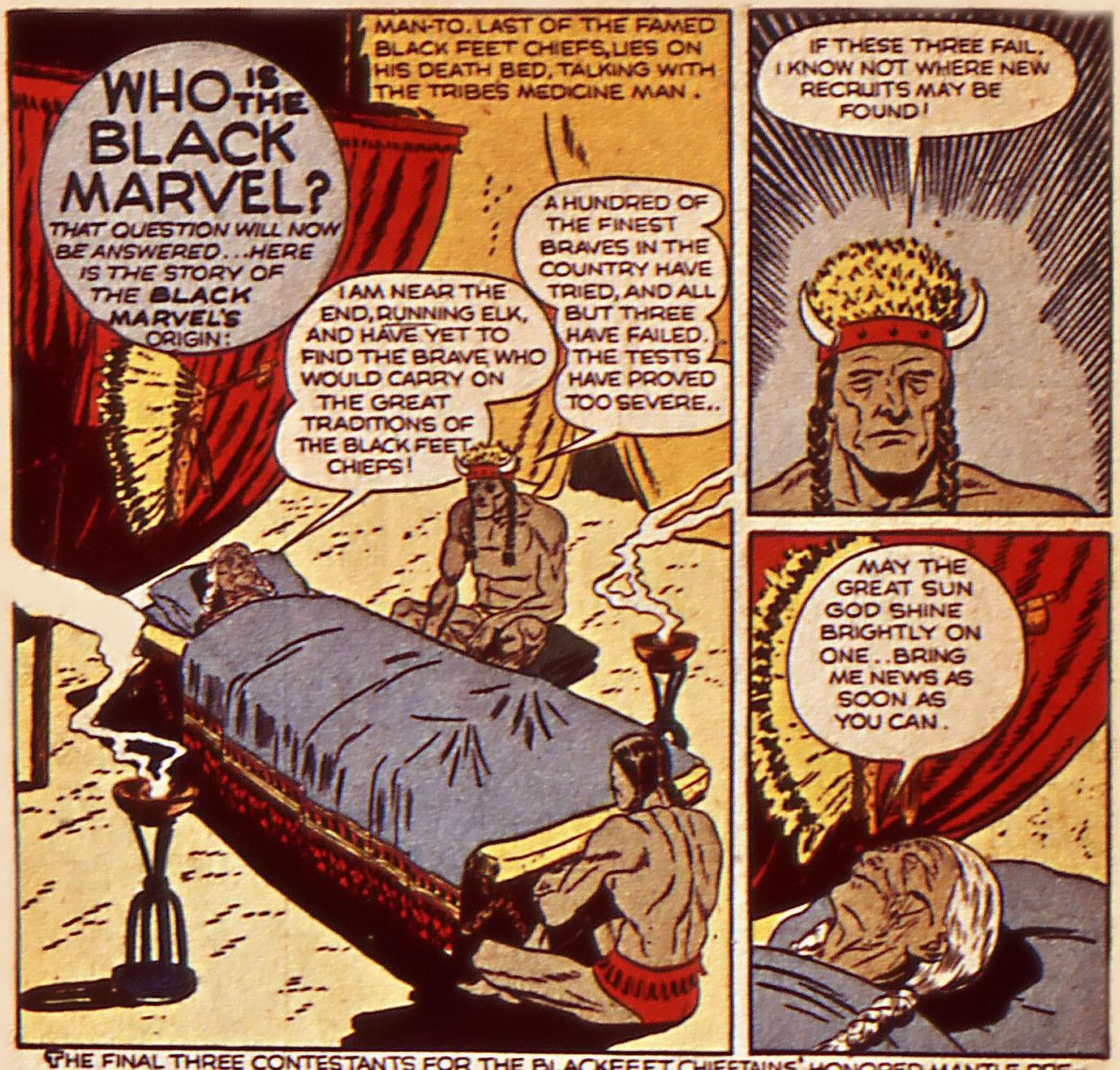

THE BLACK MARVEL
WARNING!
DON'T TURN THIS PAGE!
THE BLACK MARVEL IS THERE!
DISOBEY THIS WARNING AND HE'LL GET YOU!
(WE MEAN, THIS NEWEST, MOST SENSATIONAL CHARACTER IN ACTION-PICTURE MAGAZINES WILL GET YOU SO INTERESTED IN THE FIRST OF HIS AMAZING ADVENTURES THAT YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO STOP READING UNTIL YOU'VE FINISHED.)


NIGHT BLANKETS THE CITY. IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT PLANT ALL IS QUIET. THEN SUDDENLY.. OUT OF THE SHADOWS STEP TWO MEN . . .
ALL RIGHT, AL, THERE'S FRANI'S SIGNAL! THE BOYS ARE READY AT THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PLANT!
LET'S GO!
AS THE TWO MEN MOVE INSIDE THE PLANT, AN ELECTRICIAN SPOTS THEM.
HEY! WHERE DO YOU GUYS THINK YOU'RE GOING?
GIVE IT TO HIM, STEVE! HERE COMES MOE.
AS THE SHOTS RING OUT, OTHER WORKMEN BECOME ALARMED . . .
SOMETHING'S UP! COME ON!
THEY'VE SHOT MICKEY! IT'S A HOLD-UP!
AS THE MEN RUSH FORWARD, THE GANGSTERS MEET AND . . . .
ALL RIGHT, YOU LUGS... BE GOOD AND YOU WON'T GET HURT!

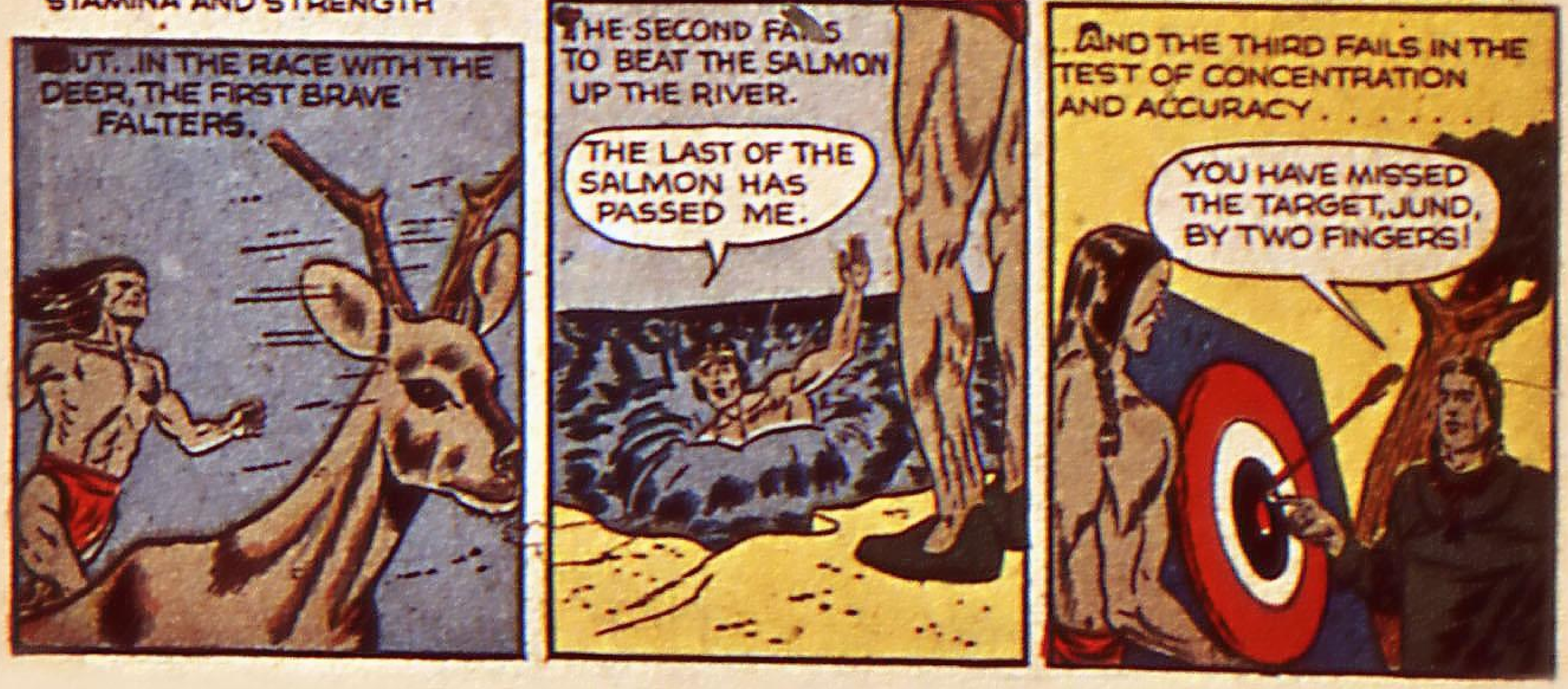

COME ON, AL! VANNIE 'LL HOLD 'EM WHILE WE GET OUR WORK HERE DONE!
AS THE GUNMEN MOVE AWAY, ONE OF THE WORKMEN TAKES A DARING CHANCE.
NOW..IF I CAN GET TO THAT PHONE!
AND PAYS.. WITH HIS LIFE!
AL! GET THAT GUY!
IF ANY MORE OF YOU LUGS WANT TO PLAY TOUGH JUST SAY SO..NOW!
AWED BY THE GUNMEN'S RUTHLESSNESS, THE WORKMEN SHOW NO FURTHER RESISTANCE. THEN, QUICKLY, METHODICALLY, THE GUNMEN SWING INTO ACTION . . .

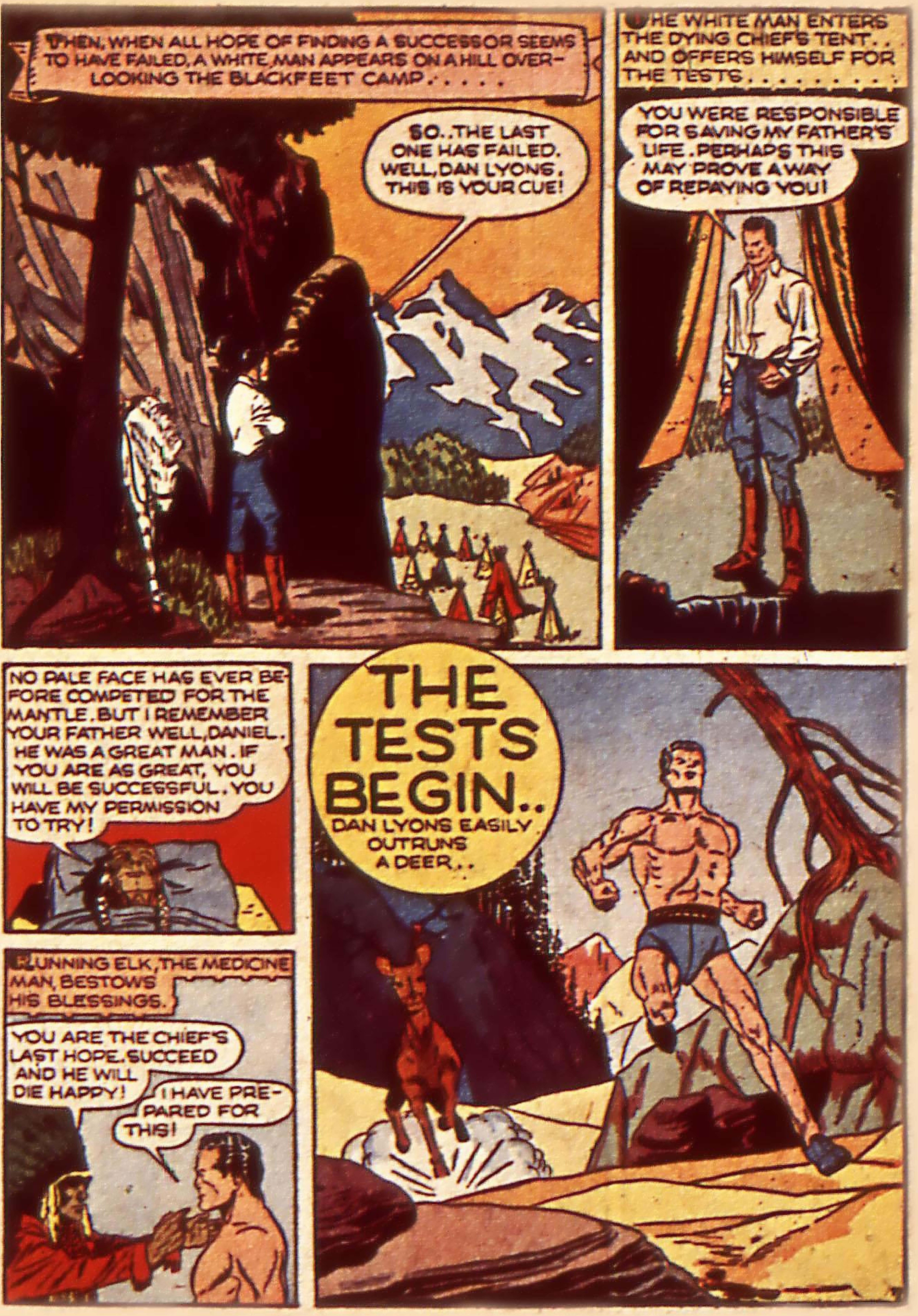

THE HUGE GENERATORS CRACKLE AND EXPLODE.. AND THE CITY IS THROWN INTO A WILD PANIC AS ALL ELECTRIC CURRENT SUDDENLY FAILS...
GOOD LORD! I CAN'T OPERATE WITHOUT LIGHTS DO SOMETHING! QUICK!
BOY..THIS SURE IS A BREAK! GRAB ALL YOU CAN, NICK, BEFORE THE LIGHTS COME BACK ON!
HEAVENS, IF YOU DON'T GET THIS ELEVATOR TO WORK WE'LL BE HERE FOREVER!
HOLY SMOKE! I DIDN'T SEE THAT CAR!
HELP!
CARRIED BY THEIR MOMENTUM -- TWO TRAINS CRASH AS AN ELECTRIC SWITCH FAILS TO OPERATE!
CRASH!

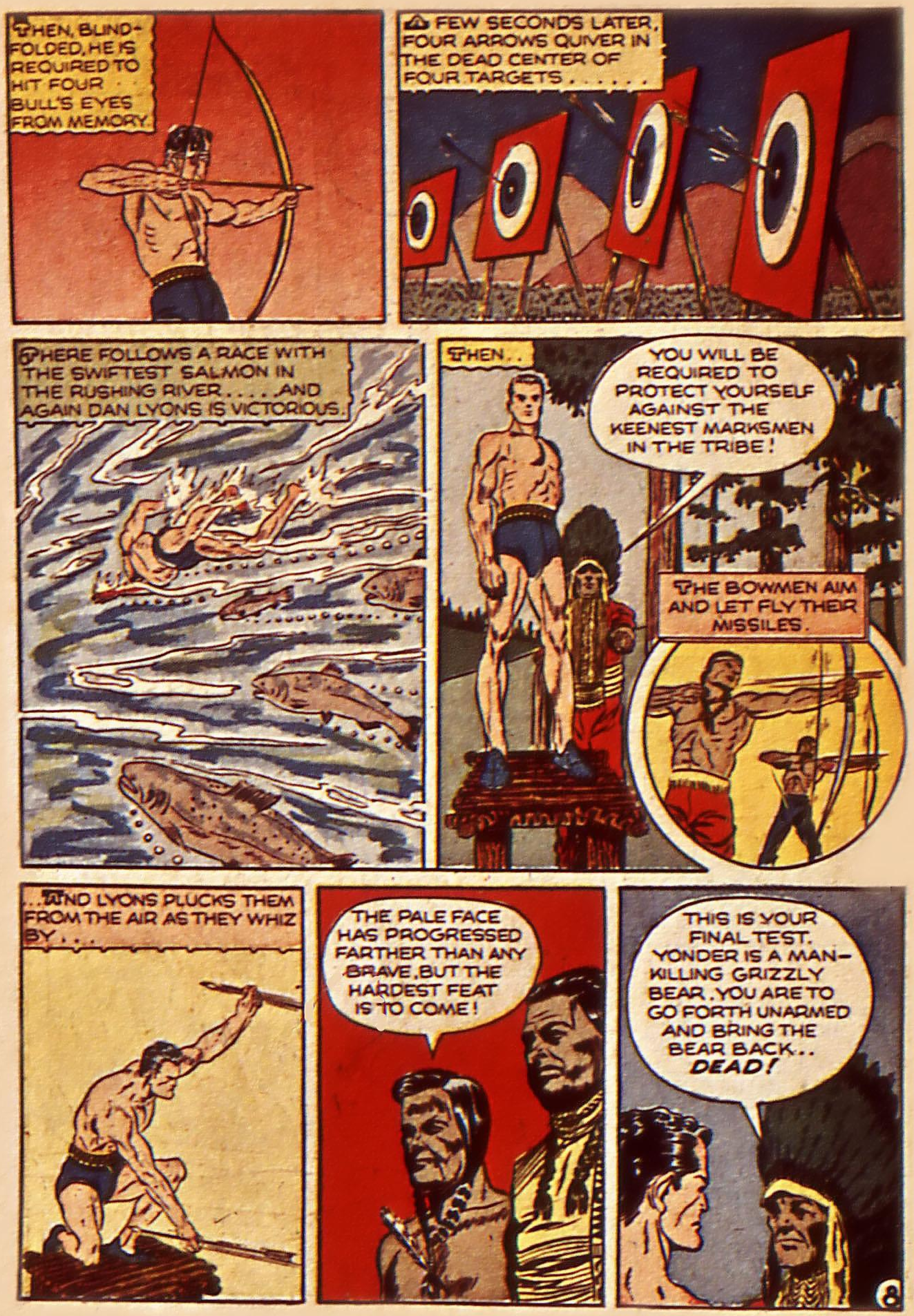

BACK AT THE PLANT.
GOOD WORK, BOYS. THE MAIN JOB SHOULD BE A PUSHOVER NOW!
THE GUNMEN'S ENTHUSIASM IS SHORT-LIVED. A STRANGE FIGURE SWOOPS SUDDENLY OUT OF THE DARKNESS, THE BLACK MARVEL!
GREETINGS!
WHAT ARE YOU APES UP TO? WHAT GOES ON IN YOUR WARPED BRAINS?
YEOW!
SO..YOU WON'T TALK, EH? MAYBE THIS'LL MAKE YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND!
GLUB!
OUCH! I'LL TELL!
ALL RIGHT! SPILL IT.
IT'S..IT'S OVER AT THE ARMORY! IT'S.... OHHHH..!
THE ARMORY, EH? IT'S GOOD I LEARNED THAT MUCH BEFORE HE PASSED OUT!
LOOK! A GUY ALL DRESSED IN BLACK!
BEGORRA..IT'S ME EYES THAT ARE DECEIVIN' ME! WHO COULD HE BE?

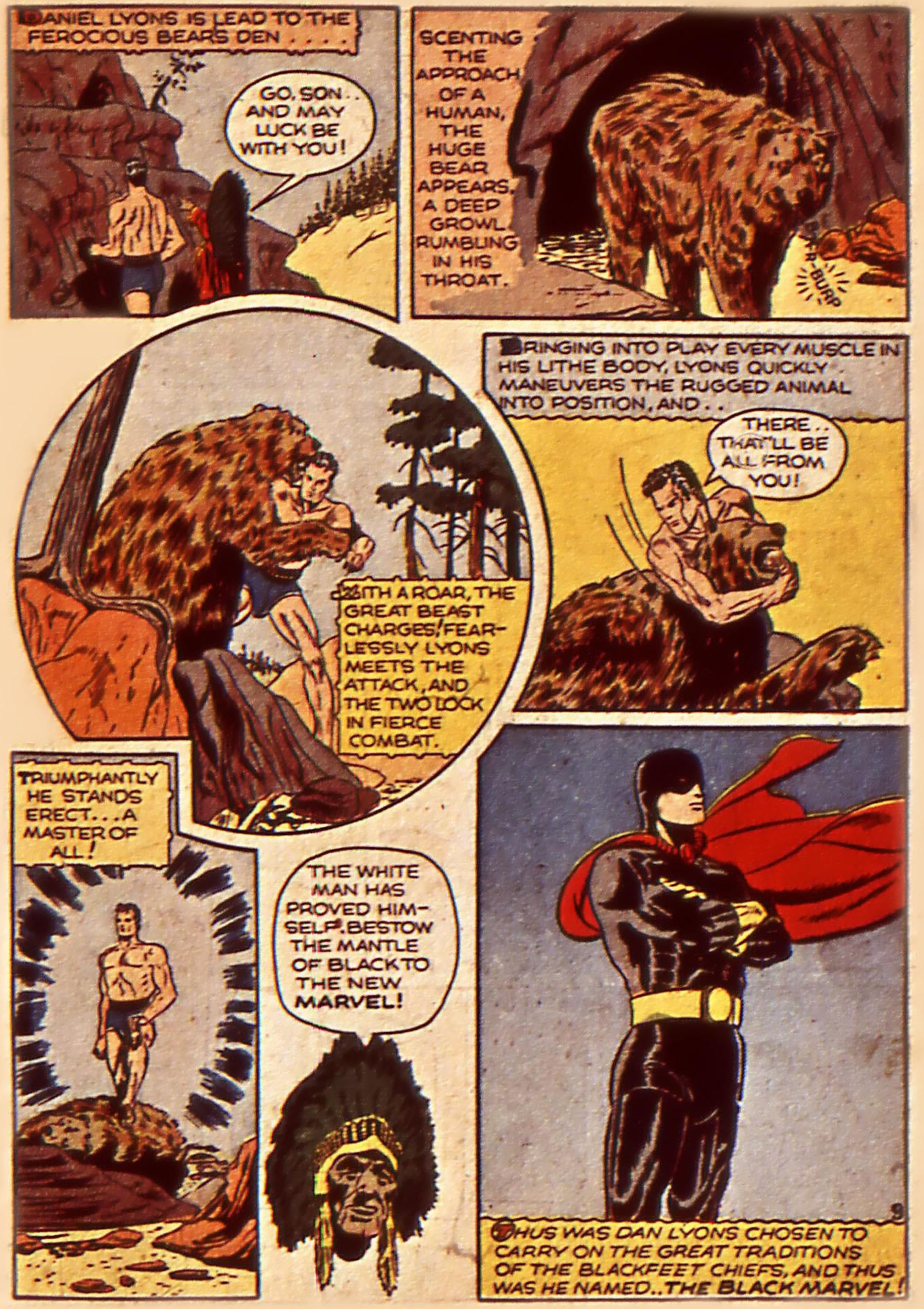

WHO IS THE BLACK MARVEL?
THAT QUESTION WILL NOW BE ANSWERED...HERE IS THE STORY OF THE BLACK MARVEL'S ORIGIN:
MAN-TO, LAST OF THE FAMED BLACK FEET CHIEFS, LIES ON HIS DEATH BED, TALKING WITH THE TRIBE'S MEDICINE MAN.
I AM NEAR THE END, RUNNING ELK, AND HAVE YET TO FIND THE BRAVE WHO WOULD CARRY ON THE GREAT TRADITIONS OF THE BLACK FEET CHIEFS!
A HUNDRED OF THE FINEST BRAVES IN THE COUNTRY HAVE TRIED, AND ALL BUT THREE HAVE FAILED. THE TESTS HAVE PROVED TOO SEVERE..
IF THESE THREE FAIL, I KNOW NOT WHERE NEW RECRUITS MAY BE FOUND!
MAY THE GREAT SUN GOD SHINE BRIGHTLY ON ONE..BRING ME NEWS AS SOON AS YOU CAN.

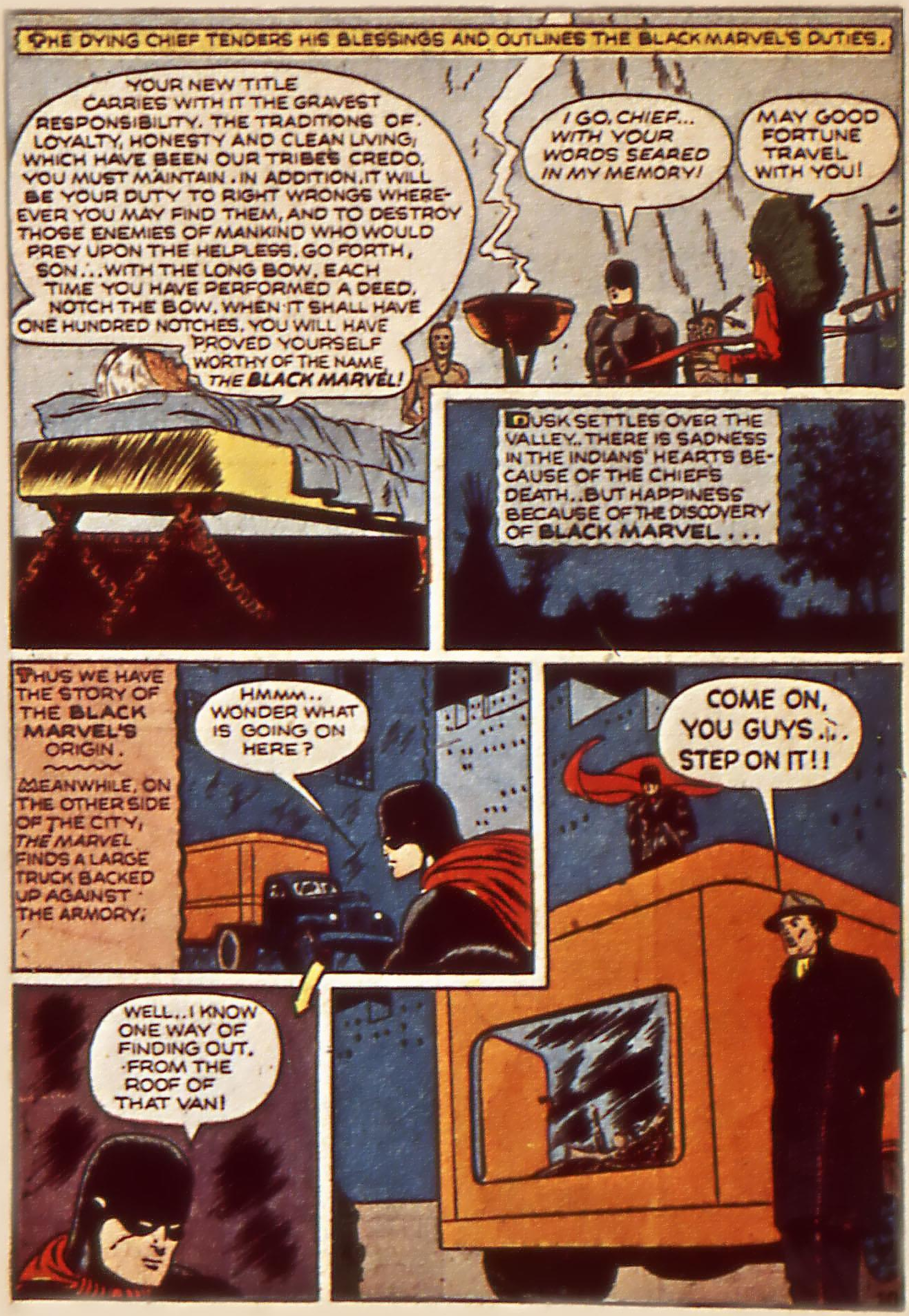
THE FINAL THREE CONTESTANTS FOR THE BLACKFEET CHIEFTAINS' HONORED MANTLE PREPARE TO PASS THE MOST SEVERE TESTS EVER IMPOSED ON A HUMAN BEING..TESTS OF SPEED, STAMINA AND STRENGTH

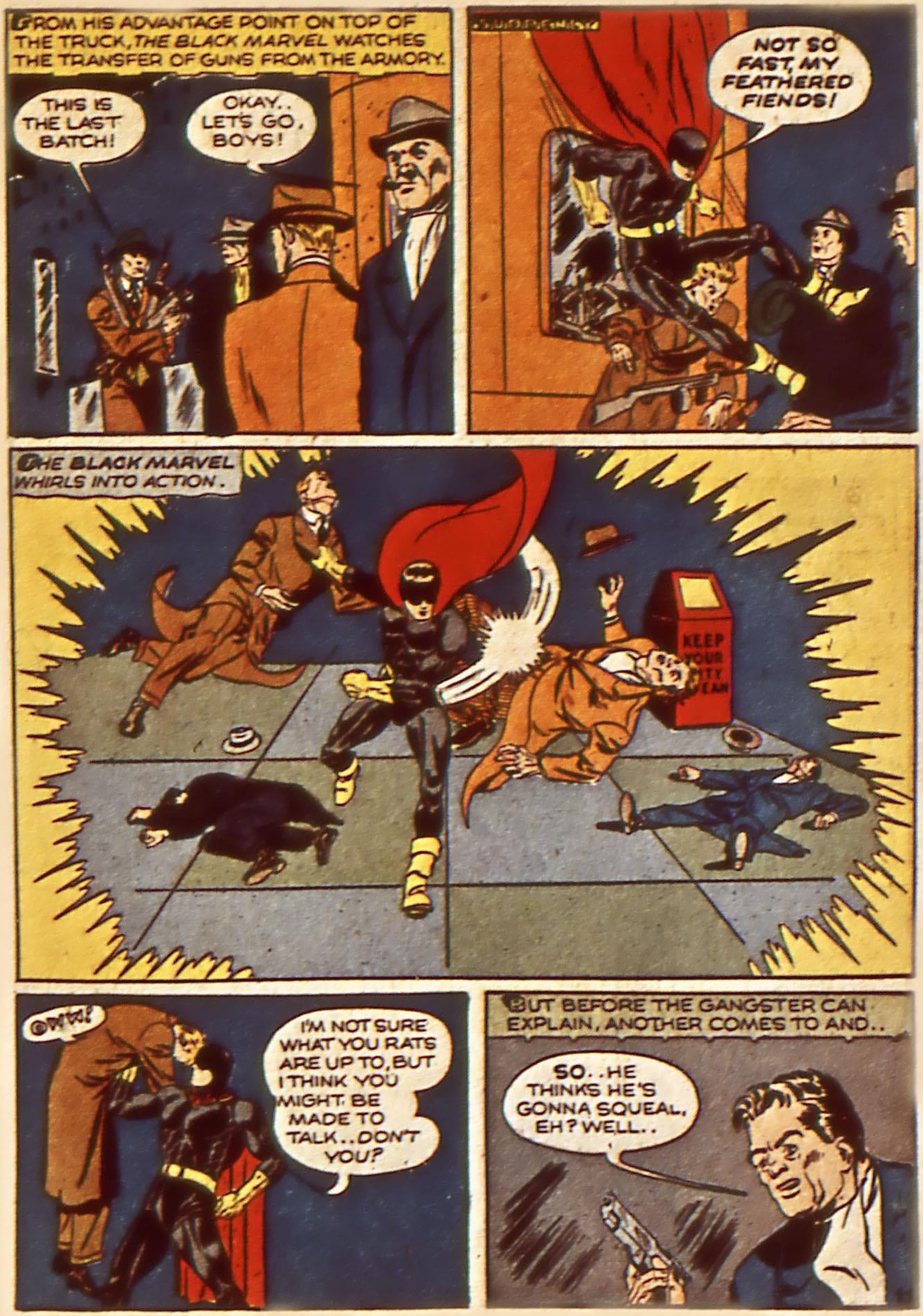

BUT..IN THE RACE WITH THE DEER, THE FIRST BRAVE FALTERS.
THE SECOND FAILS TO BEAT THE SALMON UP THE RIVER.
THE LAST OF THE SALMON HAS PASSED ME.
..AND THE THIRD FAILS IN THE TEST OF CONCENTRATION AND ACCURACY......
YOU HAVE MISSED THE TARGET, JUND, BY TWO FINGERS!


THEN, WHEN ALL HOPE OF FINDING A SUCCESSOR SEEMS TO HAVE FAILED, A WHITE MAN APPEARS ON A HILL OVERLOOKING THE BLACKFEET CAMP . . . . .
SO..THE LAST ONE HAS FAILED. WELL, DAN LYONS, THIS IS YOUR CUE!
THE WHITE MAN ENTERS THE DYING CHIEF'S TENT. . AND OFFERS HIMSELF FOR THE TESTS . . . .
YOU WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR SAVING MY FATHER'S LIFE. PERHAPS THIS MAY PROVE A WAY OF REPAYING YOU!
NO PALE FACE HAS EVER BEFORE COMPETED FOR THE MANTLE. BUT I REMEMBER YOUR FATHER WELL, DANIEL. HE WAS A GREAT MAN. IF YOU ARE AS GREAT, YOU WILL BE SUCCESSFUL. YOU HAVE MY PERMISSION TO TRY!
RUNNING ELK, THE MEDICINE MAN, BESTOWS HIS BLESSINGS.
YOU ARE THE CHIEF'S LAST HOPE. SUCCEED AND HE WILL DIE HAPPY!
I HAVE PREPARED FOR THIS!
THE TESTS BEGIN..
DAN LYONS EASILY OUTRUNS A DEER..

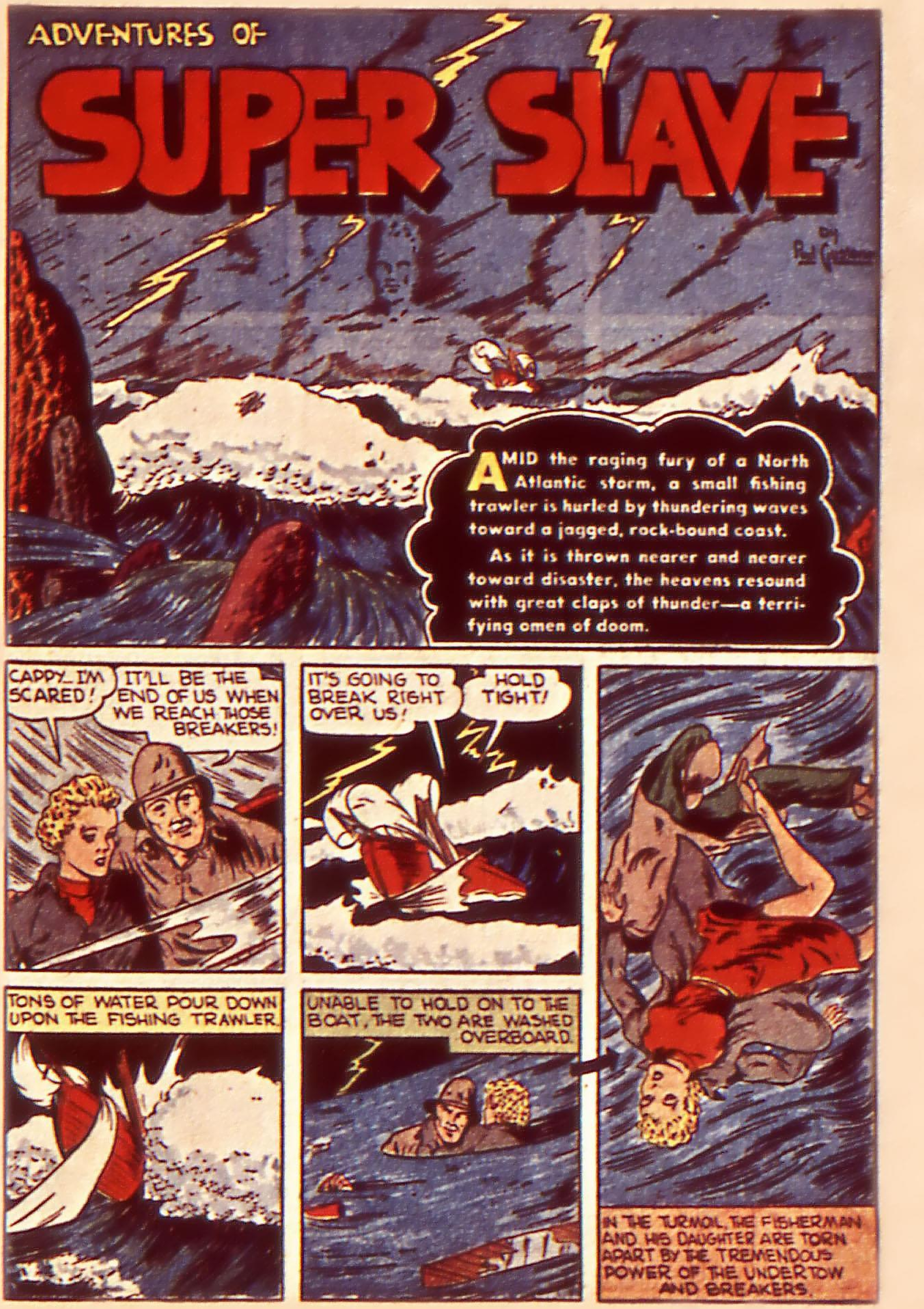

THEN, BLINDFOLDED, HE IS REQUIRED TO HIT FOUR BULL'S EYES FROM MEMORY.
A FEW SECONDS LATER, FOUR ARROWS QUIVER IN THE DEAD CENTER OF FOUR TARGETS......
THERE FOLLOWS A RACE WITH THE SWIFTEST SALMON IN THE RUSHING RIVER.....AND AGAIN DAN LYONS IS VICTORIOUS.
THEN..
YOU WILL BE REQUIRED TO PROTECT YOURSELF AGAINST THE KEENEST MARKSMEN IN THE TRIBE!
THE BOWMEN AIM AND LET FLY THEIR MISSILES.
...AND LYONS PLUCKS THEM FROM THE AIR AS THEY WHIZ BY...
THE PALE FACE HAS PROGRESSED FARTHER THAN ANY BRAVE, BUT THE HARDEST FEAT IS TO COME!
THIS IS YOUR FINAL TEST. YONDER IS A MAN-KILLING GRIZZLY BEAR. YOU ARE TO GO FORTH UNARMED AND BRING THE BEAR BACK.. ***DEAD!***


DANIEL LYONS IS LEAD TO THE FEROCIOUS BEARS DEN . . . .
GO, SON AND MAY LUCK BE WITH YOU!
SCENTING THE APPROACH OF A HUMAN, THE HUGE BEAR APPEARS. A DEEP GROWL RUMBLING IN HIS THROAT.
GR-R-BURP
WITH A ROAR, THE GREAT BEAST CHARGES! FEARLESSLY LYONS MEETS THE ATTACK, AND THE TWO LOCK IN FIERCE COMBAT.
BRINGING INTO PLAY EVERY MUSCLE IN HIS LITHE BODY, LYONS QUICKLY MANEUVERS THE RUGGED ANIMAL INTO POSITION, AND . .
THERE.. THAT'LL BE ALL FROM YOU!
TRIUMPHANTLY HE STANDS ERECT...A MASTER OF ALL!
THE WHITE MAN HAS PROVED HIMSELF! BESTOW THE MANTLE OF BLACK TO THE NEW MARVEL!
THUS WAS DAN LYONS CHOSEN TO CARRY ON THE GREAT TRADITIONS OF THE BLACKFEET CHIEFS, AND THUS WAS HE NAMED..THE BLACK MARVEL!


THE DYING CHIEF TENDERS HIS BLESSINGS AND OUTLINES THE BLACK MARVEL'S DUTIES.
YOUR NEW TITLE CARRIES WITH IT THE GRAVEST RESPONSIBILITY. THE TRADITIONS OF LOYALTY, HONESTY AND CLEAN LIVING, WHICH HAVE BEEN OUR TRIBE'S CREDO, YOU MUST MAINTAIN. IN ADDITION, IT WILL BE YOUR DUTY TO RIGHT WRONGS WHEREEVER YOU MAY FIND THEM, AND TO DESTROY THOSE ENEMIES OF MANKIND WHO WOULD PREY UPON THE HELPLESS. GO FORTH, SON... WITH THE LONG BOW. EACH TIME YOU HAVE PERFORMED A DEED, NOTCH THE BOW. WHEN IT SHALL HAVE ONE HUNDRED NOTCHES, YOU WILL HAVE PROVED YOURSELF WORTHY OF THE NAME, THE BLACK MARVEL!
I GO, CHIEF... WITH YOUR WORDS SEARED IN MY MEMORY!
MAY GOOD FORTUNE TRAVEL WITH YOU!
DUSK SETTLES OVER THE VALLEY.. THERE IS SADNESS IN THE INDIANS' HEARTS BECAUSE OF THE CHIEF'S DEATH..BUT HAPPINESS BECAUSE OF THE DISCOVERY OF BLACK MARVEL...
THUS WE HAVE THE STORY OF THE BLACK MARVEL'S ORIGIN.
MEANWHILE, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CITY, THE MARVEL FINDS A LARGE TRUCK BACKED UP AGAINST THE ARMORY;
HMMM.. WONDER WHAT IS GOING ON HERE?
COME ON, YOU GUYS... STEP ON IT!!
WELL..I KNOW ONE WAY OF FINDING OUT. FROM THE ROOF OF THAT VAN!

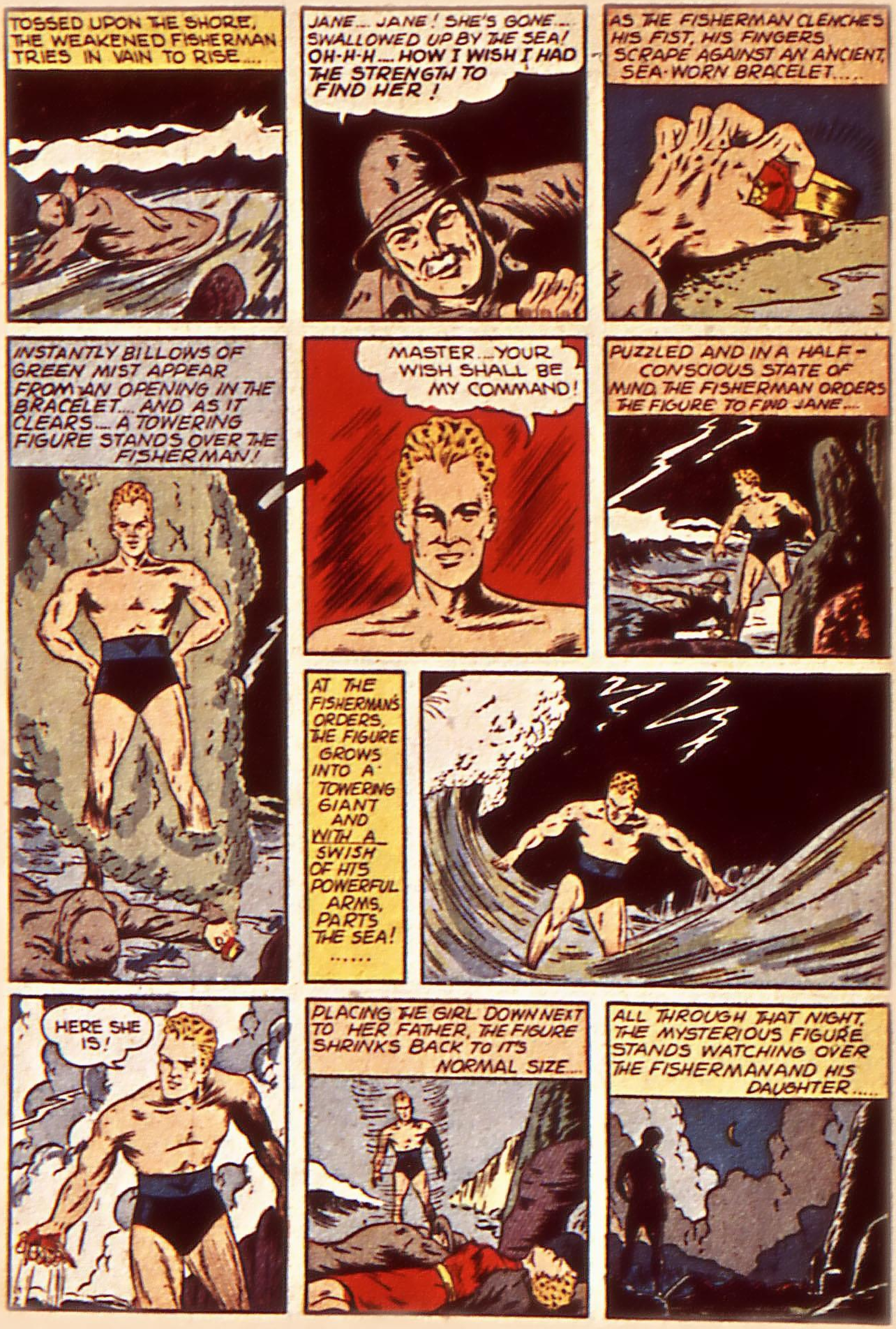

FROM HIS ADVANTAGE POINT ON TOP OF THE TRUCK, *THE BLACK MARVEL* WATCHES THE TRANSFER OF GUNS FROM THE ARMORY.
THIS IS THE LAST BATCH!
OKAY.. LET'S GO, BOYS!
NOT SO FAST, MY FEATHERED FIENDS!
THE BLACK MARVEL WHIRLS INTO ACTION.
KEEP YOUR ITY EAN
OWW!
I'M NOT SURE WHAT YOU RATS ARE UP TO, BUT I THINK YOU MIGHT BE MADE TO TALK.. *DON'T* YOU?
BUT BEFORE THE GANGSTER CAN EXPLAIN, ANOTHER COMES TO AND..
SO.. HE THINKS HE'S GONNA SQUEAL, EH? WELL..

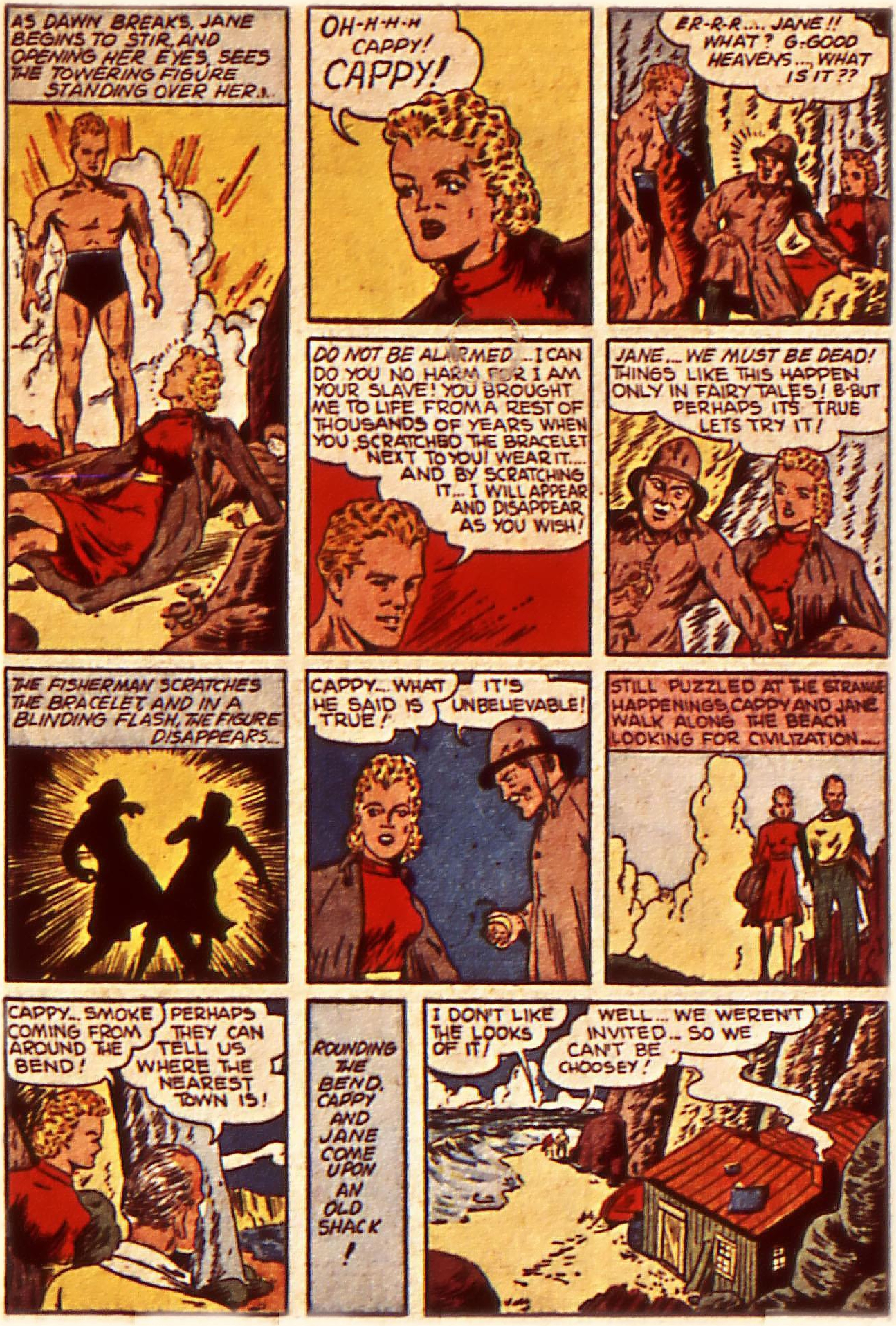
HE AIN'T IF I C'N HELP IT!
THE GUNMAN'S SHOT NAILS HIS BUDDY. .
UGHH!
WHAT TH? WELL..THAT SIGNS THEIR OWN WARRANT!
THE SOUND OF THE SHOT BRINGS POLICE ON THE RUN, AND THE GANGSTERS ARE ROUNDED UP. . . . . .
COME ON, WISE GUY...GET MOVING!
MEANWHILE, AS THE BLACK MARVEL MOVES INTO THE SHADOWS WITH THE WOUNDED GANGSTER, THE LIGHTS OF THE CITY BURN ONCE AGAIN..WITH THE BORROWED JUICE FROM A NEIGHBORING CITY..
LIGHTS! THANK HEAVEN!
AH HA! WE NEVER REALIZE HOW LUCKY WE ARE UNTIL WE ARE DEPRIVED OF SOMETHING!
FROM THE DYING GUNMAN, THE BLACK MARVEL LEARNS WHAT THE SINISTER PLOT WAS.
WE WAS GONNA GET ALL THE GUNS WE COULD. THERE'S A COMBINE OF CROOKS BEIN' FORMED. JUST LIKE A BIG CORPORATION!
AND WE WAS GONNA OPERATE ALONG THE SAME LINES. THE HEAD... HEAD OF THIS.. THIS...IS.... A..A...A. ARRR..
WELL..TOO BAD HE DIED BEFORE I GOT THE WHOLE STORY. BUT...HERE'S THE FIRST NOTCH IN MY BOW. AND THERE'LL BE MANY MORE BEFORE I'M FINISHED!
THE BLACK MARVEL STRIKES AGAIN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF.. MYSTIC COMICS.

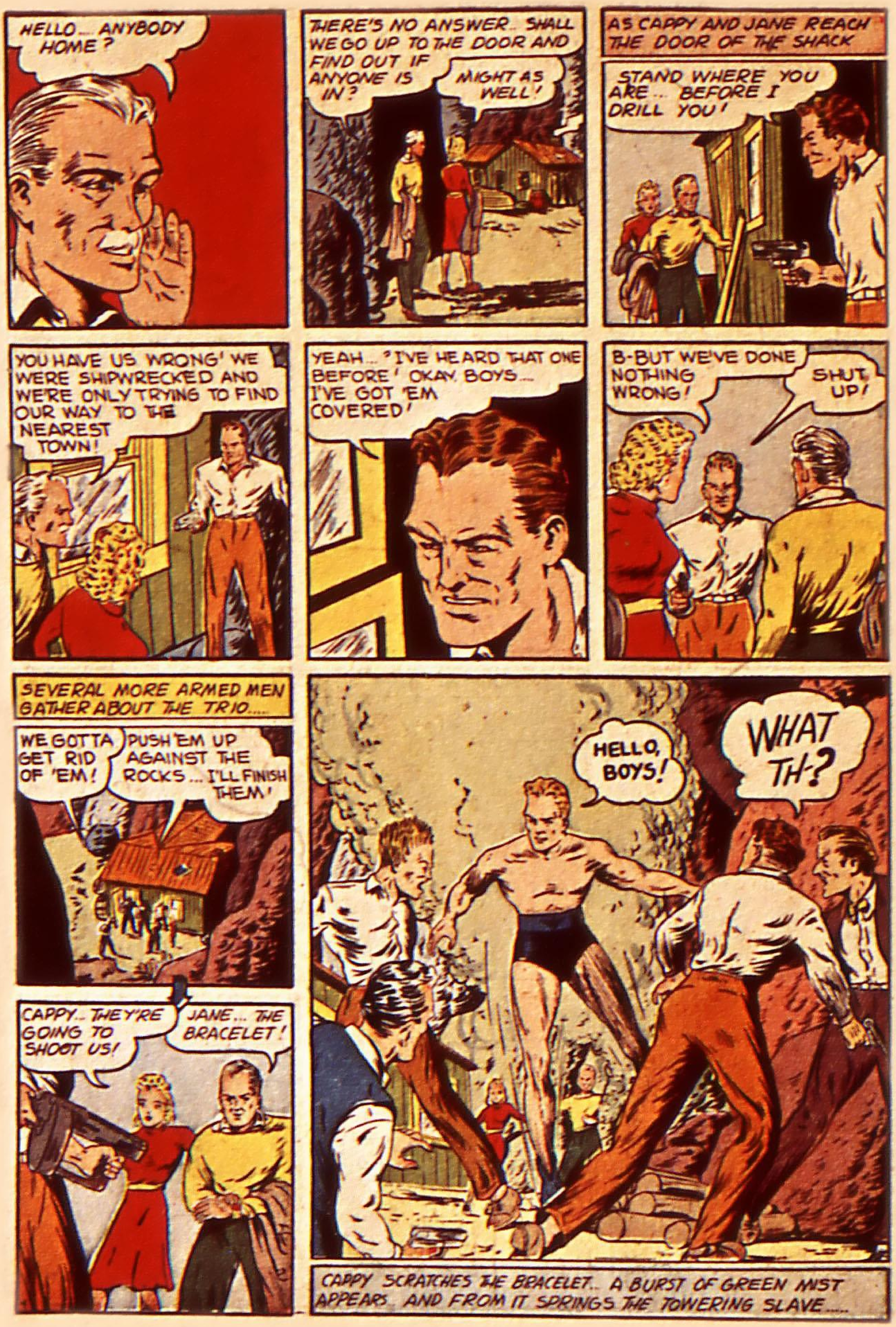

ADVENTURES OF
SUPER SLAVE
by Paul Gustavson
CAPPY—I'M SCARED!
IT'LL BE THE END OF US WHEN WE REACH THOSE BREAKERS!
IT'S GOING TO BREAK RIGHT OVER US!
HOLD TIGHT!
TONS OF WATER POUR DOWN UPON THE FISHING TRAWLER.
UNABLE TO HOLD ON TO THE BOAT, THE TWO ARE WASHED OVERBOARD.
IN THE TURMOIL, THE FISHERMAN AND HIS DAUGHTER ARE TORN APART BY THE TREMENDOUS POWER OF THE UNDERTOW AND BREAKERS.

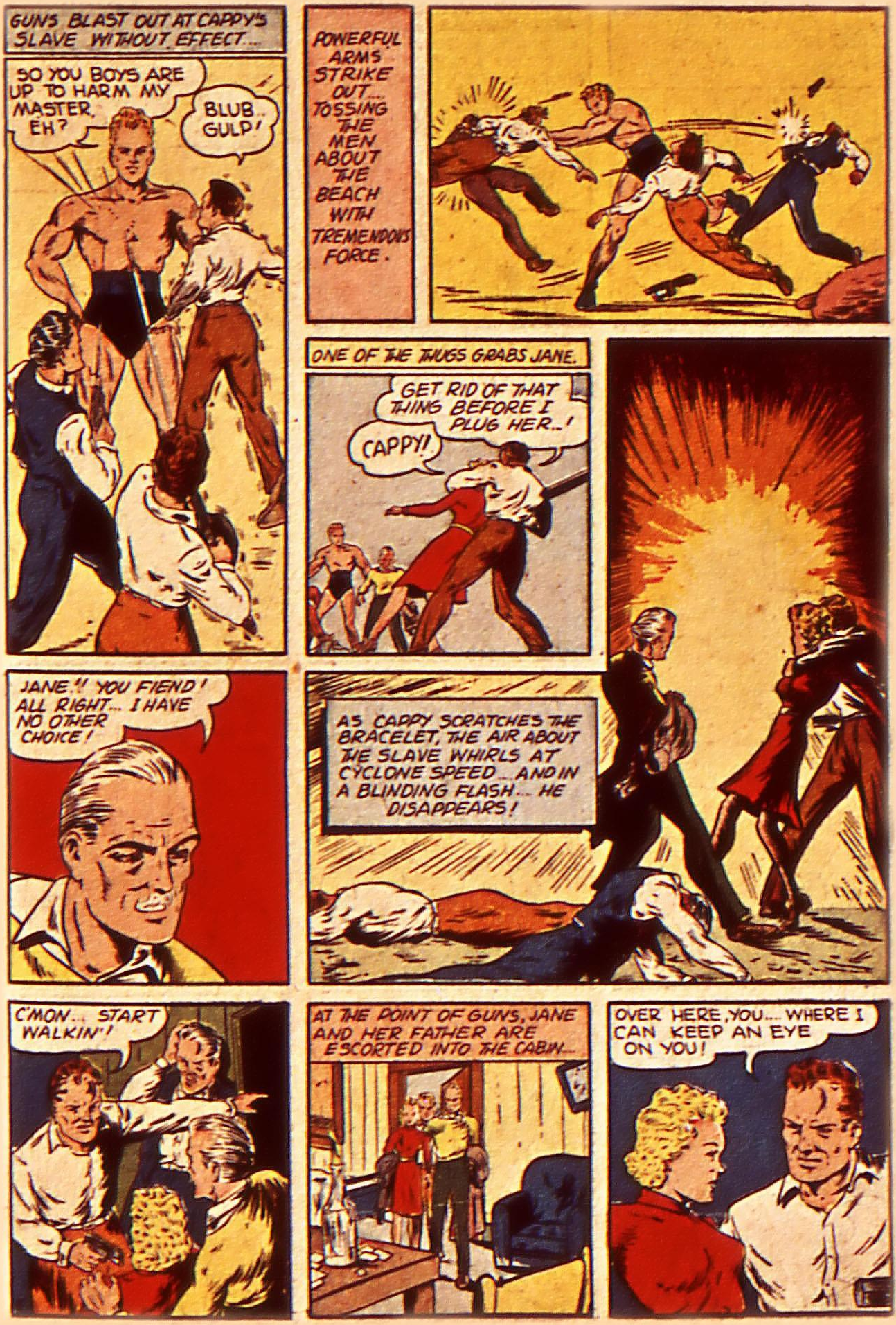
AMID the raging fury of a North Atlantic storm, a small fishing trawler is hurled by thundering waves toward a jagged, rock-bound coast.

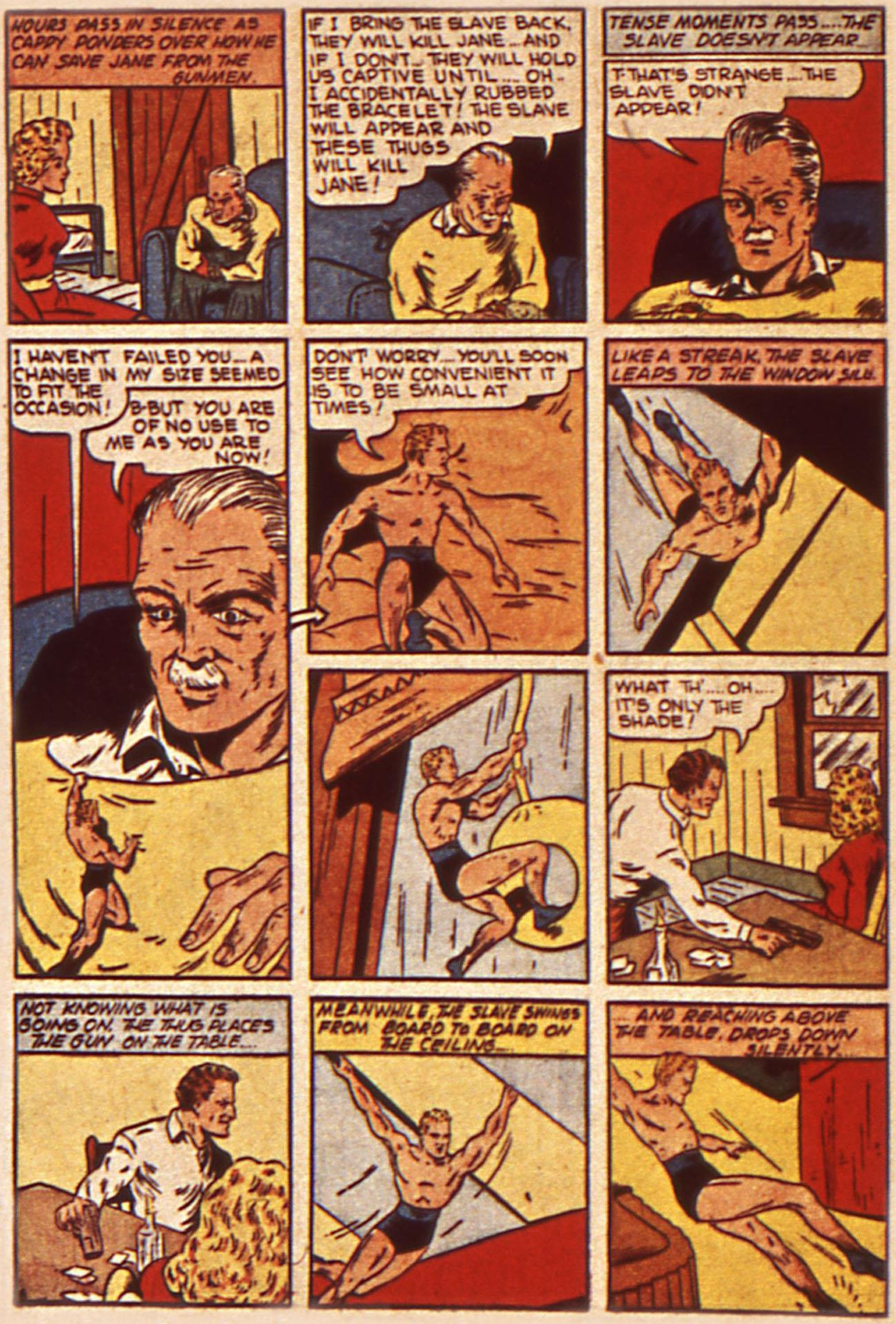
As it is thrown nearer and nearer toward disaster, the heavens resound with great claps of thunder—a terrifying omen of doom.

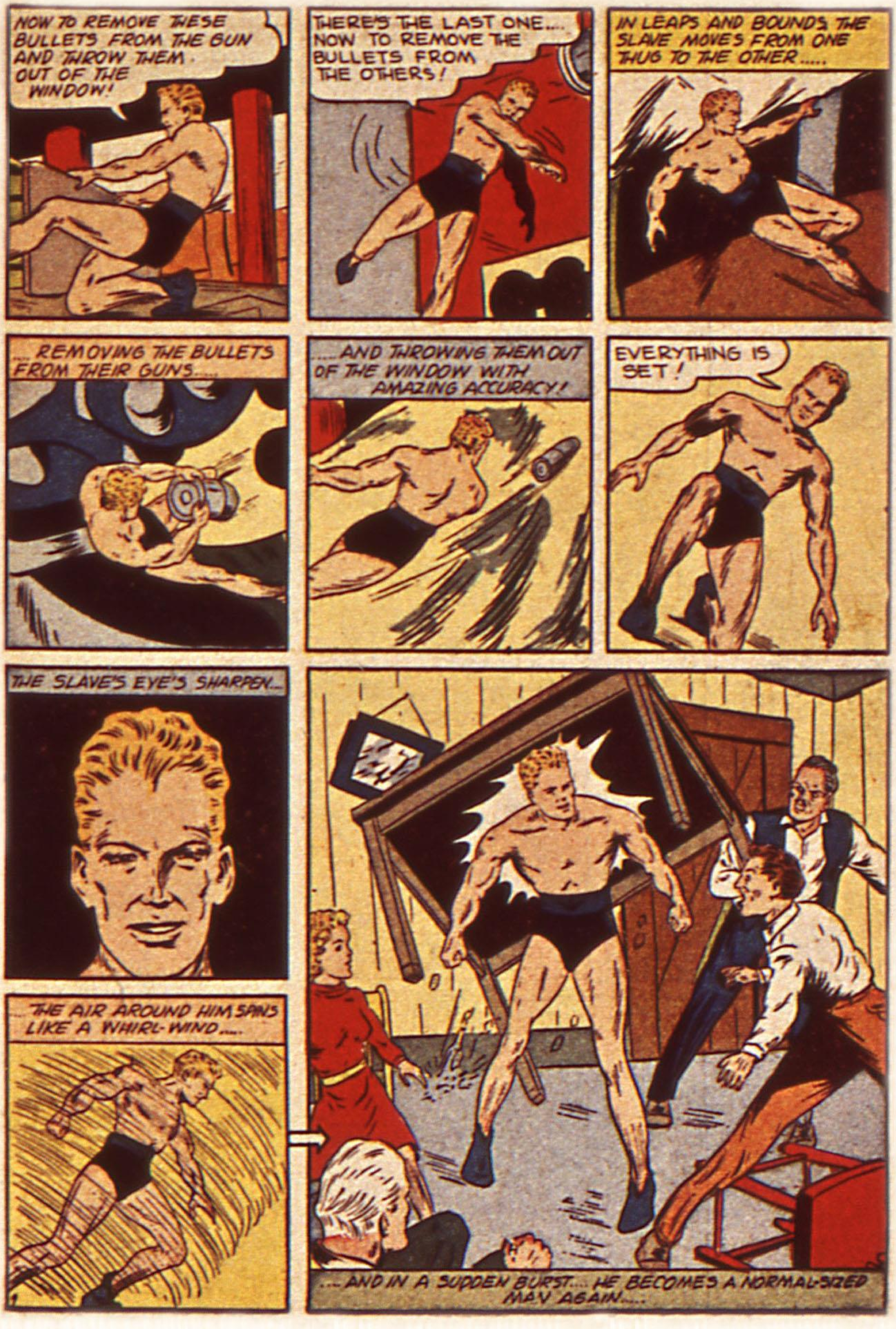

TOSSED UPON THE SHORE, THE WEAKENED FISHERMAN TRIES IN VAIN TO RISE....
JANE... JANE! SHE'S GONE... SWALLOWED UP BY THE SEA! OH-H-H.... HOW I WISH I HAD THE STRENGTH TO FIND HER!
AS THE FISHERMAN CLENCHES HIS FIST, HIS FINGERS SCRAPE AGAINST AN ANCIENT, SEA-WORN BRACELET.....
INSTANTLY BILLOWS OF GREEN MIST APPEAR FROM AN OPENING IN THE BRACELET.... AND AS IT CLEARS.... A TOWERING FIGURE STANDS OVER THE FISHERMAN!
MASTER.... YOUR WISH SHALL BE MY COMMAND!
PUZZLED AND IN A HALF-CONSCIOUS STATE OF MIND, THE FISHERMAN ORDERS THE FIGURE TO FIND JANE....
AT THE FISHERMAN'S ORDERS, THE FIGURE GROWS INTO A TOWERING GIANT AND WITH A SWISH OF HIS POWERFUL ARMS, PARTS THE SEA! ......
HERE SHE IS!
PLACING THE GIRL DOWN NEXT TO HER FATHER, THE FIGURE SHRINKS BACK TO IT'S NORMAL SIZE...
ALL THROUGH THAT NIGHT, THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE STANDS WATCHING OVER THE FISHERMAN AND HIS DAUGHTER.....

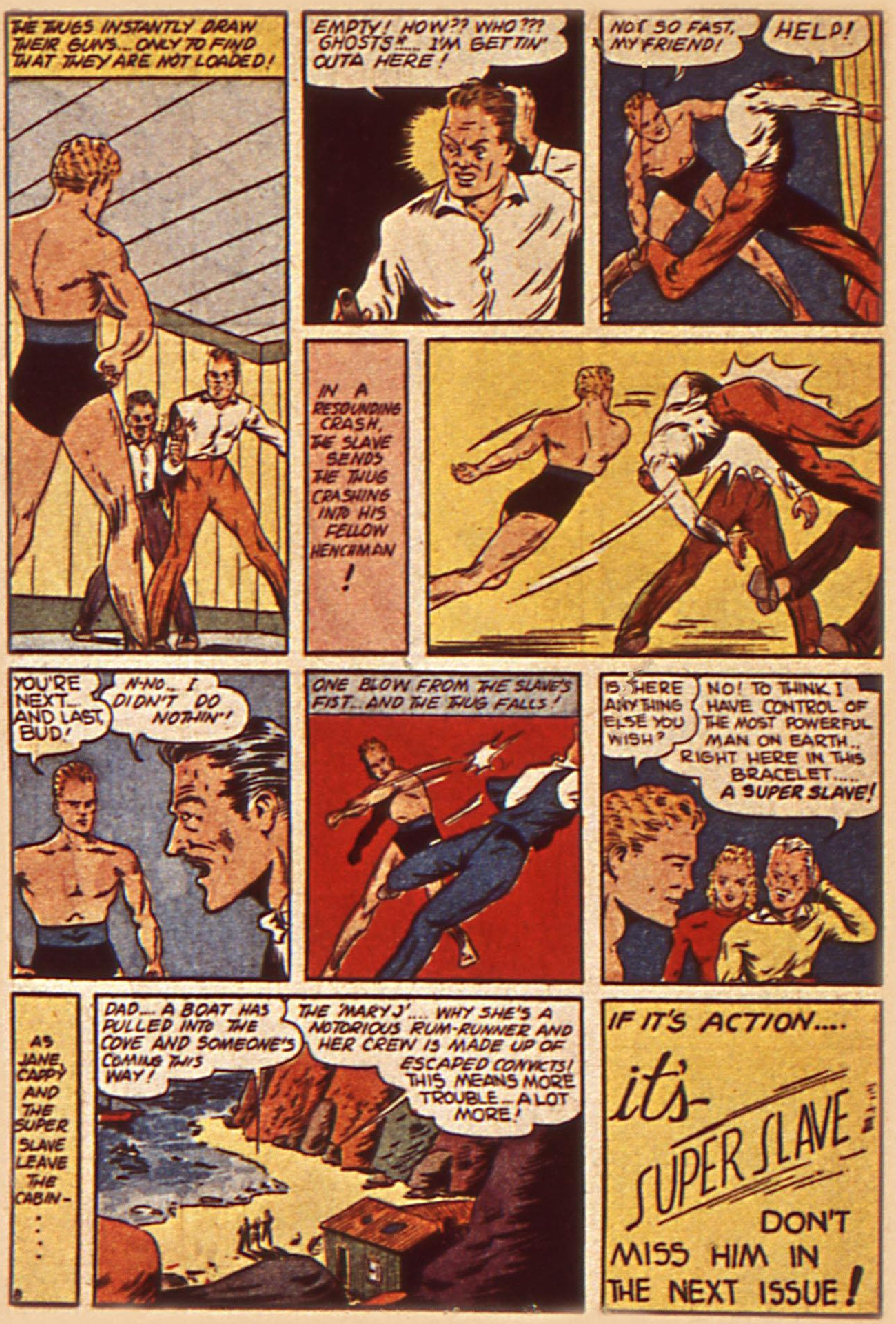

AS DAWN BREAKS, JANE BEGINS TO STIR, AND OPENING HER EYES, SEES THE TOWERING FIGURE STANDING OVER HER...
OH-H-H-H CAPPY! CAPPY!
ER-R-R.... JANE!! WHAT? G-GOOD HEAVENS...., WHAT IS IT??
DO NOT BE ALARMED ...I CAN DO YOU NO HARM FOR I AM YOUR SLAVE! YOU BROUGHT ME TO LIFE FROM A REST OF THOUSANDS OF YEARS WHEN YOU SCRATCHED THE BRACELET NEXT TO YOU! WEAR IT.... AND BY SCRATCHING IT... I WILL APPEAR AND DISAPPEAR AS YOU WISH!
JANE... WE MUST BE DEAD! THINGS LIKE THIS HAPPEN ONLY IN FAIRY TALES! B-BUT PERHAPS ITS TRUE LETS TRY IT!
THE FISHERMAN SCRATCHES THE BRACELET, AND IN A BLINDING FLASH, THE FIGURE DISAPPEARS...
CAPPY... WHAT HE SAID IS TRUE!
IT'S UNBELIEVABLE!
STILL PUZZLED AT THE STRANGE HAPPENINGS, CAPPY AND JANE WALK ALONG THE BEACH LOOKING FOR CIVILIZATION....
CAPPY... SMOKE COMING FROM AROUND THE BEND!
PERHAPS THEY CAN TELL US WHERE THE NEAREST TOWN IS!
ROUNDING THE BEND, CAPPY AND JANE COME UPON AN OLD SHACK!
I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF IT!
WELL... WE WEREN'T INVITED.. SO WE CAN'T BE CHOOSEY!


HELLO... ANYBODY HOME?
THERE'S NO ANSWER... SHALL WE GO UP TO THE DOOR AND FIND OUT IF ANYONE IS IN?
MIGHT AS WELL!
AS CAPPY AND JANE REACH THE DOOR OF THE SHACK
STAND WHERE YOU ARE... BEFORE I DRILL YOU!
YOU HAVE US WRONG! WE WERE SHIPWRECKED AND WE'RE ONLY TRYING TO FIND OUR WAY TO THE NEAREST TOWN!
YEAH... 'I'VE HEARD THAT ONE BEFORE' OKAY, BOYS... I'VE GOT 'EM COVERED!
B-BUT WE'VE DONE NOTHING WRONG!
SHUT UP!
SEVERAL MORE ARMED MEN GATHER ABOUT THE TRIO....
WE GOTTA GET RID OF 'EM!
PUSH 'EM UP AGAINST THE ROCKS... I'LL FINISH THEM!
CAPPY... THEY'RE GOING TO SHOOT US!
JANE... THE BRACELET!
HELLO, BOYS!
WHAT TH-?
CAPPY SCRATCHES THE BRACELET... A BURST OF GREEN MIST APPEARS... AND FROM IT SPRINGS THE TOWERING SLAVE.....

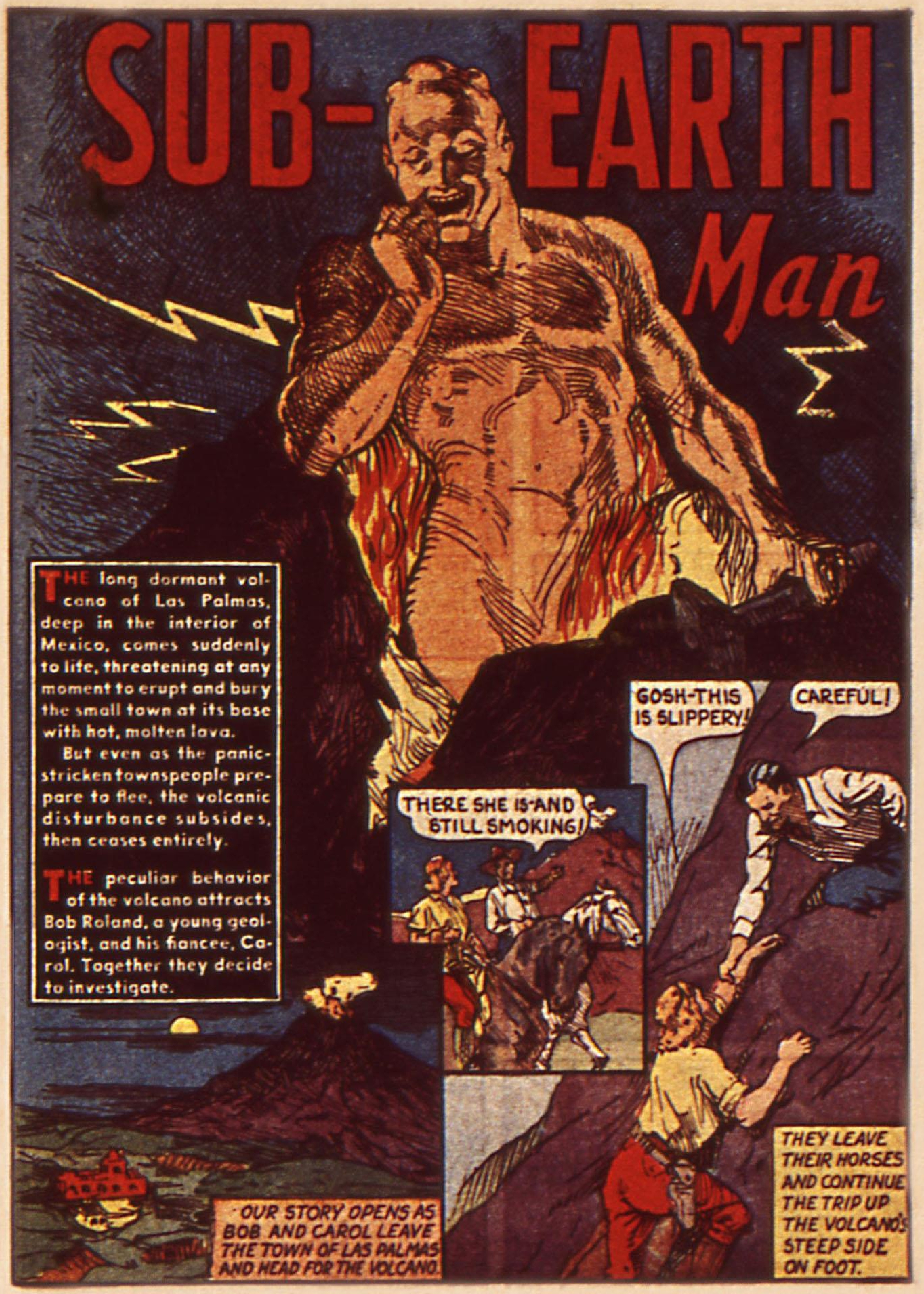

GUNS BLAST OUT AT CAPPY'S SLAVE WITHOUT EFFECT...
SO YOU BOYS ARE UP TO HARM MY MASTER, EH?
BLUB... GULP!
POWERFUL ARMS STRIKE OUT... TOSSING THE MEN ABOUT THE BEACH WITH TREMENDOUS FORCE.
ONE OF THE THUGS GRABS JANE.
GET RID OF THAT THING BEFORE I PLUG HER...!
CAPPY!!
JANE!! YOU FIEND! ALL RIGHT... I HAVE NO OTHER CHOICE!
AS CAPPY SCRATCHES THE BRACELET, THE AIR ABOUT THE SLAVE WHIRLS AT CYCLONE SPEED... AND IN A BLINDING FLASH... HE DISAPPEARS!
C'MON... START WALKIN'!
AT THE POINT OF GUNS, JANE AND HER FATHER ARE ESCORTED INTO THE CABIN...
OVER HERE, YOU... WHERE I CAN KEEP AN EYE ON YOU!


HOURS PASS IN SILENCE AS CAPPY PONDERS OVER HOW HE CAN SAVE JANE FROM THE GUNMEN.
IF I BRING THE SLAVE BACK, THEY WILL KILL JANE... AND IF I DON'T... THEY WILL HOLD US CAPTIVE UNTIL... OH - I ACCIDENTALLY RUBBED THE BRACELET! THE SLAVE WILL APPEAR AND THESE THUGS WILL KILL JANE!
TENSE MOMENTS PASS.... THE SLAVE DOESN'T APPEAR...
T-THAT'S STRANGE... THE SLAVE DIDN'T APPEAR!
I HAVEN'T FAILED YOU... A CHANGE IN MY SIZE SEEMED TO FIT THE OCCASION!
B-BUT YOU ARE OF NO USE TO ME AS YOU ARE NOW!
DON'T WORRY... YOU'LL SOON SEE HOW CONVENIENT IT IS TO BE SMALL AT TIMES!
LIKE A STREAK, THE SLAVE LEAPS TO THE WINDOW SILL.
WHAT TH'.... OH.... IT'S ONLY THE SHADE!
NOT KNOWING WHAT IS GOING ON, THE THUG PLACES THE GUN ON THE TABLE...
MEANWHILE, THE SLAVE SWINGS FROM BOARD TO BOARD ON THE CEILING...
...AND REACHING ABOVE THE TABLE, DROPS DOWN SILENTLY...


NOW TO REMOVE THESE BULLETS FROM THE GUN AND THROW THEM OUT OF THE WINDOW!
THERE'S THE LAST ONE.... NOW TO REMOVE THE BULLETS FROM THE OTHERS!
IN LEAPS AND BOUNDS THE SLAVE MOVES FROM ONE THUG TO THE OTHER.....
... REMOVING THE BULLETS FROM THEIR GUNS....
....AND THROWING THEM OUT OF THE WINDOW WITH AMAZING ACCURACY!
EVERYTHING IS SET!
THE SLAVE'S EYE'S SHARPEN...
...THE AIR AROUND HIM SPINS LIKE A WHIRL-WIND.....
....AND IN A SUDDEN BURST.... HE BECOMES A NORMAL-SIZED MAN AGAIN....


THE THUGS INSTANTLY DRAW THEIR GUNS... ONLY TO FIND THAT THEY ARE NOT LOADED!
EMPTY! HOW?? WHO??? GHOSTS?!... I'M GETTIN' OUTA HERE!
NOT SO FAST, MY FRIEND!
HELP!
IN A RESOUNDING CRASH, THE SLAVE SENDS THE THUG CRASHING INTO HIS FELLOW HENCHMAN!
YOU'RE NEXT... AND LAST, BUD!
N-NO... I DIDN'T DO NOTHIN'!
ONE BLOW FROM THE SLAVE'S FIST... AND THE THUG FALLS!
IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE YOU WISH?
NO! TO THINK I HAVE CONTROL OF THE MOST POWERFUL MAN ON EARTH.. RIGHT HERE IN THIS BRACELET..... A SUPER SLAVE!
AS JANE, CAPPY AND THE SUPER SLAVE LEAVE THE CABIN-.....
DAD.... A BOAT HAS PULLED INTO THE COVE AND SOMEONE'S COMING THIS WAY!
THE 'MARY J'.... WHY SHE'S A NOTORIOUS RUM-RUNNER AND HER CREW IS MADE UP OF ESCAPED CONVICTS! THIS MEANS MORE TROUBLE... A LOT MORE!
IF IT'S ACTION....
it's
SUPER SLAVE
DON'T MISS HIM IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

SUB-EARTH Man

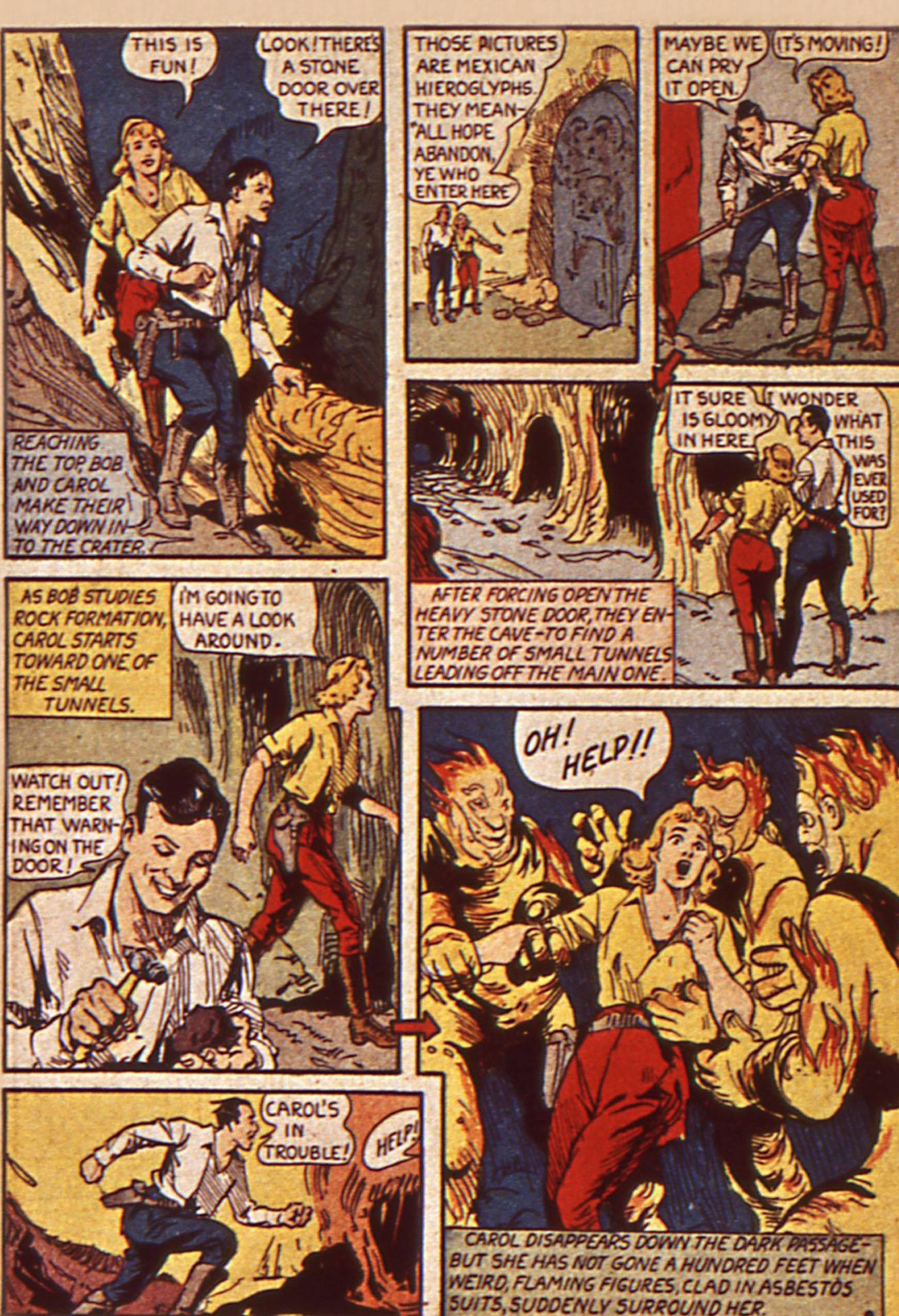


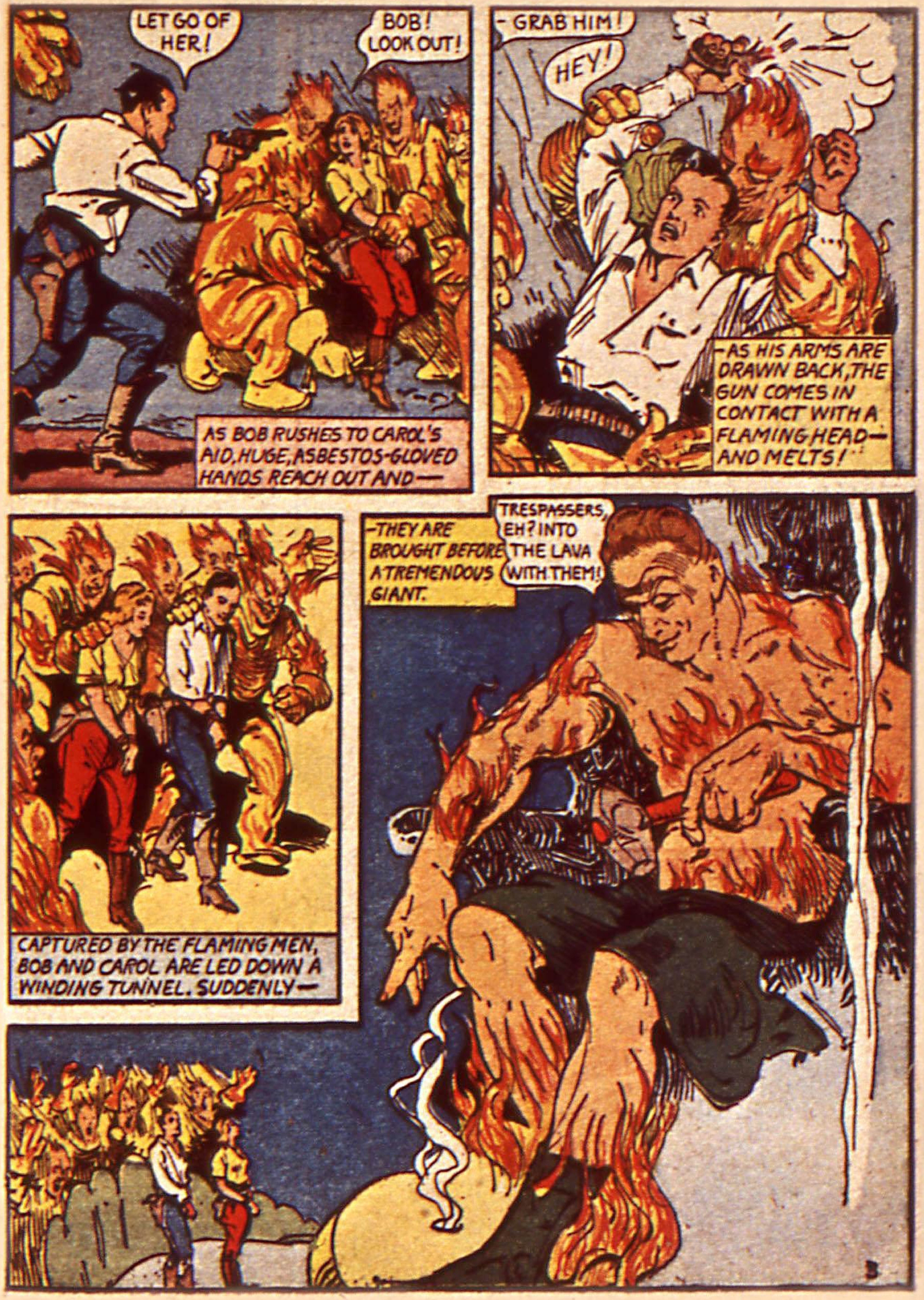
THE long dormant volcano of Las Palmas, deep in the interior of Mexico, comes suddenly to life, threatening at any moment to erupt and bury the small town at its base with hot, molten lava.

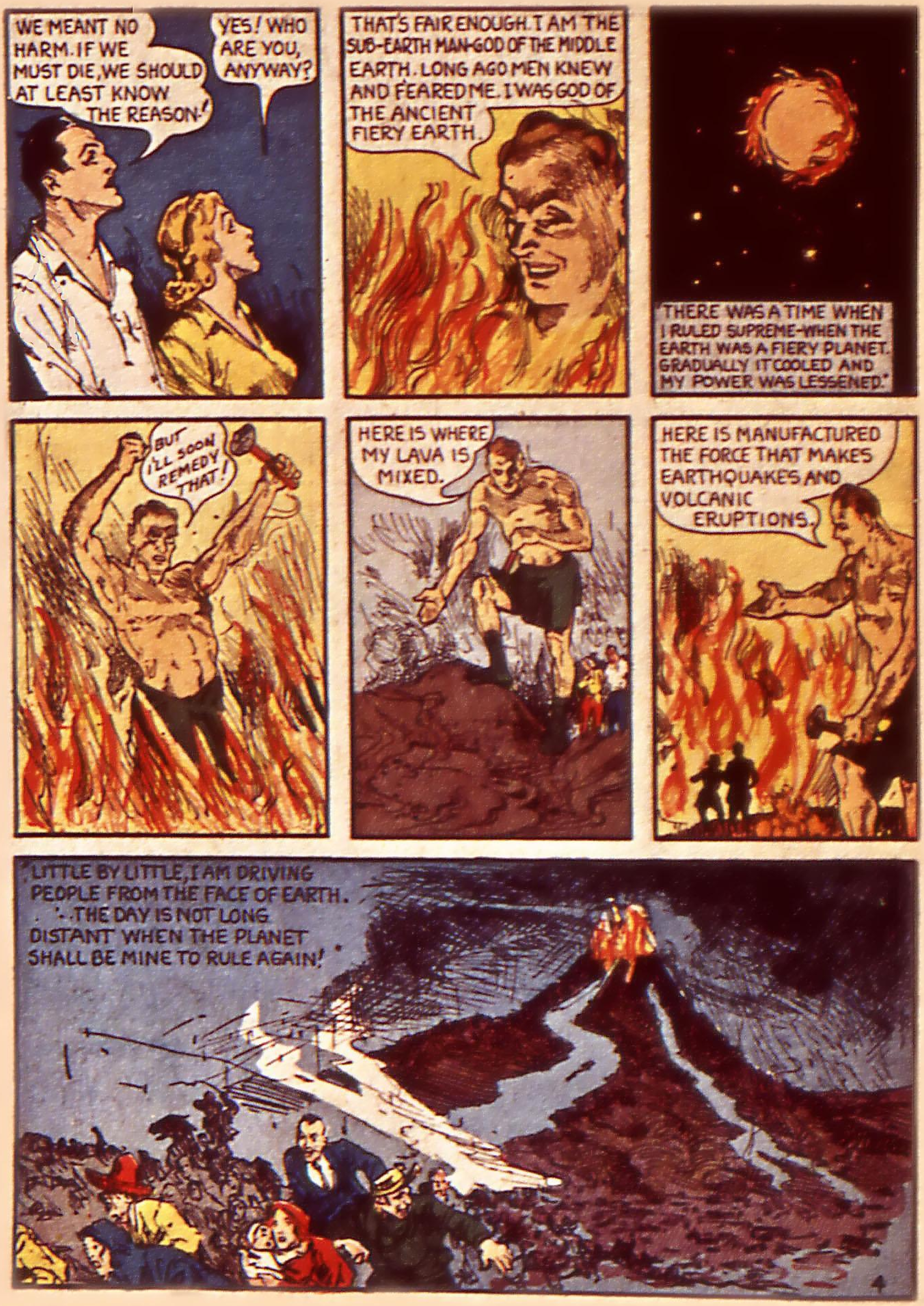
But even as the panic-stricken townspeople prepare to flee, the volcanic disturbance subsides, then ceases entirely.

THE peculiar behavior of the volcano attracts Bob Roland, a young geologist, and his fiancee, Carol. Together they decide to investigate.

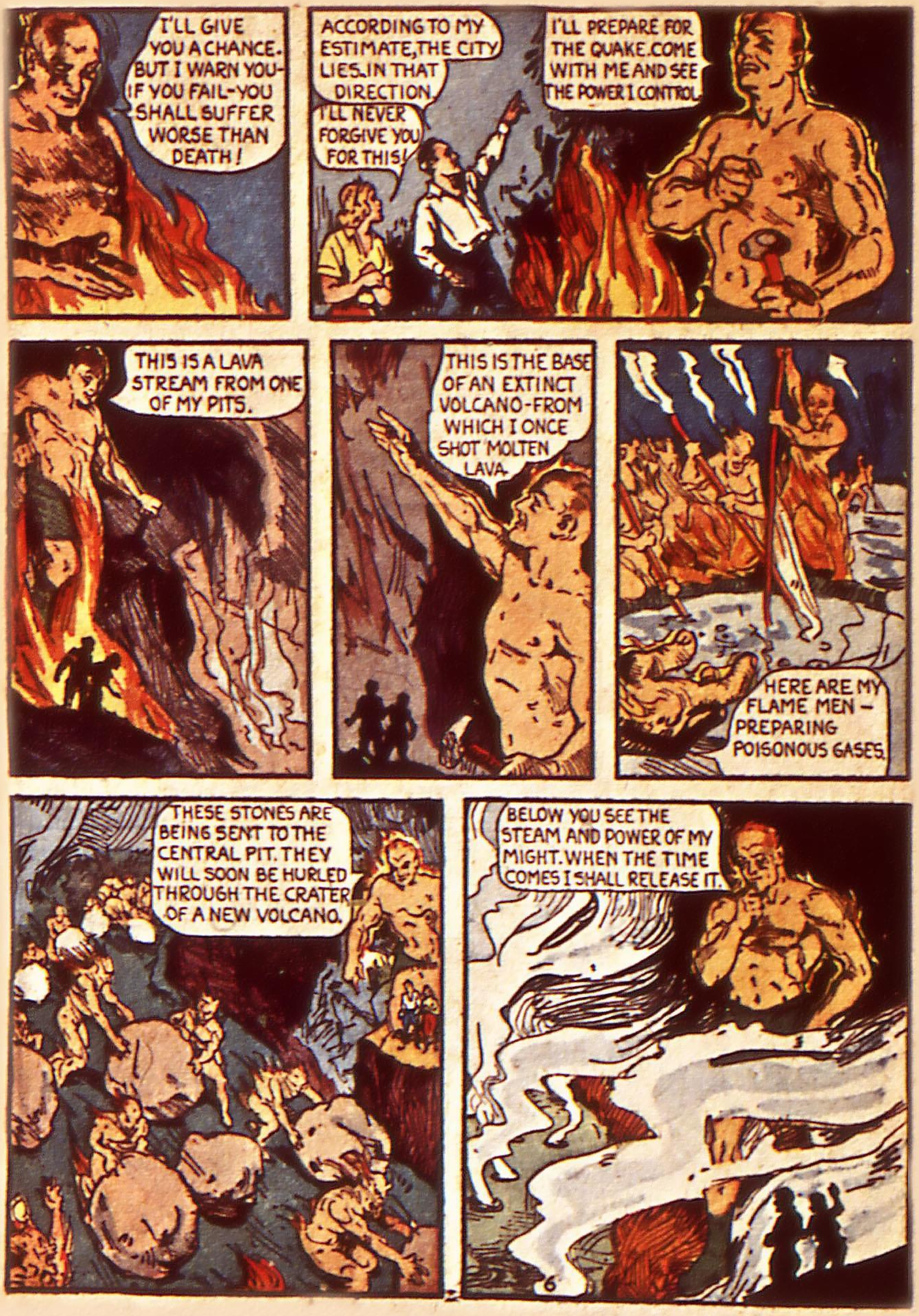
OUR STORY OPENS AS BOB AND CAROL LEAVE THE TOWN OF LAS PALMAS AND HEAD FOR THE VOLCANO.
THERE SHE IS-AND STILL SMOKING!
GOSH-THIS IS SLIPPERY!
CAREFUL!
THEY LEAVE THEIR HORSES AND CONTINUE THE TRIP UP THE VOLCANO'S STEEP SIDE ON FOOT.

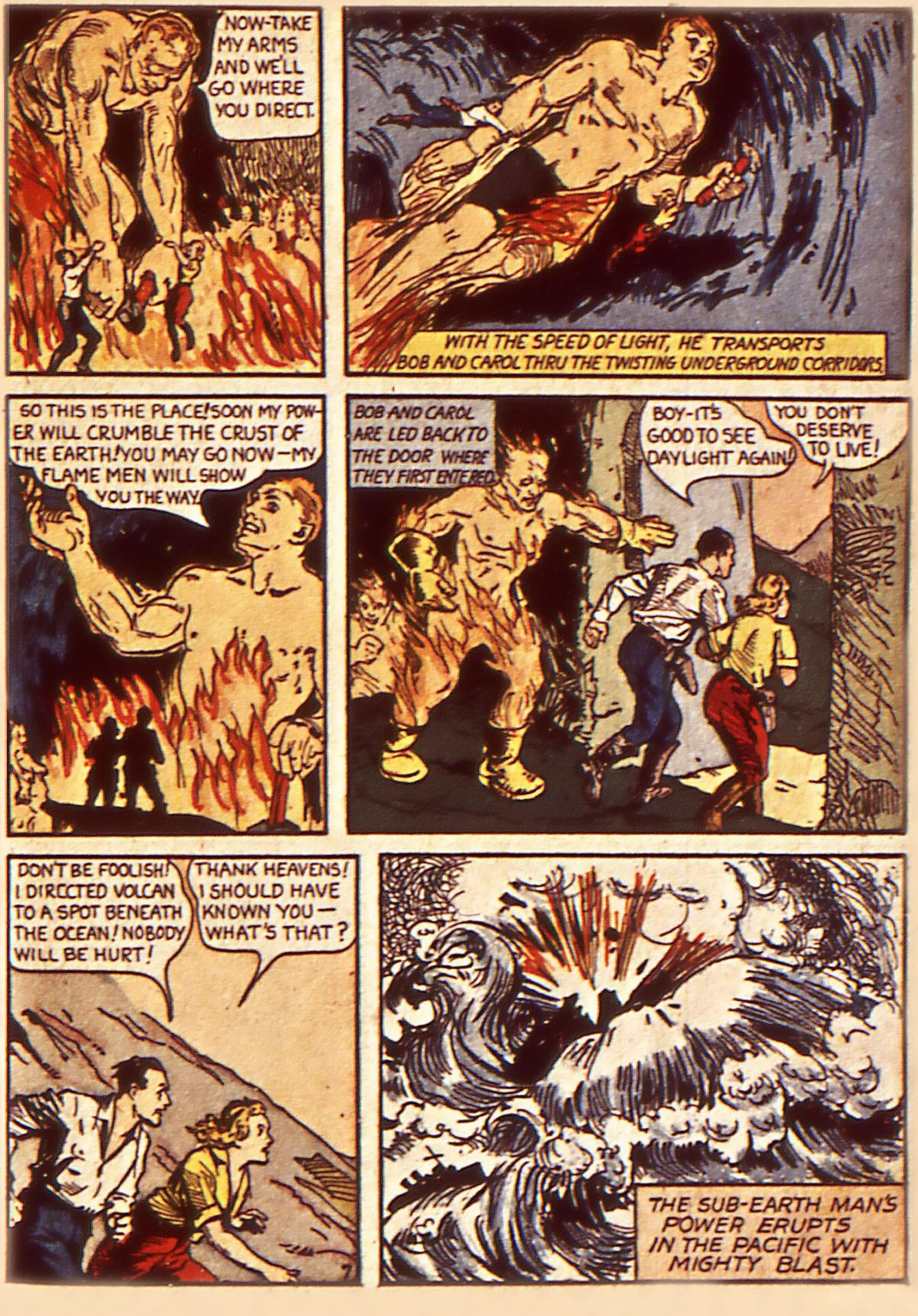

THIS IS FUN!
LOOK! THERE'S A STONE DOOR OVER THERE!
REACHING THE TOP, BOB AND CAROL MAKE THEIR WAY DOWN INTO THE CRATER.
THOSE PICTURES ARE MEXICAN HIEROGLYPHS. THEY MEAN- "ALL HOPE ABANDON, YE WHO ENTER HERE"
MAYBE WE CAN PRY IT OPEN.
IT'S MOVING!
IT SURE IS GLOOMY IN HERE.
I WONDER WHAT THIS WAS EVER USED FOR?
AFTER FORCING OPEN THE HEAVY STONE DOOR, THEY ENTER THE CAVE-TO FIND A NUMBER OF SMALL TUNNELS LEADING OFF THE MAIN ONE.
AS BOB STUDIES ROCK FORMATION, CAROL STARTS TOWARD ONE OF THE SMALL TUNNELS.
I'M GOING TO HAVE A LOOK AROUND.
WATCH OUT! REMEMBER THAT WARNING ON THE DOOR!
OH! HELP!!
CAROL DISAPPEARS DOWN THE DARK PASSAGE-BUT SHE HAS NOT GONE A HUNDRED FEET WHEN WEIRD, FLAMING FIGURES, CLAD IN ASBESTOS SUITS, SUDDENLY SURROUND HER.
2
CAROL'S IN TROUBLE!
HELP!

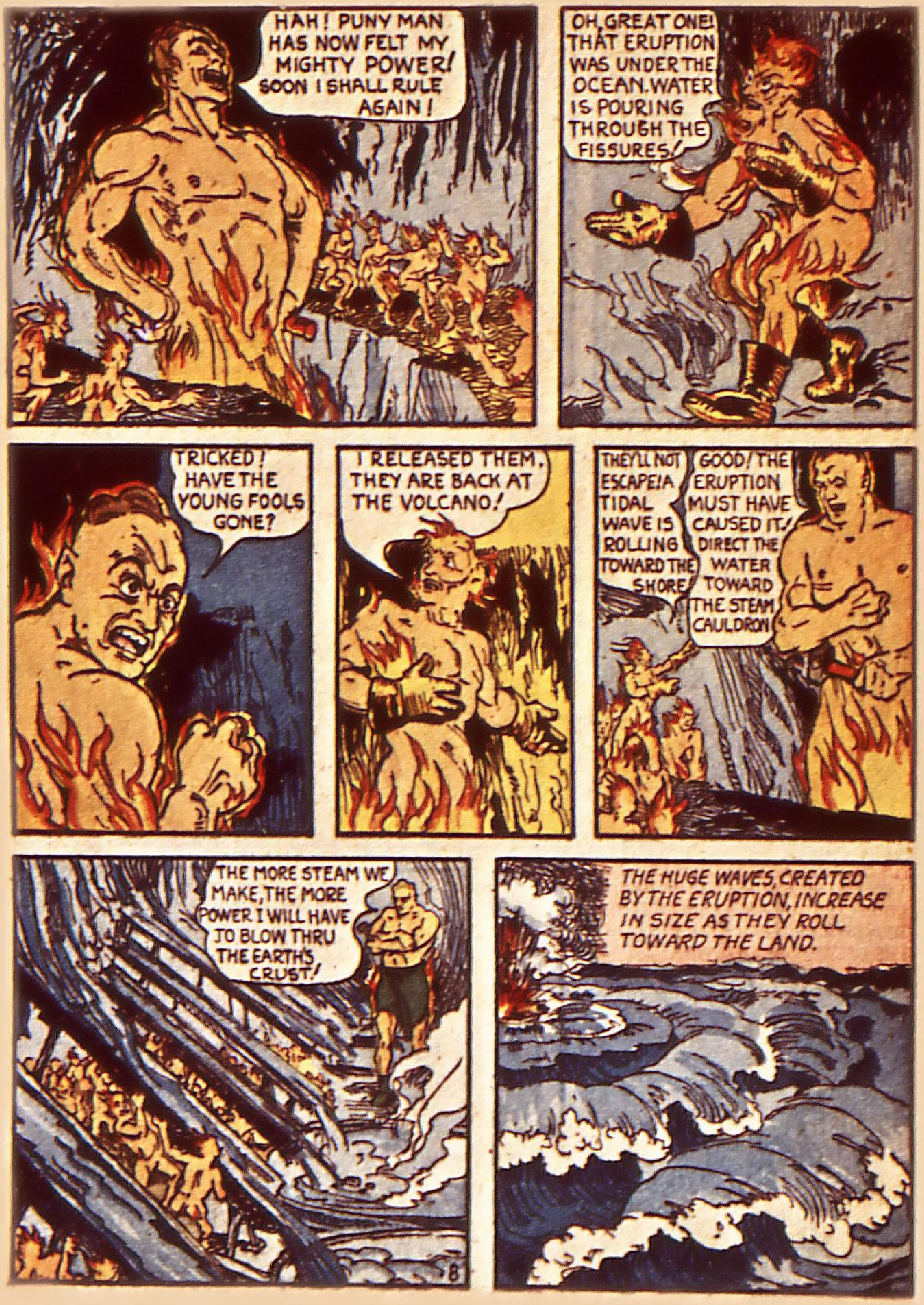

LET GO OF HER!
BOB! LOOK OUT!
AS BOB RUSHES TO CAROL'S AID, HUGE, ASBESTOS-GLOVED HANDS REACH OUT AND—
—GRAB HIM!
HEY!
—AS HIS ARMS ARE DRAWN BACK, THE GUN COMES IN CONTACT WITH A FLAMING HEAD— AND MELTS!
CAPTURED BY THE FLAMING MEN, BOB AND CAROL ARE LED DOWN A WINDING TUNNEL. SUDDENLY—
—THEY ARE BROUGHT BEFORE A TREMENDOUS GIANT.
TRESPASSERS, EH? INTO THE LAVA WITH THEM!
3

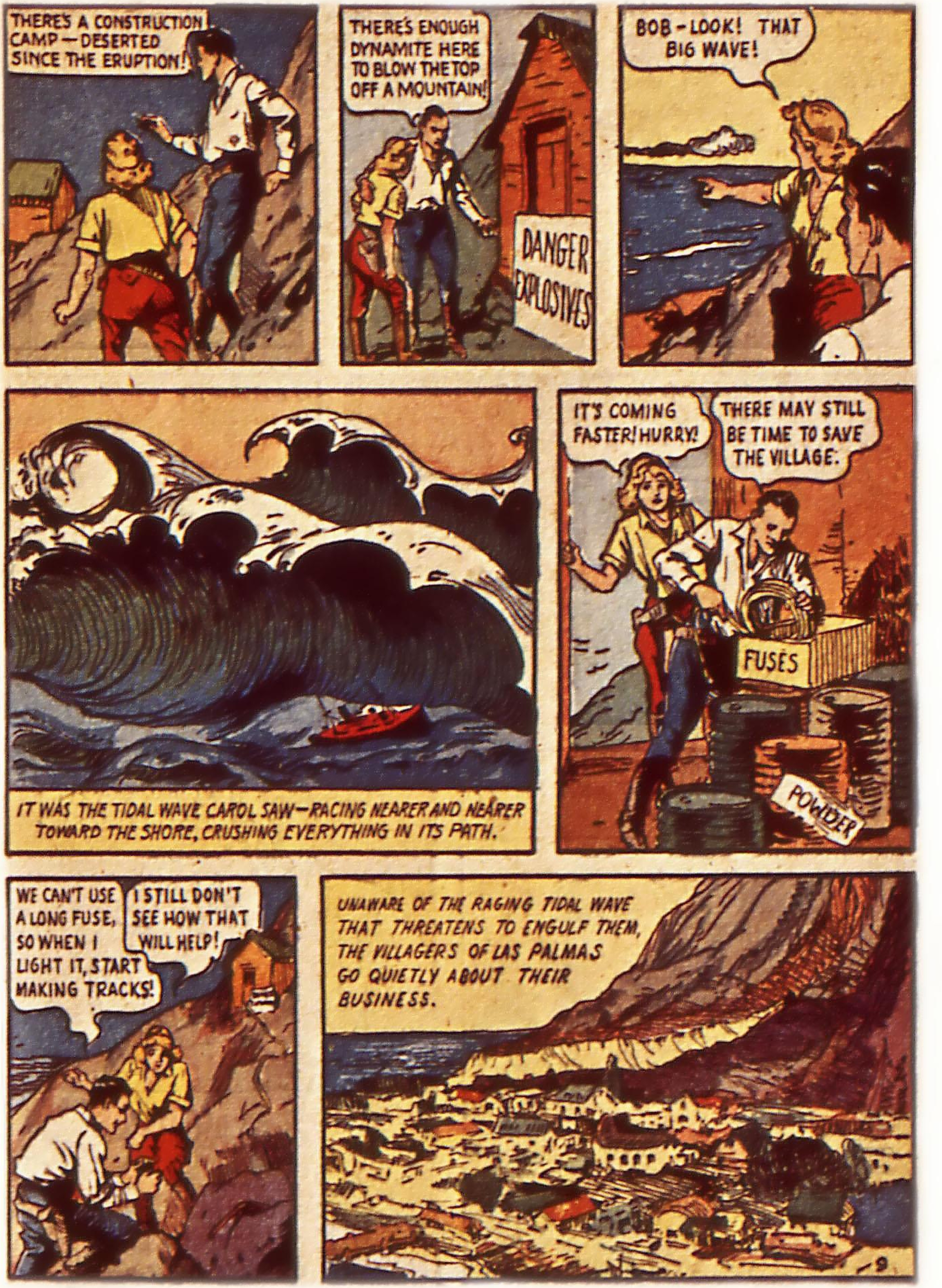

WE MEANT NO HARM. IF WE MUST DIE, WE SHOULD AT LEAST KNOW THE REASON!
YES! WHO ARE YOU, ANYWAY?
THAT'S FAIR ENOUGH. I AM THE SUB-EARTH MAN-GOD OF THE MIDDLE EARTH. LONG AGO MEN KNEW AND FEARED ME. I WAS GOD OF THE ANCIENT FIERY EARTH.
"THERE WAS A TIME WHEN I RULED SUPREME—WHEN THE EARTH WAS A FIERY PLANET. GRADUALLY IT COOLED AND MY POWER WAS LESSENED."
BUT I'LL SOON REMEDY THAT!
HERE IS WHERE MY LAVA IS MIXED.
HERE IS MANUFACTURED THE FORCE THAT MAKES EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANIC ERUPTIONS.
"LITTLE BY LITTLE, I AM DRIVING PEOPLE FROM THE FACE OF EARTH. ... THE DAY IS NOT LONG DISTANT WHEN THE PLANET SHALL BE MINE TO RULE AGAIN!"

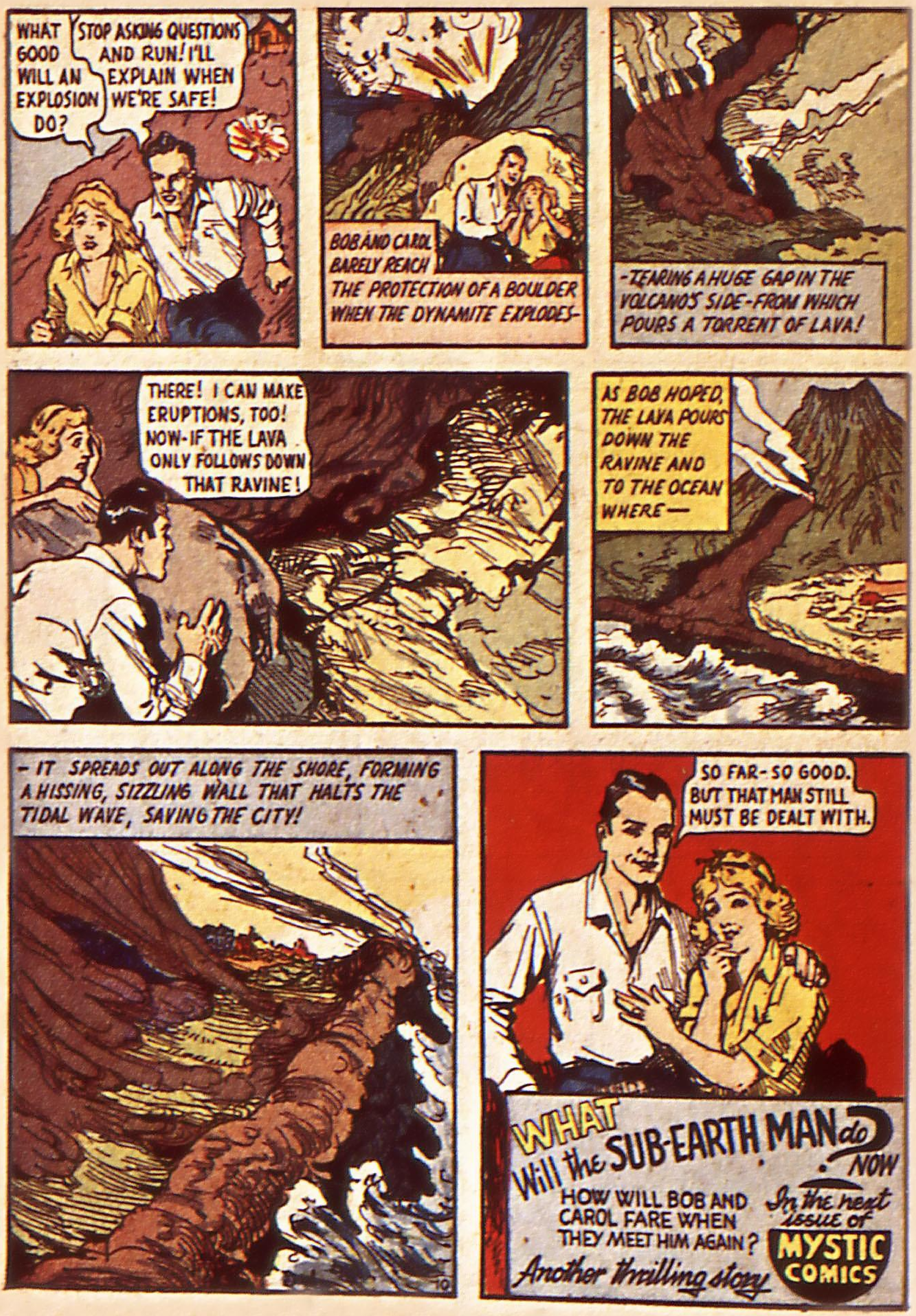
AFTER MANY YEARS I AM READY TO MAKE MY FINAL ATTEMPT AND THIS SHALL BE THE GREATEST OF THEM ALL.
NOW YOU KNOW. INTO THE PIT OF LAVA WITH THEM!
AS BOB AND CAROL ARE ABOUT TO BE THROWN INTO THE PIT, BOB TURNS SUDDENLY IN DESPERATION
WAIT! I HAVE A PLAN THAT WILL HELP YOU!
I CAN HELP YOU FIND THE PLACE WHERE YOUR EARTHQUAKE WILL DO THE MOST HARM —A LOCATION UNDERNEATH A GREAT CITY!
HOW CAN YOU LOCATE THIS CITY? AND WHY SHOULD YOU HELP DESTROY THOSE OF YOUR OWN RACE?
I AM A GEDLOGIST, AND I AM DOING IT TO SAVE OUR LIVES!
I CAN ESTIMATE THE CORRECT DIRECTION AND DISTANCE TO THE LOCATION.
BOB! WAIT! YOU CAN'T DO THIS!

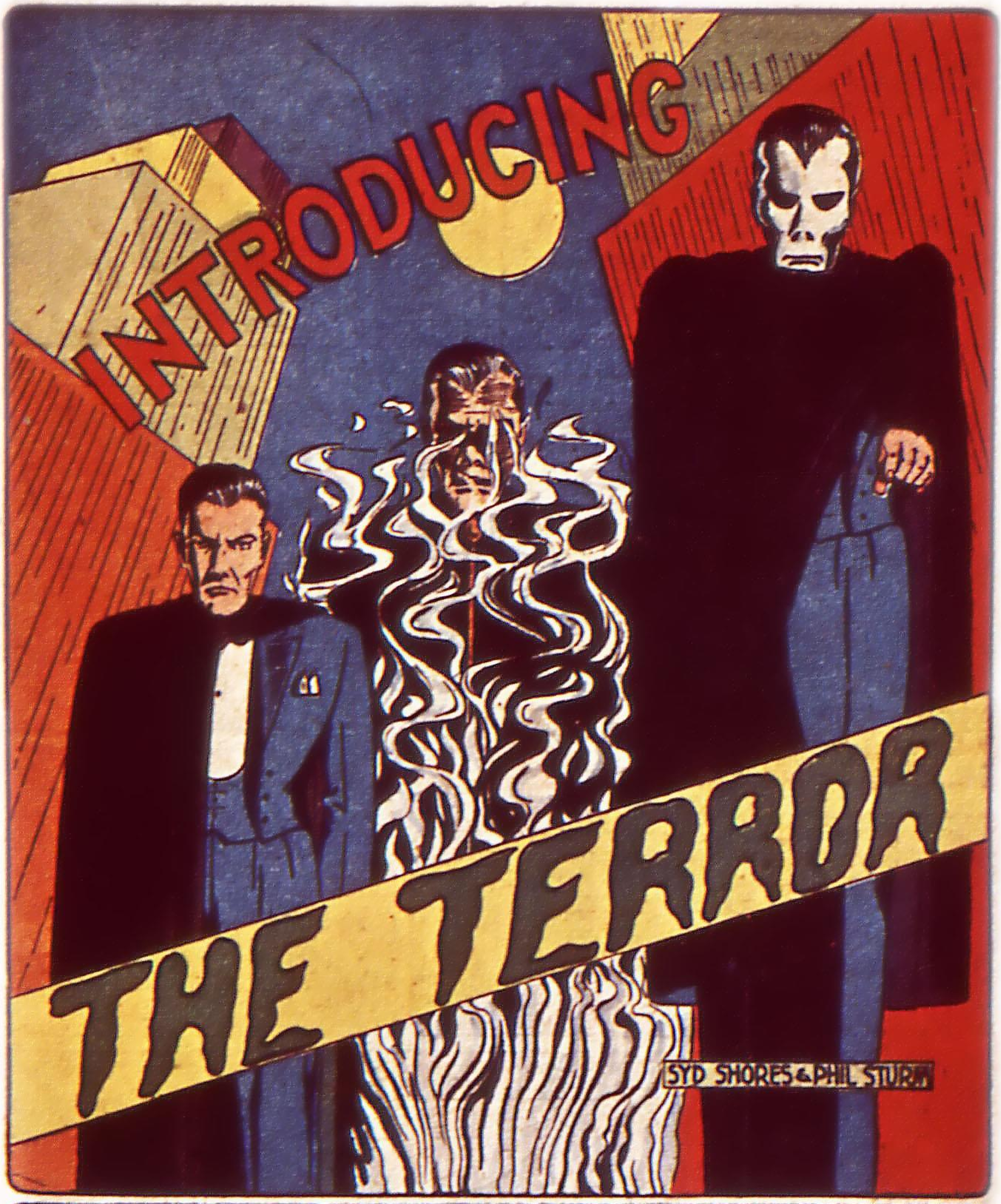

I'LL GIVE YOU A CHANCE. BUT I WARN YOU- IF YOU FAIL-YOU SHALL SUFFER WORSE THAN DEATH!
ACCORDING TO MY ESTIMATE, THE CITY LIES IN THAT DIRECTION.
I'LL NEVER FORGIVE YOU FOR THIS!
I'LL PREPARE FOR THE QUAKE. COME WITH ME AND SEE THE POWER I CONTROL.
THIS IS A LAVA STREAM FROM ONE OF MY PITS.
THIS IS THE BASE OF AN EXTINCT VOLCANO-FROM WHICH I ONCE SHOT MOLTEN LAVA.
HERE ARE MY FLAME MEN- PREPARING POISONOUS GASES.
THESE STONES ARE BEING SENT TO THE CENTRAL PIT. THEY WILL SOON BE HURLED THROUGH THE CRATER OF A NEW VOLCANO.
BELOW YOU SEE THE STEAM AND POWER OF MY MIGHT. WHEN THE TIME COMES I SHALL RELEASE IT.


NOW-TAKE MY ARMS AND WE'LL GO WHERE YOU DIRECT.
WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT, HE TRANSPORTS BOB AND CAROL THRU THE TWISTING UNDERGROUND CORRIDORS.
SO THIS IS THE PLACE! SOON MY POWER WILL CRUMBLE THE CRUST OF THE EARTH! YOU MAY GO NOW—MY FLAME MEN WILL SHOW YOU THE WAY.
BOB AND CAROL ARE LED BACK TO THE DOOR WHERE THEY FIRST ENTERED.
BOY-IT'S GOOD TO SEE DAYLIGHT AGAIN!
YOU DON'T DESERVE TO LIVE!
DON'T BE FOOLISH! I DIRECTED VOLCAN TO A SPOT BENEATH THE OCEAN! NOBODY WILL BE HURT!
THANK HEAVENS! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN YOU—WHAT'S THAT?
THE SUB-EARTH MAN'S POWER ERUPTS IN THE PACIFIC WITH MIGHTY BLAST.

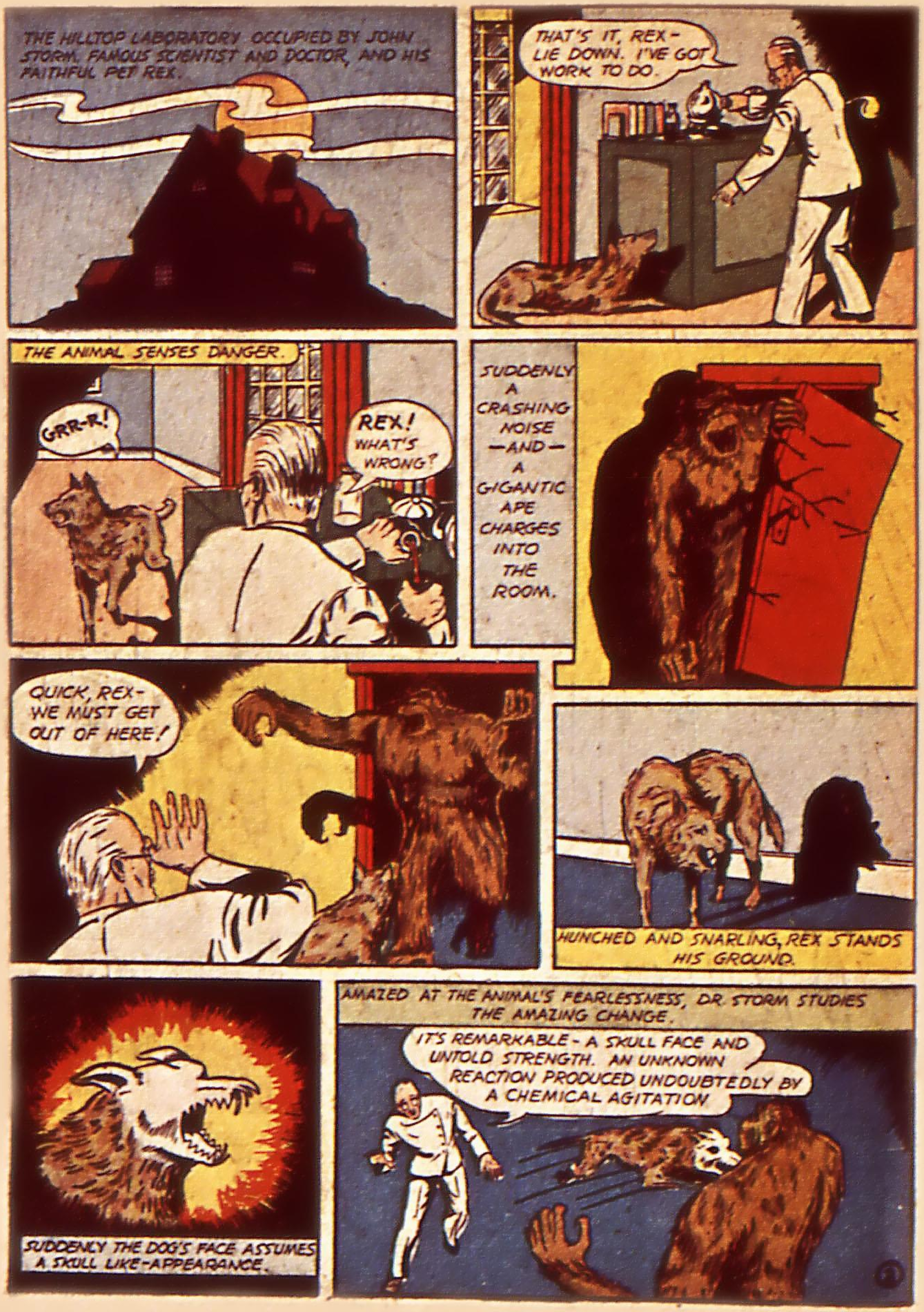

HAH! PUNY MAN HAS NOW FELT MY MIGHTY POWER! SOON I SHALL RULE AGAIN!
OH, GREAT ONE! THAT ERUPTION WAS UNDER THE OCEAN. WATER IS POURING THROUGH THE FISSURES!
TRICKED! HAVE THE YOUNG FOOLS GONE?
I RELEASED THEM. THEY ARE BACK AT THE VOLCANO!
THEY'LL NOT ESCAPE! A TIDAL WAVE IS ROLLING TOWARD THE SHORE!
GOOD! THE ERUPTION MUST HAVE CAUSED IT! DIRECT THE WATER TOWARD THE STEAM CAULDRON
THE MORE STEAM WE MAKE, THE MORE POWER I WILL HAVE TO BLOW THRU THE EARTH'S CRUST!
THE HUGE WAVES, CREATED BY THE ERUPTION, INCREASE IN SIZE AS THEY ROLL TOWARD THE LAND.

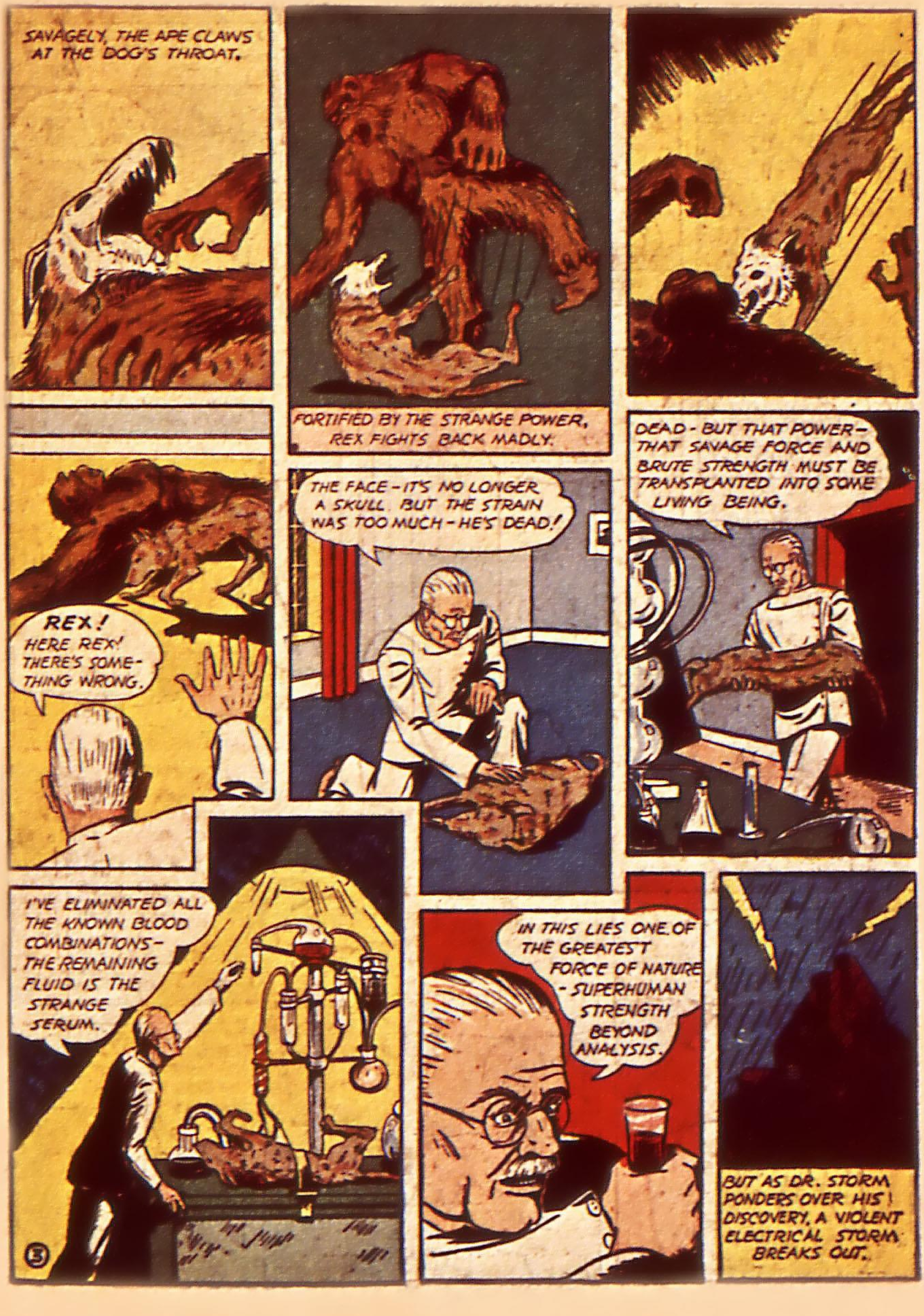

THERE'S A CONSTRUCTION CAMP — DESERTED SINCE THE ERUPTION!
THERE'S ENOUGH DYNAMITE HERE TO BLOW THE TOP OFF A MOUNTAIN!
DANGER EXPLOSIVES
BOB - LOOK! THAT BIG WAVE!
IT WAS THE TIDAL WAVE CAROL SAW—RACING NEARER AND NEARER TOWARD THE SHORE, CRUSHING EVERYTHING IN ITS PATH.
IT'S COMING FASTER! HURRY!
THERE MAY STILL BE TIME TO SAVE THE VILLAGE.
FUSES
POWDER
WE CAN'T USE A LONG FUSE, SO WHEN I LIGHT IT, START MAKING TRACKS!
I STILL DON'T SEE HOW THAT WILL HELP!
UNAWARE OF THE RAGING TIDAL WAVE THAT THREATENS TO ENGULF THEM, THE VILLAGERS OF LAS PALMAS GO QUIETLY ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS.

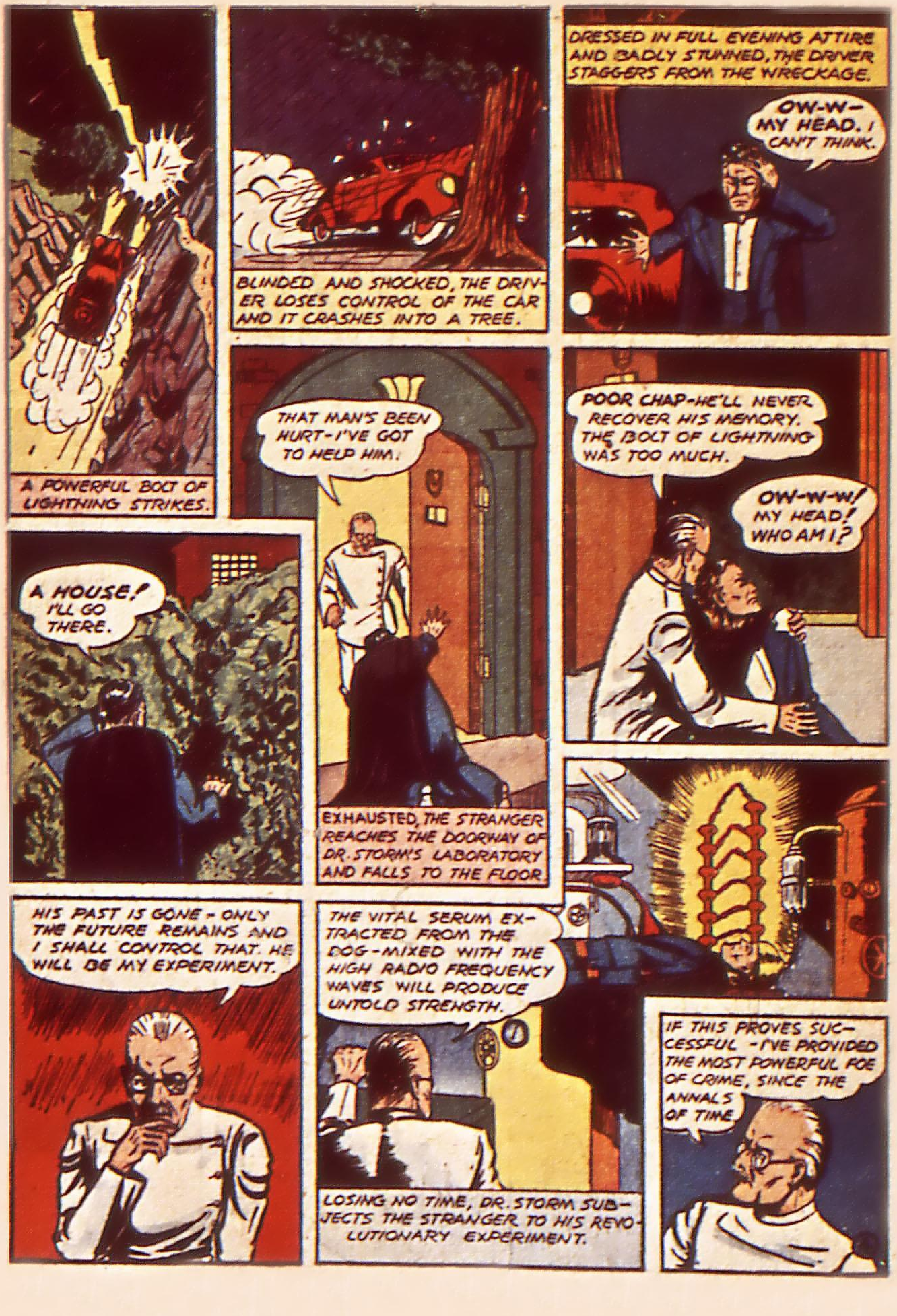

WHAT GOOD WILL AN EXPLOSION DO?
STOP ASKING QUESTIONS AND RUN! I'LL EXPLAIN WHEN WE'RE SAFE!
BOB AND CAROL BARELY REACH THE PROTECTION OF A BOULDER WHEN THE DYNAMITE EXPLODES-
-TEARING A HUGE GAP IN THE VOLCANO'S SIDE-FROM WHICH POURS A TORRENT OF LAVA!
THERE! I CAN MAKE ERUPTIONS, TOO! NOW-IF THE LAVA ONLY FOLLOWS DOWN THAT RAVINE!
AS BOB HOPED, THE LAVA POURS DOWN THE RAVINE AND TO THE OCEAN WHERE—
- IT SPREADS OUT ALONG THE SHORE, FORMING A HISSING, SIZZLING WALL THAT HALTS THE TIDAL WAVE, SAVING THE CITY!
SO FAR-SO GOOD. BUT THAT MAN STILL MUST BE DEALT WITH.
WHAT Will the SUB-EARTH MAN do NOW?
HOW WILL BOB AND CAROL FARE WHEN THEY MEET HIM AGAIN?
In the next issue of MYSTIC COMICS
Another thrilling story

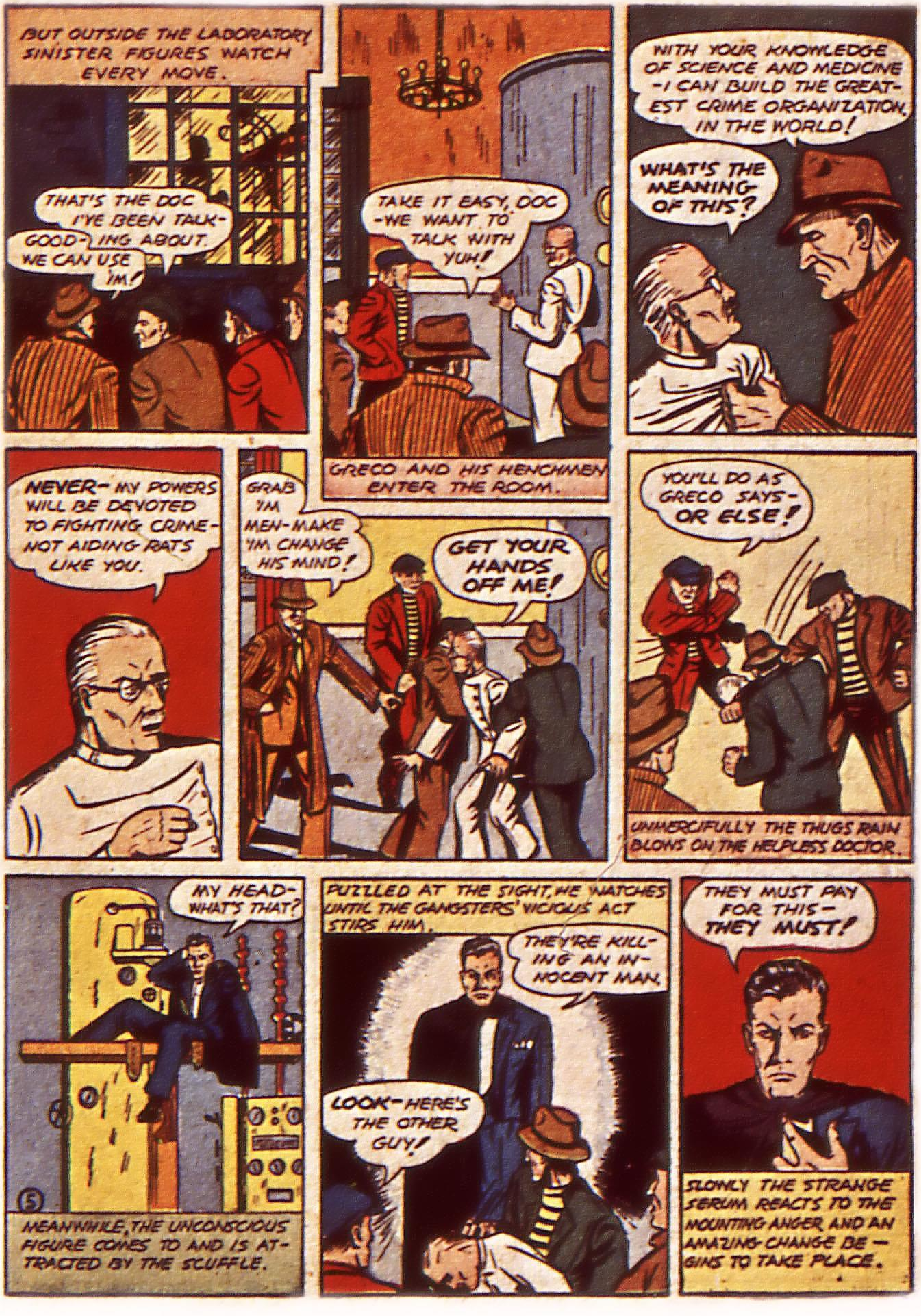


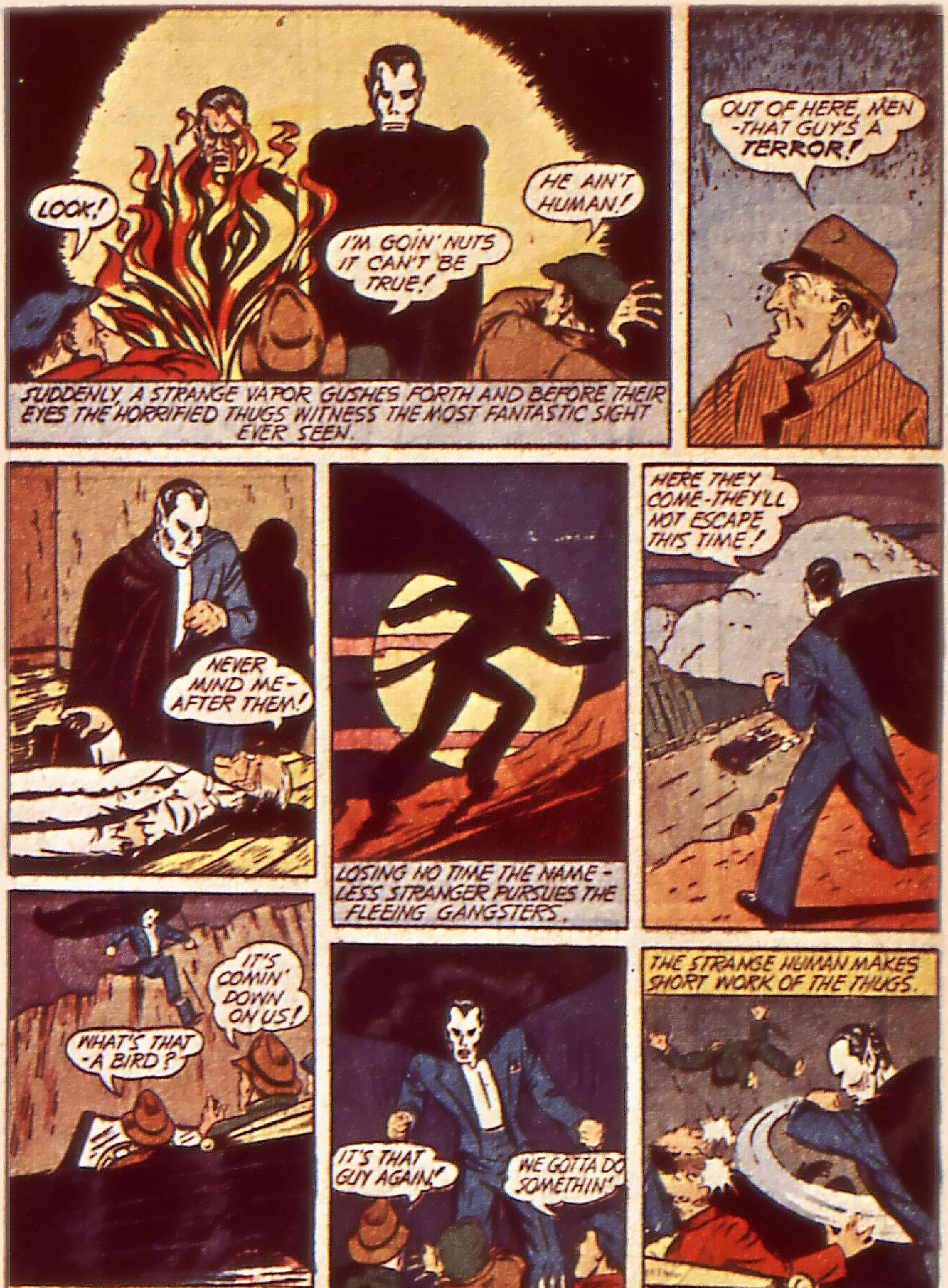
KNOWN TO THE WORLD BY THE WEIRD NAME, THE TERROR, THIS FANTASTIC BEING POSSESSES ALL THE FACILITIES OF A NORMAL HUMAN. INJECTED WITH A CERTAIN VIRUS EXTRACTED FROM A MAD DOG, THIS STRANGE HUMAN UNDERGOES A COMPLETE PHYSICAL CHANGE. WHEN ANGERED. THE BODY TEMPERATURE RISING WITH ANGER PRODUCES AN EXTRA AGITATION OF THE CHEMICALS AND IN PLACE OF A COOL, PLACID INDIVIDUAL RISES —THE TERROR— WHO CARRIES THE SCEPTRE OF JUSTICE TO THE DARKEST DENS OF THE UNDERWORLD.

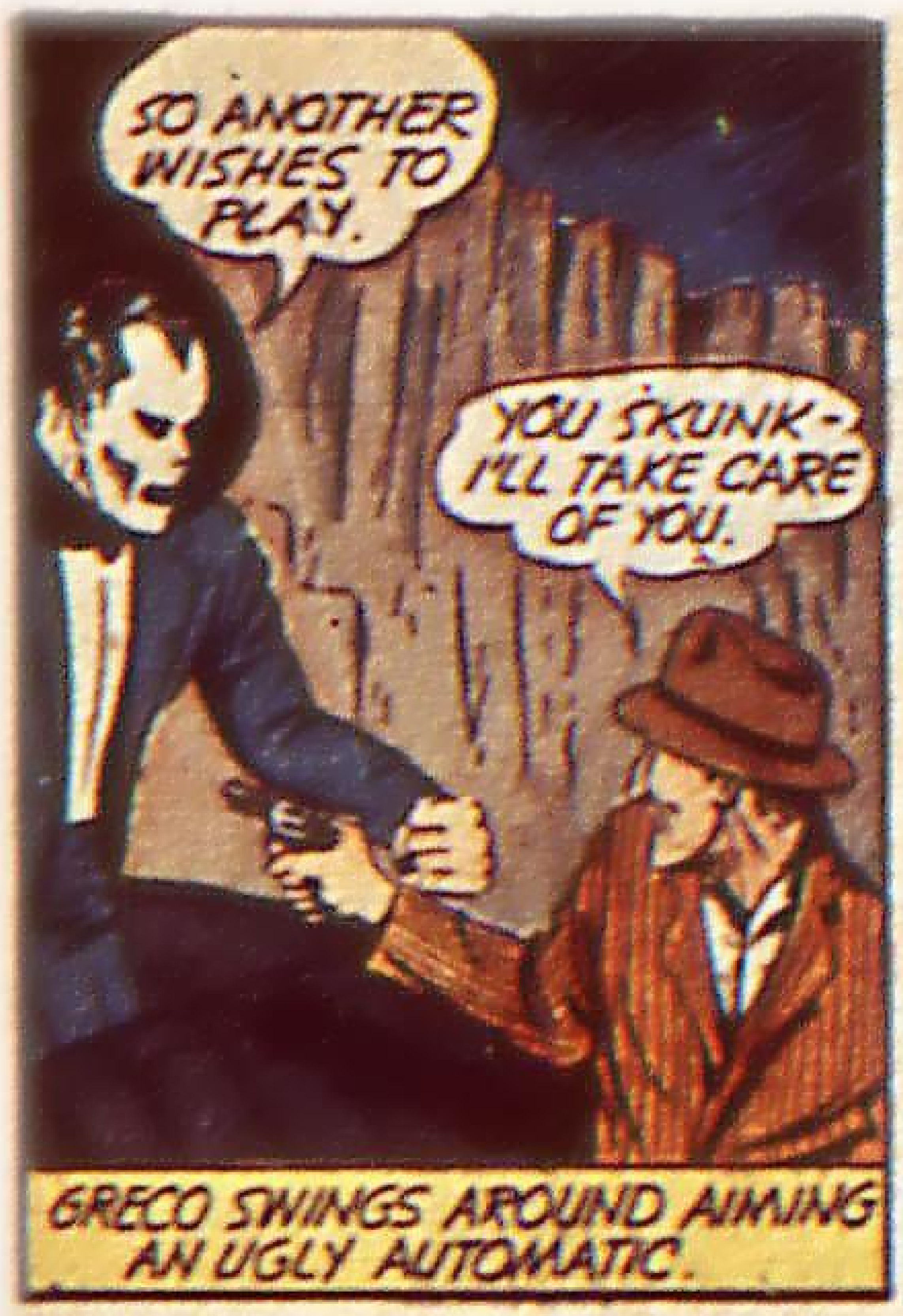

THE HILLTOP LABORATORY OCCUPIED BY JOHN STORM, FAMOUS SCIENTIST AND DOCTOR, AND HIS FAITHFUL PET REX.
THAT'S IT, REX— LIE DOWN. I'VE GOT WORK TO DO.
THE ANIMAL SENSES DANGER.
GRR-R!
REX! WHAT'S WRONG?
SUDDENLY A CRASHING NOISE —AND— A GIGANTIC APE CHARGES INTO THE ROOM.
QUICK, REX— WE MUST GET OUT OF HERE!
HUNCHED AND SNARLING, REX STANDS HIS GROUND.
SUDDENLY THE DOG'S FACE ASSUMES A SKULL LIKE-APPEARANCE.
AMAZED AT THE ANIMAL'S FEARLESSNESS, DR. STORM STUDIES THE AMAZING CHANGE.
IT'S REMARKABLE - A SKULL FACE AND UNTOLD STRENGTH. AN UNKNOWN REACTION PRODUCED UNDOUBTEDLY BY A CHEMICAL AGITATION


SAVAGELY, THE APE CLAWS AT THE DOG'S THROAT.
FORTIFIED BY THE STRANGE POWER, REX FIGHTS BACK MADLY.
REX! HERE REX! THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG.
THE FACE - IT'S NO LONGER A SKULL. BUT THE STRAIN WAS TOO MUCH - HE'S DEAD!
DEAD - BUT THAT POWER - THAT SAVAGE FORCE AND BRUTE STRENGTH MUST BE TRANSPLANTED INTO SOME LIVING BEING.
I'VE ELIMINATED ALL THE KNOWN BLOOD COMBINATIONS - THE REMAINING FLUID IS THE STRANGE SERUM.
IN THIS LIES ONE OF THE GREATEST FORCE OF NATURE - SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH BEYOND ANALYSIS.
BUT AS DR. STORM PONDERS OVER HIS DISCOVERY, A VIOLENT ELECTRICAL STORM BREAKS OUT.
⑤


A POWERFUL BOLT OF LIGHTNING STRIKES.
BLINDED AND SHOCKED, THE DRIVER LOSES CONTROL OF THE CAR AND IT CRASHES INTO A TREE.
DRESSED IN FULL EVENING ATTIRE AND BADLY STUNNED, THE DRIVER STAGGERS FROM THE WRECKAGE.
OW-W- MY HEAD. I CAN'T THINK.
A HOUSE! I'LL GO THERE.
THAT MAN'S BEEN HURT-I'VE GOT TO HELP HIM.
EXHAUSTED, THE STRANGER REACHES THE DOORWAY OF DR. STORM'S LABORATORY AND FALLS TO THE FLOOR.
POOR CHAP-HE'LL NEVER RECOVER HIS MEMORY. THE BOLT OF LIGHTNING WAS TOO MUCH.
OW-W-W! MY HEAD! WHO AM I?
HIS PAST IS GONE - ONLY THE FUTURE REMAINS AND I SHALL CONTROL THAT. HE WILL BE MY EXPERIMENT.
THE VITAL SERUM EXTRACTED FROM THE DOG-MIXED WITH THE HIGH RADIO FREQUENCY WAVES WILL PRODUCE UNTOLD STRENGTH.
LOSING NO TIME, DR. STORM SUBJECTS THE STRANGER TO HIS REVOLUTIONARY EXPERIMENT.
IF THIS PROVES SUCCESSFUL -I'VE PROVIDED THE MOST POWERFUL FOE OF CRIME, SINCE THE ANNALS OF TIME.

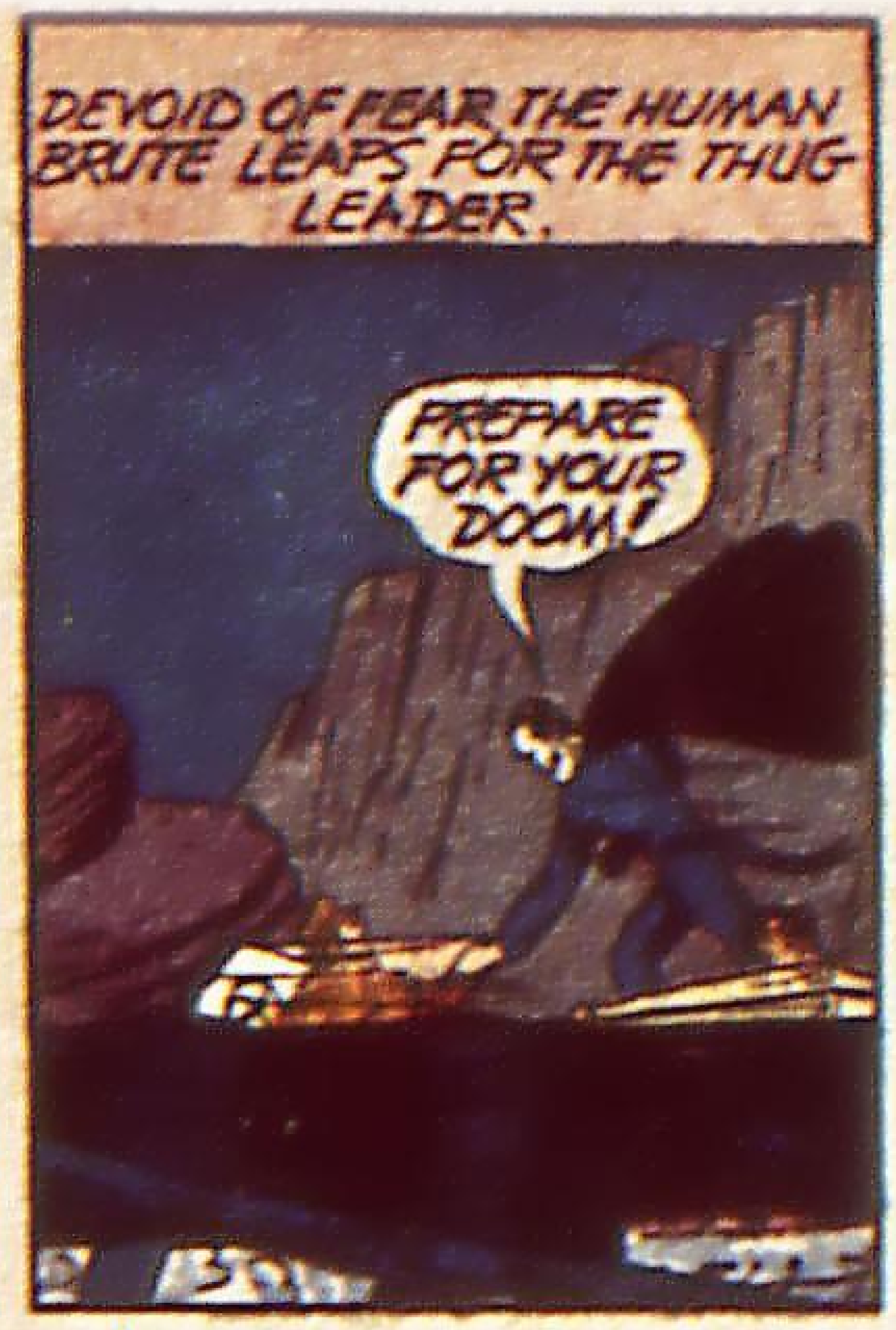

BUT OUTSIDE THE LABORATORY SINISTER FIGURES WATCH EVERY MOVE.
THAT'S THE DOC I'VE BEEN TALKING ABOUT.
GOOD- WE CAN USE 'IM!
TAKE IT EASY, DOC -WE WANT TO TALK WITH YUH!
GRECO AND HIS HENCHMEN ENTER THE ROOM.
WITH YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF SCIENCE AND MEDICINE -I CAN BUILD THE GREATEST CRIME ORGANIZATION IN THE WORLD!
WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?
NEVER- MY POWERS WILL BE DEVOTED TO FIGHTING CRIME- NOT AIDING RATS LIKE YOU.
GRAB 'IM MEN- MAKE 'IM CHANGE HIS MIND!
GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME!
YOU'LL DO AS GRECO SAYS- OR ELSE!
UNMERCIFULLY THE THUGS RAIN BLOWS ON THE HELPLESS DOCTOR.
MY HEAD- WHAT'S THAT?
⑤
MEANWHILE, THE UNCONSCIOUS FIGURE COMES TO AND IS ATTRACTED BY THE SCUFFLE.
PUZZLED AT THE SIGHT, HE WATCHES UNTIL THE GANGSTERS' VICIOUS ACT STIRS HIM.
THEY'RE KILLING AN INNOCENT MAN.
LOOK- HERE'S THE OTHER GUY!
THEY MUST PAY FOR THIS- THEY MUST!
SLOWLY THE STRANGE SERUM REACTS TO THE MOUNTING ANGER AND AN AMAZING CHANGE BEGINS TO TAKE PLACE.

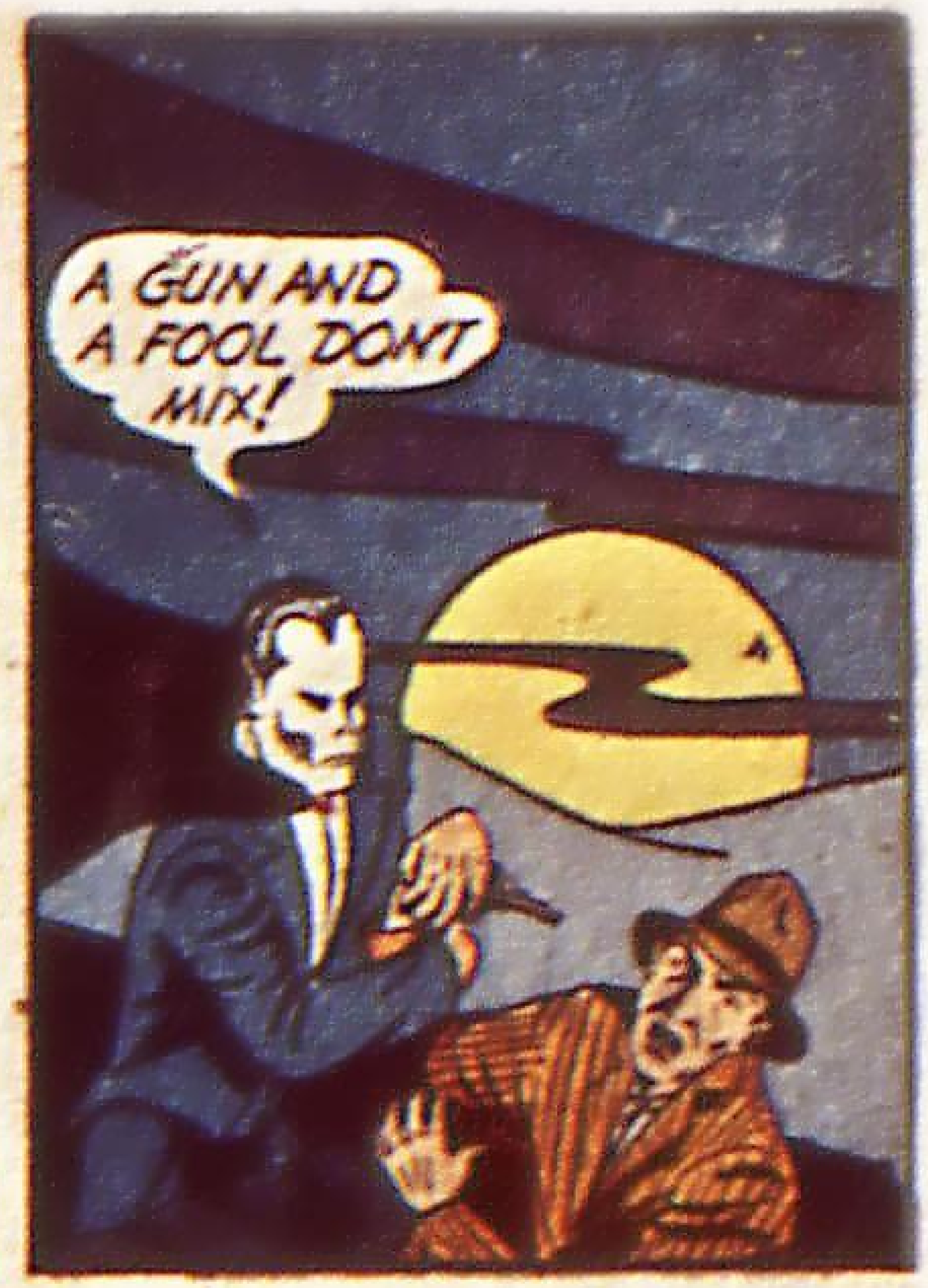

LOOK!
I'M GOIN' NUTS IT CAN'T BE TRUE!
HE AIN'T HUMAN!
SUDDENLY, A STRANGE VAPOR GUSHES FORTH AND BEFORE THEIR EYES THE HORRIFIED THUGS WITNESS THE MOST FANTASTIC SIGHT EVER SEEN.
OUT OF HERE, MEN -THAT GUY'S A TERROR!
NEVER MIND ME- AFTER THEM!
LOSING NO TIME THE NAMELESS STRANGER PURSUES THE FLEEING GANGSTERS.
HERE THEY COME-THEY'LL NOT ESCAPE THIS TIME!
MEANWHILE IN THE THUGS CAR
WHAT'S THAT -A BIRD?
IT'S COMIN' DOWN ON US!
IT'S THAT GUY AGAIN!
WE GOTTA DO SOMETHIN'!
THE STRANGE HUMAN MAKES SHORT WORK OF THE THUGS.

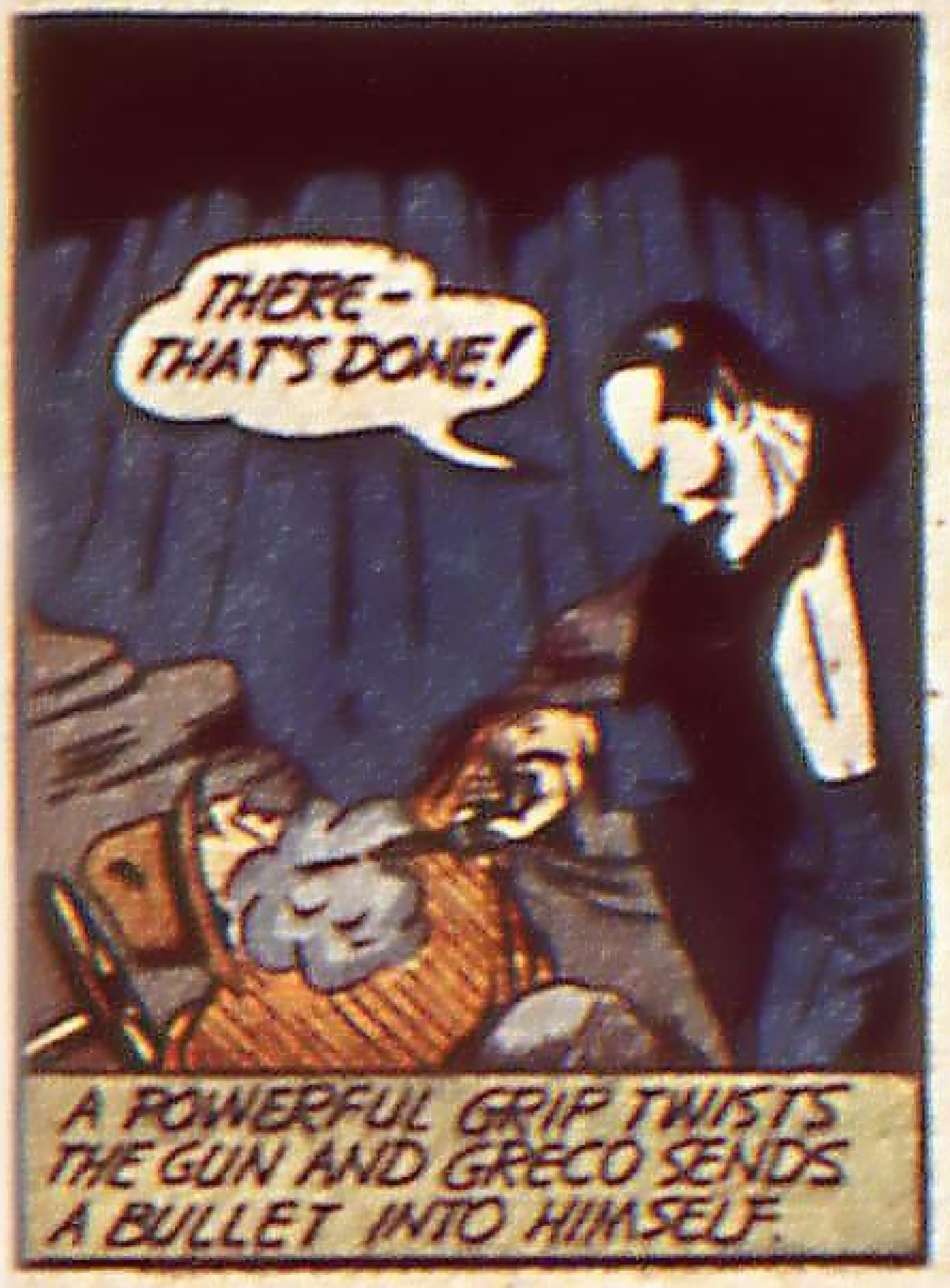

SO ANOTHER WISHES TO PLAY.
YOU SKUNK-I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU.

GRECO SWINGS AROUND AIMING AN UGLY AUTOMATIC.

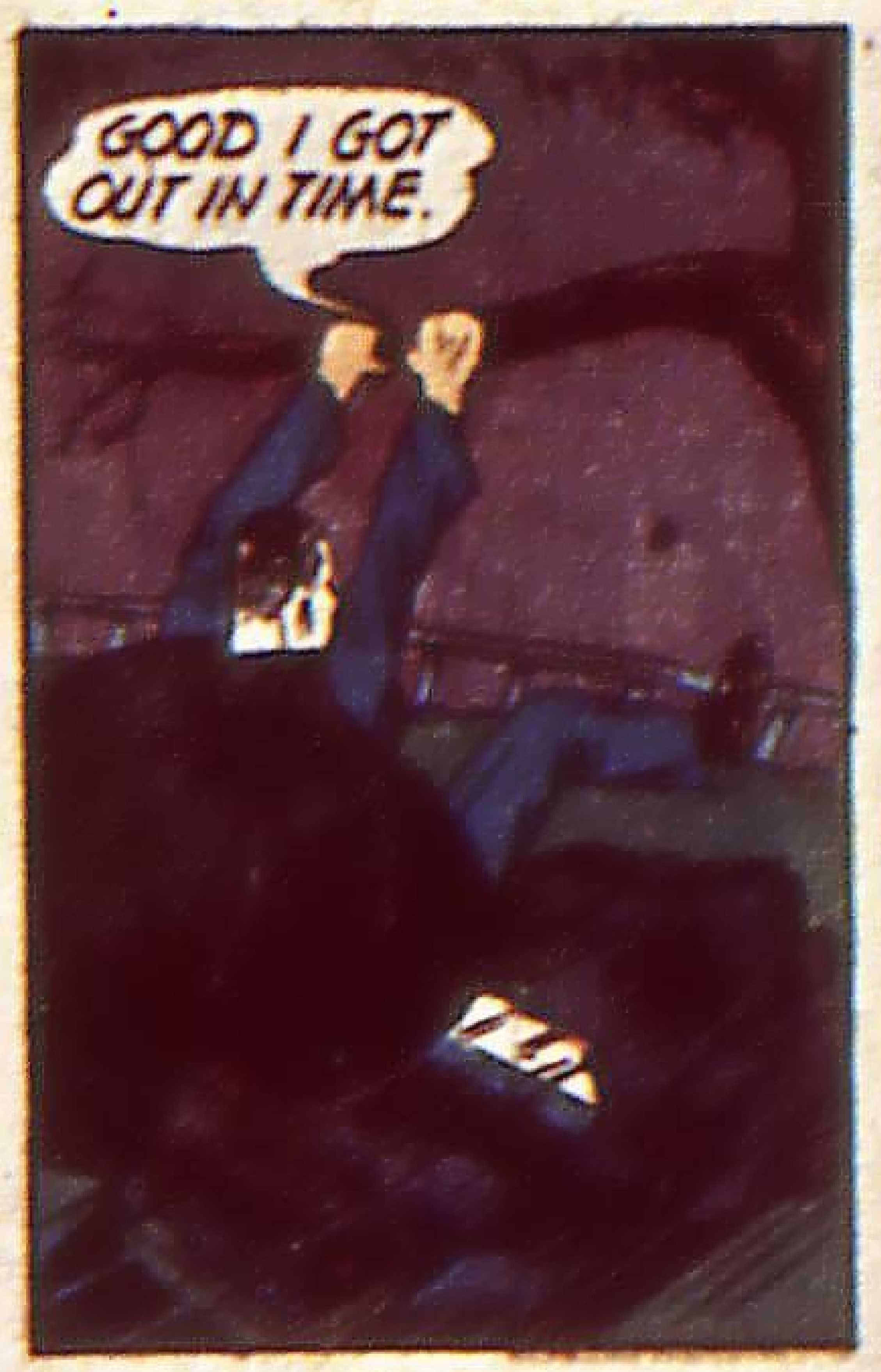
DEVOID OF FEAR THE HUMAN BRUTE LEAPS FOR THE THUG LEADER.

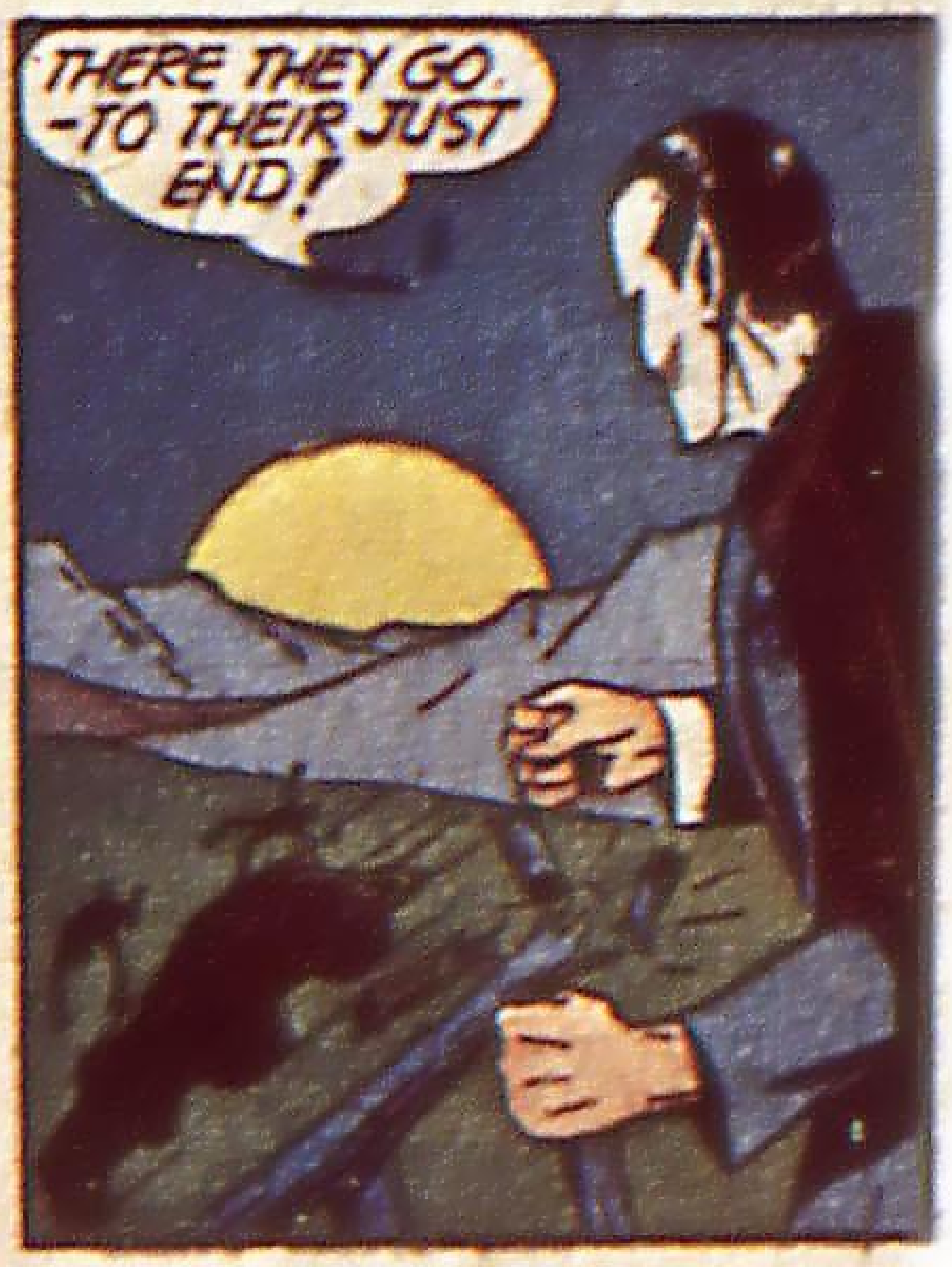

PREPARE FOR YOUR DOOM!

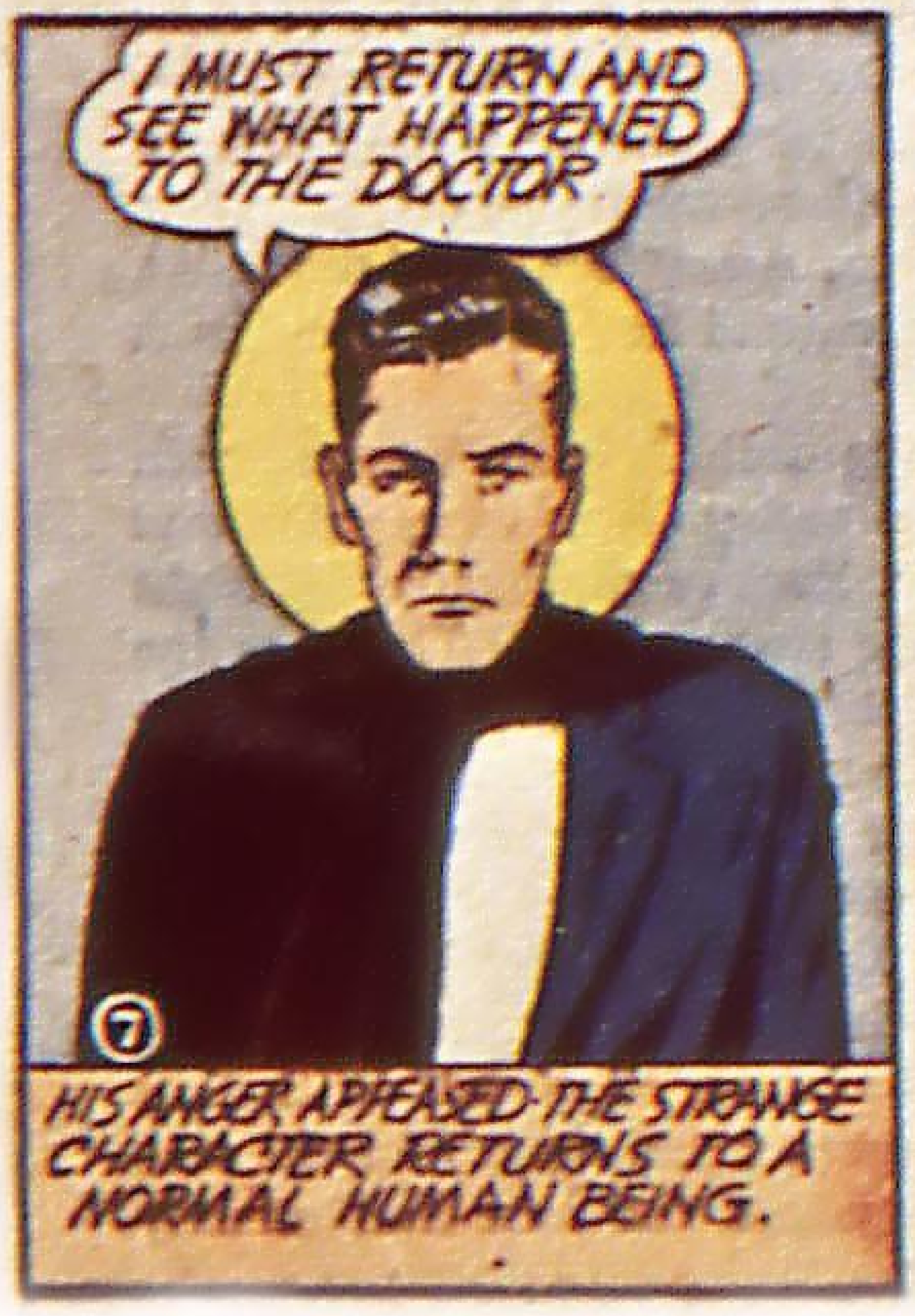

A GUN AND A FOOL DONT MIX!


THERE-THAT'S DONE!

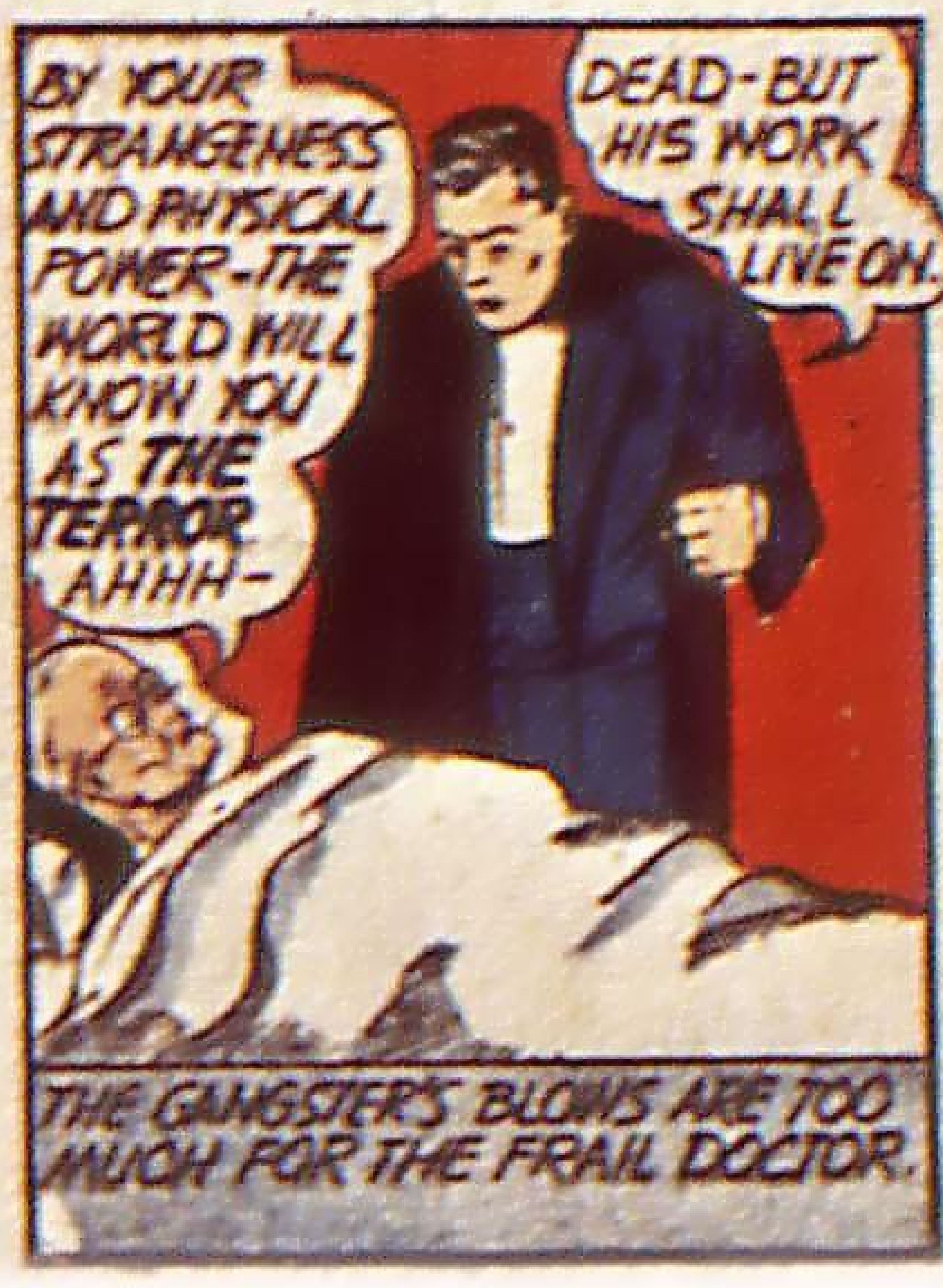
A POWERFUL GRIP TWISTS THE GUN AND GRECO SENDS A BULLET INTO HIMSELF.


GOOD I GOT OUT IN TIME.

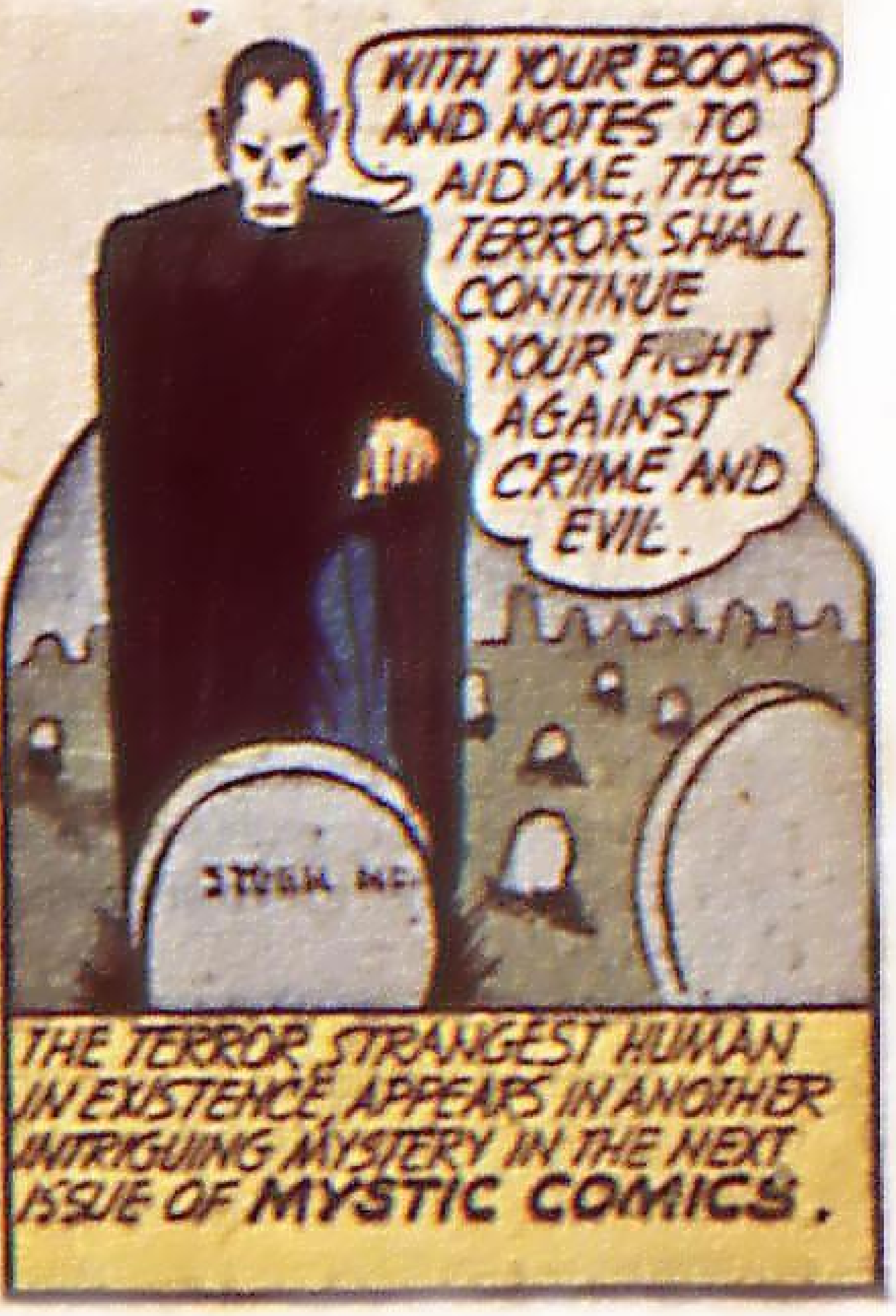

THERE THEY GO. -TO THEIR JUST END!


I MUST RETURN AND SEE WHAT HAPPENED TO THE DOCTOR

HIS ANGER APPEASED-THE STRANGE CHARACTER RETURNS TO A NORMAL HUMAN BEING.


BY YOUR STRANGENESS AND PHYSICAL POWER-THE WORLD WILL KNOW YOU AS **THE TERROR** AHHH-
DEAD-BUT HIS WORK SHALL LIVE ON.

THE GANGSTER'S BLOWS ARE TOO MUCH FOR THE FRAIL DOCTOR.


WITH YOUR BOOKS AND NOTES TO AID ME, THE TERROR SHALL CONTINUE YOUR FIGHT AGAINST CRIME AND EVIL.

THE TERROR STRANGEST HUMAN IN EXISTENCE, APPEARS IN ANOTHER INTRIGUING MYSTERY IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **MYSTIC COMICS**.

THE *Legend* OF THE BLACKFEET

The Story of the First BLACK MARVEL!

By Ray Gill

In the year 1849, after the inauguration of Zachary Taylor, a man named John Sutter discovered a precious yellow metal in California. Once this news spread to the eastern seaboard men and their families immediately gathered their belonging to move to this land of riches.

Soon groups of these people, with the one purpose in mind, banded together and started across the broad expanse of country that was to later become the greatest union in the history of the world.

Malcolm Lyons, a printer, was one of these men. He had bundled his printing press into a wagon, and with his wife and year old son, James, left his shop on a quiet Philadelphia street, and started for California!

The going was tough, but these people had no complaints. They rode over mountains, through tangled valleys, and into rushing streams and rivers. Onward, ever onward.

Months later, after crossing the wide Mississippi, the wagons rumbled serenely across the endless plains of Kansas.

"Well, honey," Malcolm Lyons smiled through a weather beaten but kindly face, "we've come a long way—but the worst is yet to come! There are high mountains far to the west—and deserts. But worst of all—there are Indians!"

"God is with us, dear!" his wife answered. "We are in his care, and he has not gone back on us yet!"

As evening approached, the wagon train stopped in a deep valley. Fires were made and supper was eaten. But, as the blanket of night fell, the fires were stamped out. This was the first time in the long trip that the fires were not kept burning through the night. Another order was given, and the covered wagons turned until they formed a close circle.

"What is it?" Lyon's wife nervously asked.

He put a comforting arm around her. "Indians! We must be brave, all of us!" With that he picked up his musket and started for the center of the camp where the men had already started to gather.

"Men!" The leader of the train held up his hand. "We are in the Indian Territory. These redmen believe we are here to drive them out. Unfortunately we have no way of telling them the truth if they suddenly ride upon us in the middle of the night!" He handled his gun. "Take your posts, and if you start to doze—there is coffee here for all of us!"

The night seemed to drag. Lyons rested the gun on the front wheel of his wagon and looked at the stars. "This will be a terrible nightmare we can *forget* when we resch California."

SUDDENLY a high, terrifying scream split the air! This was not an ordinary scream—it was the yell of death! The Comanche Indians were on the war path!

"UP!" the leader barked! "Here they come—every man to his gun, and keep shooting until you drop!"

Now the air was filled with yells and screams—the savages rode hard toward the small circle of wagons, spewing poisoned arrows! They swooped at the wagons, and as the men ducked, fearing that the frenzied braves might attempt to jump right into the center of the clearing, the clever Comanches let loose their arrows!

Men dropped, while the remaining few returned shot for arrow! Malcolm Lyons turned to see what plan the leader might have, but—the leader was dead!

A handful of white men lost from civilization—left to protect their wives and children against a horde of screaming savages!

Now, a new menace—flaming arrows! They soon had the wagons burning—driving the women and children into the open. Lyons got down on his knees and begged for help—any kind of help. This surely was the end!

As he knelt the yells stopped. Then, from the distance came a faint, but clear sound—like that of an eagle—but repeated over and over! Was this a new horror? Could they fight off still another tribe of redmen?

It was another Indian—his face painted with a black dye, and riding a black pony. The band of savages seemed fearful of this stalwart young brave as his yelping screams dinned into their ears. They stopped the attack on the wagons and directed their attentions to him alone!

Not knowing what to do, the men fired at this new Indian—like the others, for he certainly was more powerful and could do more damage. But Lyons saw something in him!

"Don't shoot the black one—concentrate on the rest! He is our friend!" His orders were followed, and soon the Comanches were driven off.

The tall Indian jumped his horse over the nearest wagon and landed in the center of the group!

Lyons help up his hands as a friendly sign. "How!" he said, waiting for the Indian to speak.

THE Indian's brown muscles rippled in the light from the burning wagons as he dismounted. He was unarmed! "White man," he said, "I come in peace! These bad Indians—I from good Indians!"

The men crowded around this tall handsome redskin. "What tribe are you from?" he asked.

The Indian smiled. "Blackfeet!" he jumped back onto his pony. "You safe now—Comanche Indian have fear for Blackfeet!"

He rode off into the night.

The next morning the wagon train, smaller now, started once again. Malcolm Lyons looked at his wife. "That Indian saved our lives! We have a lot to thank him for. He was a MARVEL! A BLACK MARVEL!"

And so, as the story was handed down, every generation another BLACK MARVEL would take up the mandate of the Blackfeet—even to this day!

◆◆ *The End* ◆◆

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, OF MYSTIC COMICS, published monthly at Meriden, Connecticut, for October 1st, 1940.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Abraham Goodman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Owner of the *Mystic Comics* and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

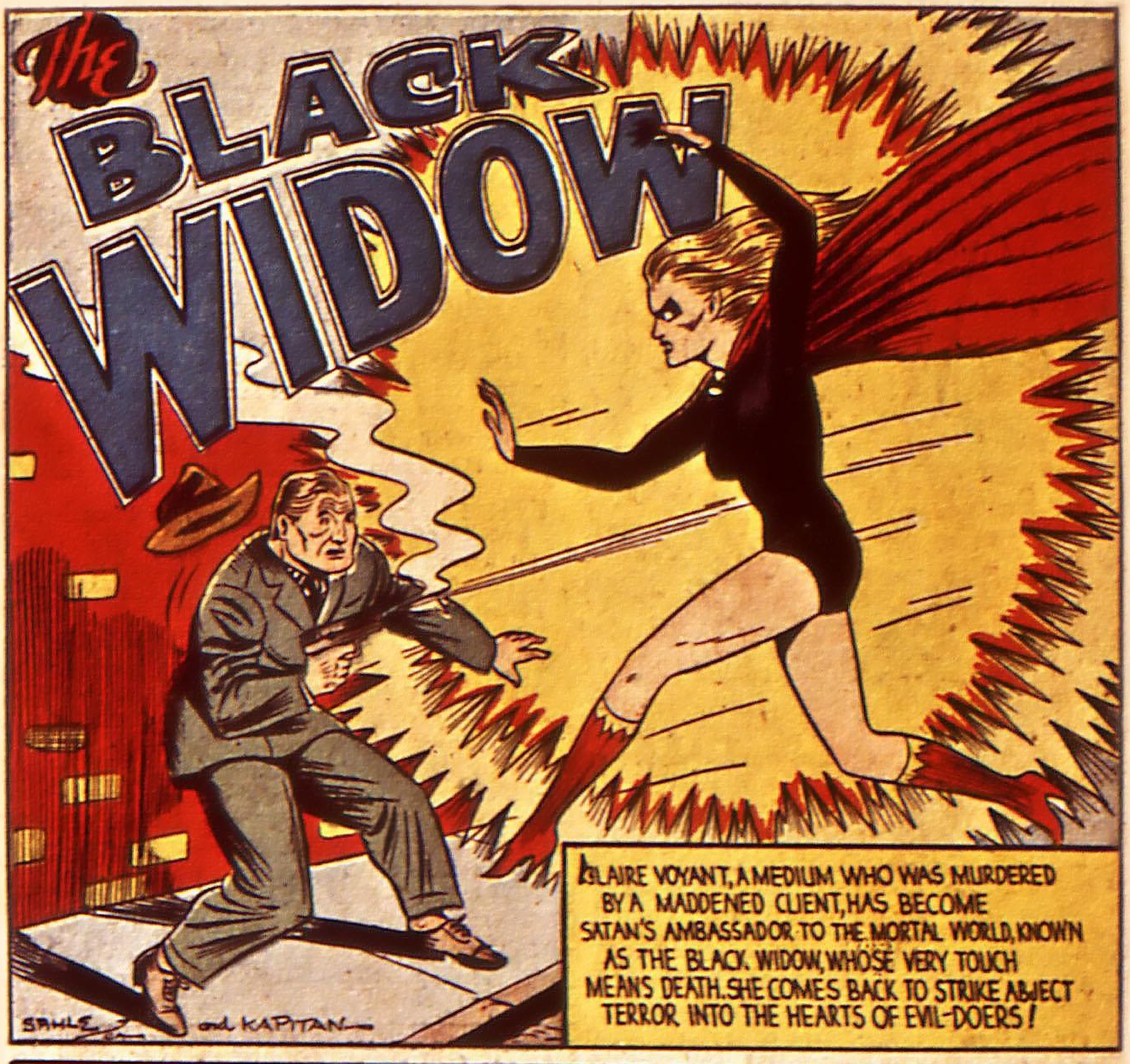
1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Abraham Goodman, 330 West 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Martin Goodman, 330 West 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.; *Managing Editor, Martin Goodman*, 330 West 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.; Business *Manager, Martin Goodman*, 330 West 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

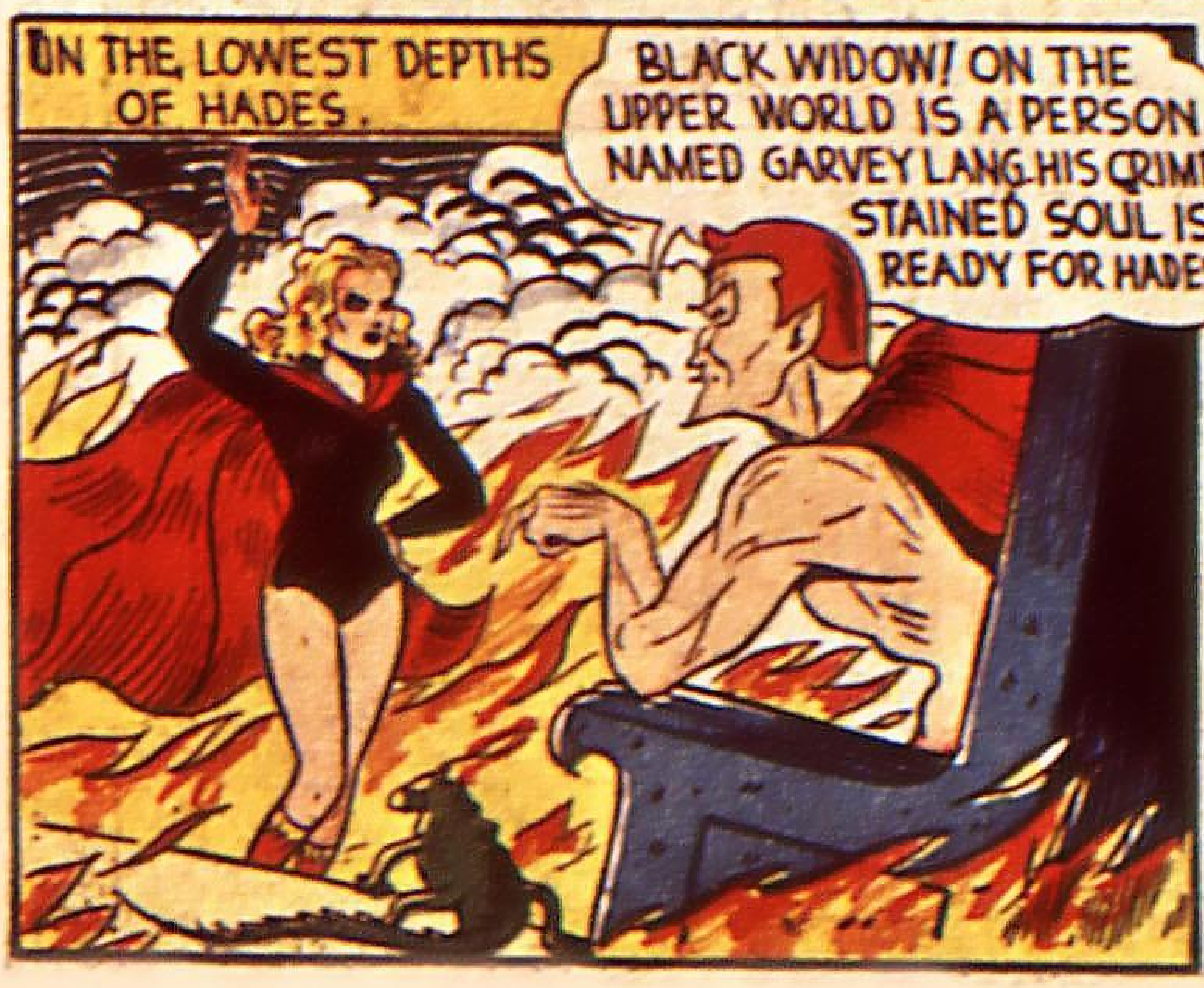
2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Timely Publications, 330 West 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.; Abraham Goodman, 330 West 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

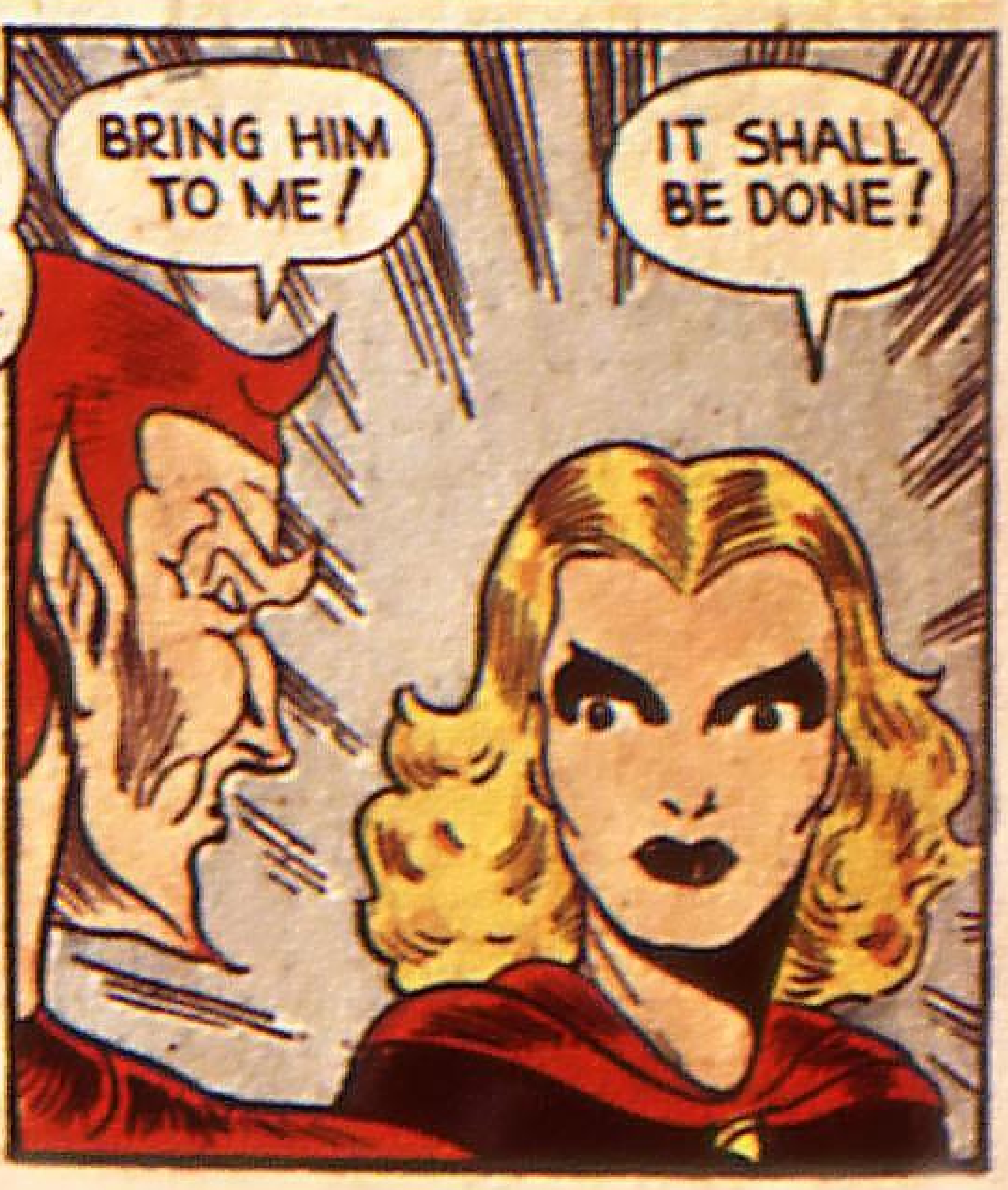
3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

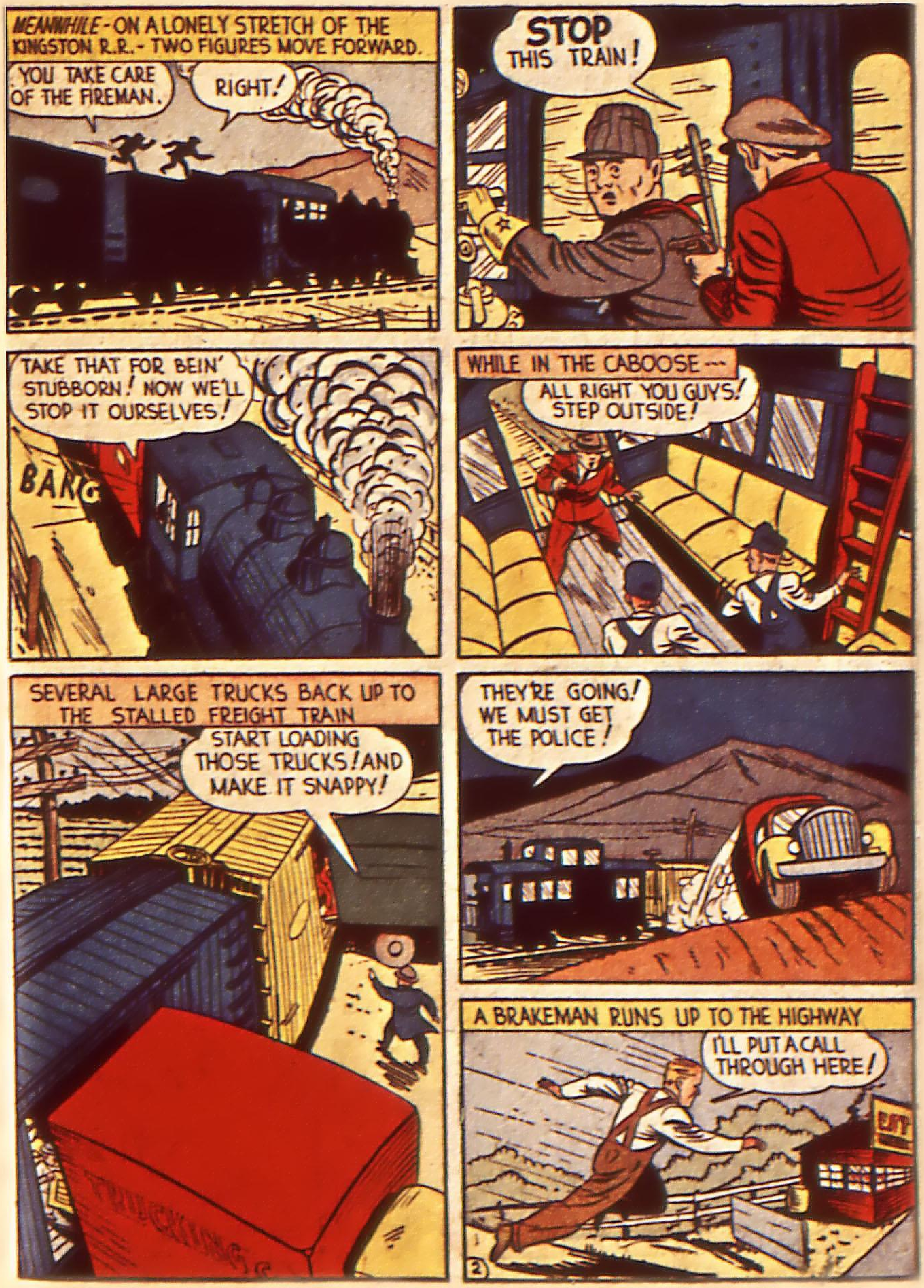
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

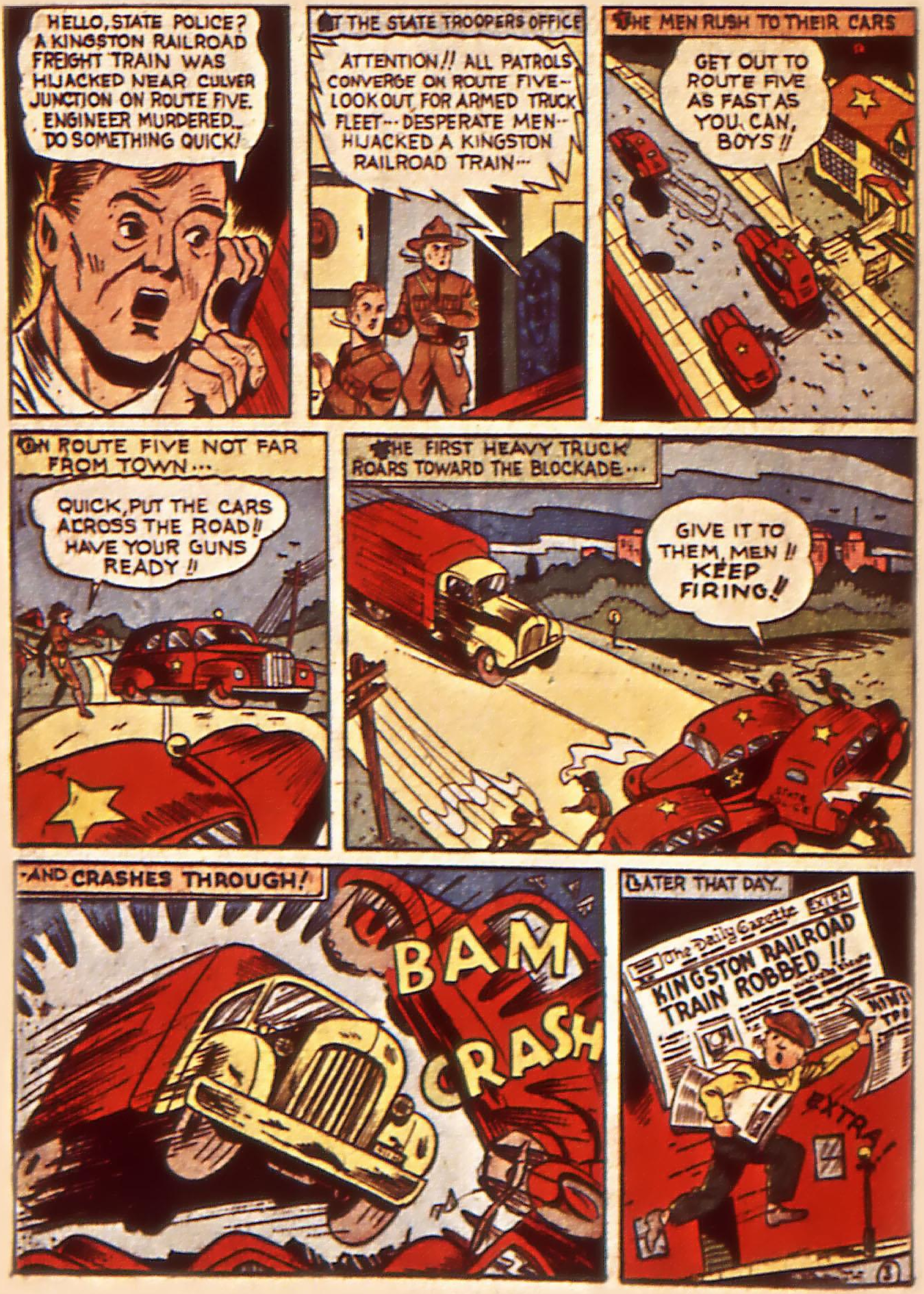
Timely Publications
Abraham Goodman, Owner.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1940.
Maurice Coyne, Notary Public.
(My commission expires March 30, 1942.)

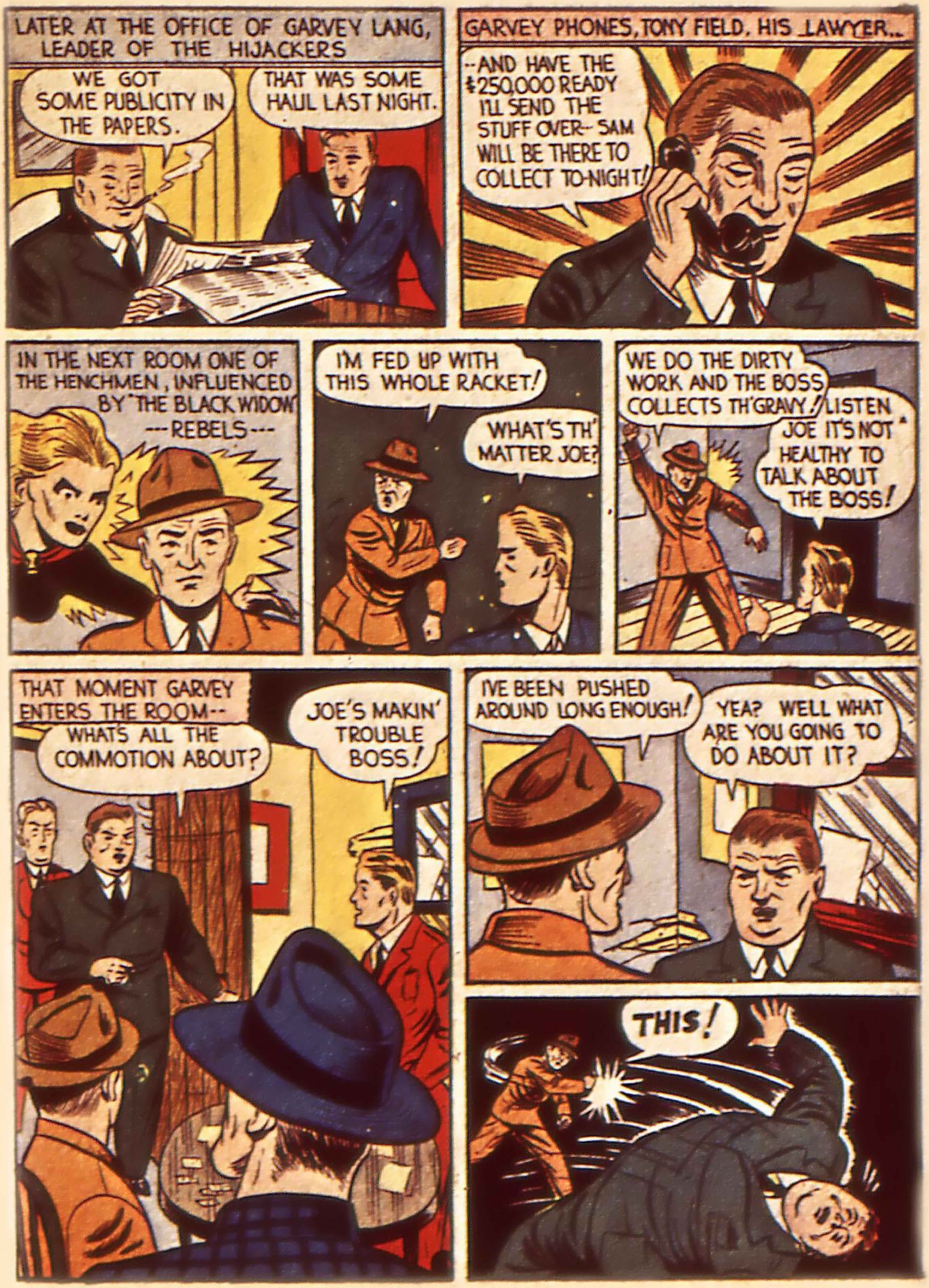

THE BLACK WIDOW
CLAIRE VOYANT, A MEDIUM WHO WAS MURDERED BY A MADDENED CLIENT, HAS BECOME SATAN'S AMBASSADOR TO THE MORTAL WORLD, KNOWN AS THE BLACK WIDOW, WHOSE VERY TOUCH MEANS DEATH. SHE COMES BACK TO STRIKE ABJECT TERROR INTO THE HEARTS OF EVIL-DOERS!
SAHLE and KAPITAN

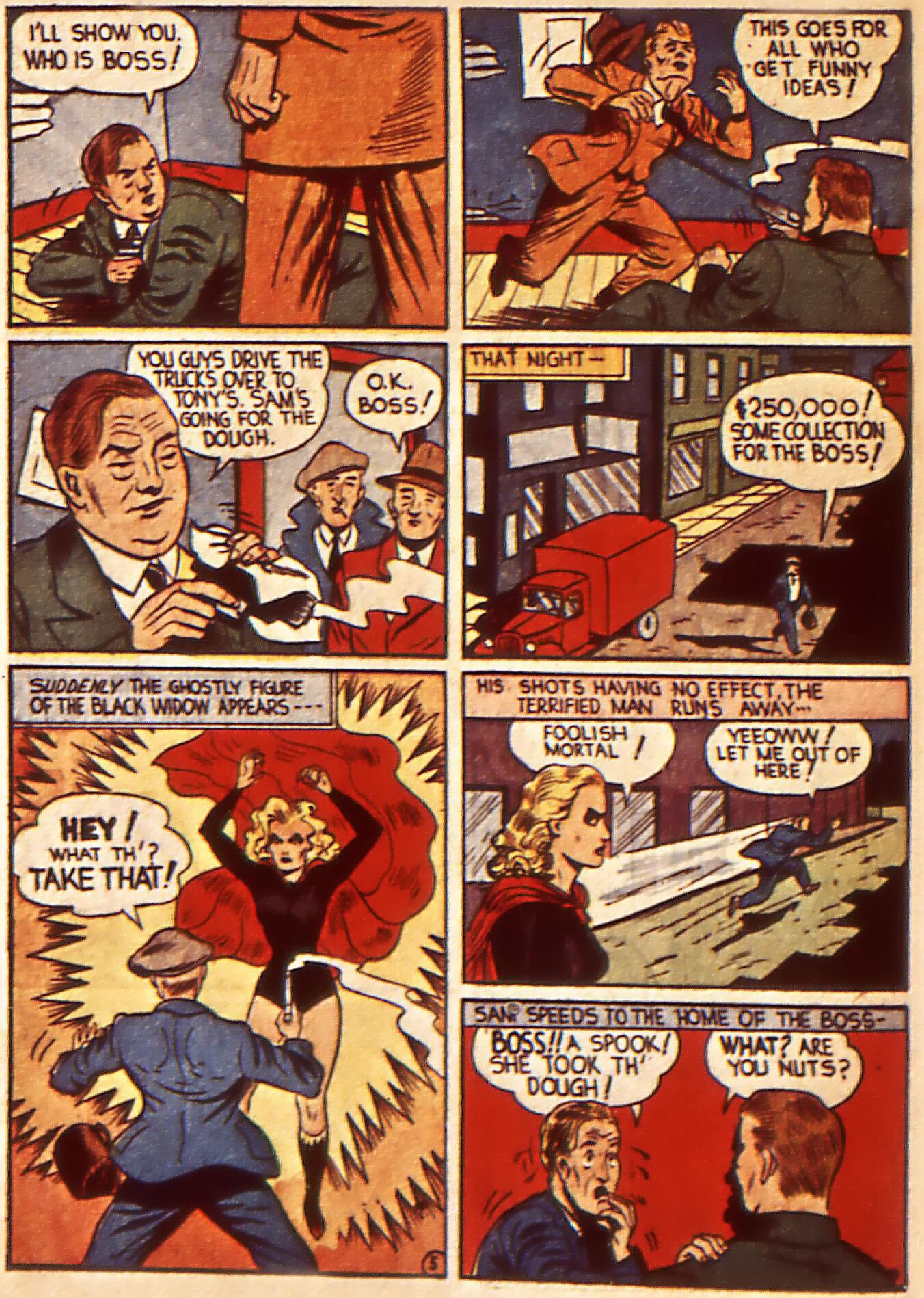

IN THE LOWEST DEPTHS OF HADES.
BLACK WIDOW! ON THE UPPER WORLD IS A PERSON NAMED GARVEY LANG. HIS CRIME STAINED SOUL IS READY FOR HADES.

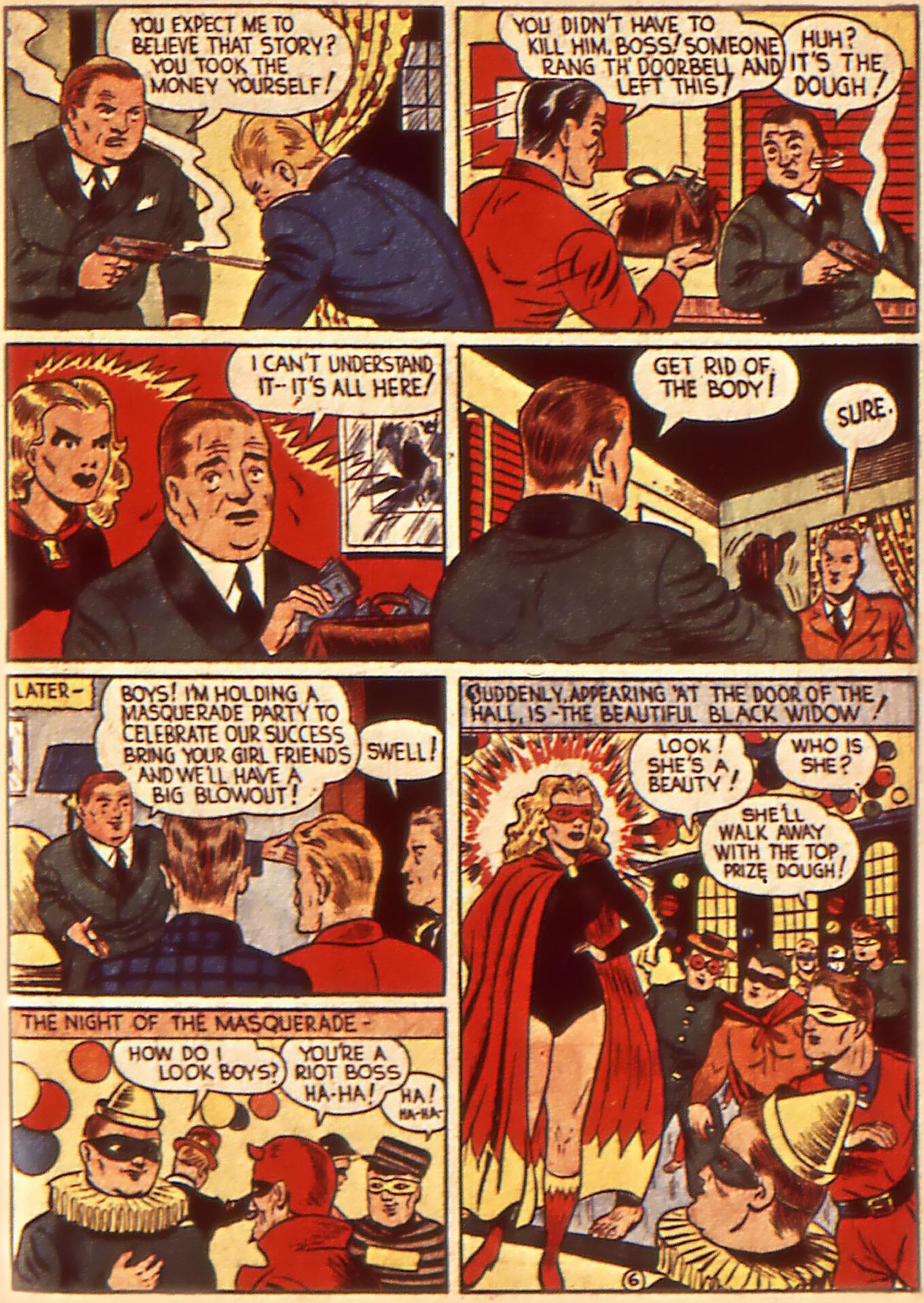

BRING HIM TO ME!
IT SHALL BE DONE!

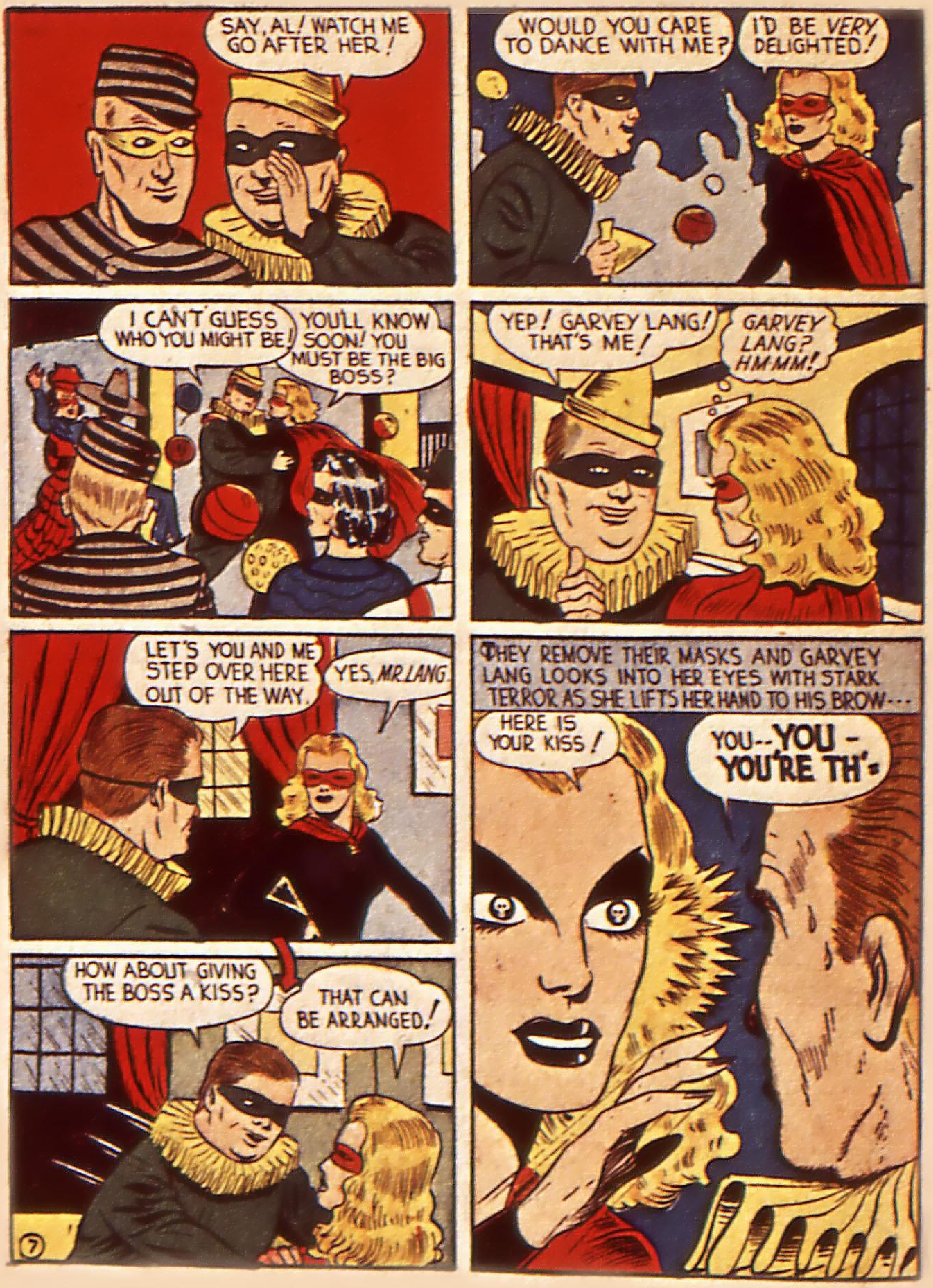

MEANWHILE - ON A LONELY STRETCH OF THE KINGSTON R.R. - TWO FIGURES MOVE FORWARD.
YOU TAKE CARE OF THE FIREMAN.
RIGHT!
STOP THIS TRAIN!
TAKE THAT FOR BEIN' STUBBORN! NOW WE'LL STOP IT OURSELVES!
BANG
WHILE IN THE CABOOSE ---
ALL RIGHT YOU GUYS! STEP OUTSIDE!
SEVERAL LARGE TRUCKS BACK UP TO THE STALLED FREIGHT TRAIN
START LOADING THOSE TRUCKS! AND MAKE IT SNAPPY!
TRUCKING
THEY'RE GOING! WE MUST GET THE POLICE!
A BRAKEMAN RUNS UP TO THE HIGHWAY
I'LL PUT A CALL THROUGH HERE!
EAT
2

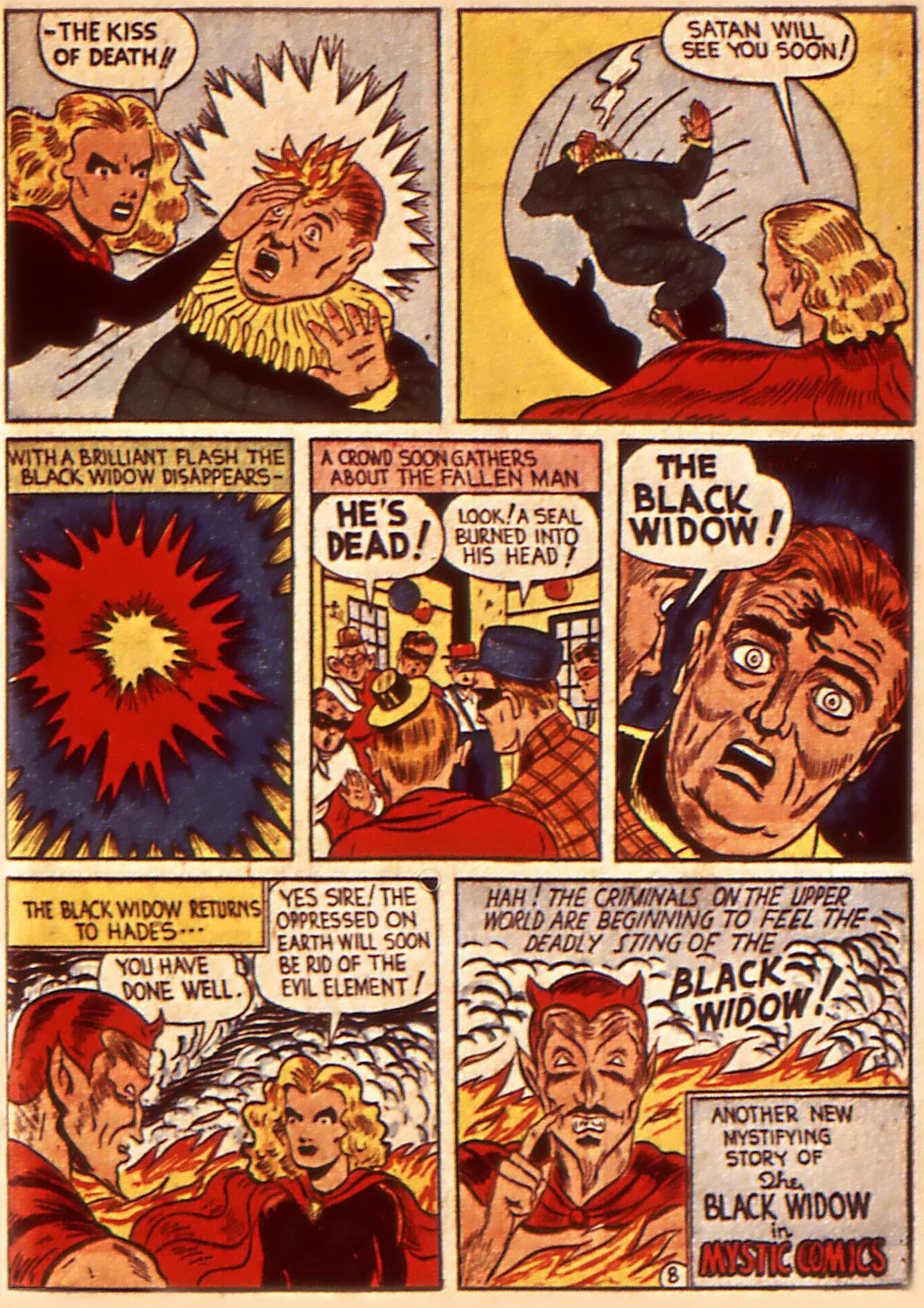

HELLO, STATE POLICE? A KINGSTON RAILROAD FREIGHT TRAIN WAS HIJACKED NEAR CULVER JUNCTION ON ROUTE FIVE. ENGINEER MURDERED.. DO SOMETHING QUICK!
AT THE STATE TROOPERS OFFICE
ATTENTION!! ALL PATROLS CONVERGE ON ROUTE FIVE-- LOOK OUT FOR ARMED TRUCK FLEET--- DESPERATE MEN-- HIJACKED A KINGSTON RAILROAD TRAIN---
THE MEN RUSH TO THEIR CARS
GET OUT TO ROUTE FIVE AS FAST AS YOU CAN, BOYS!!
ON ROUTE FIVE NOT FAR FROM TOWN...
QUICK, PUT THE CARS ACROSS THE ROAD!! HAVE YOUR GUNS READY!!
THE FIRST HEAVY TRUCK ROARS TOWARD THE BLOCKADE...
GIVE IT TO THEM, MEN!! KEEP FIRING!!
STATE POLICE
-AND CRASHES THROUGH!
BAM
CRASH
LATER THAT DAY.
The Daily Gazette
EXTRA
KINGSTON RAILROAD TRAIN ROBBED!!
EXTRA!
3


LATER AT THE OFFICE OF GARVEY LANG, LEADER OF THE HIJACKERS
WE GOT SOME PUBLICITY IN THE PAPERS.
THAT WAS SOME HAUL LAST NIGHT.
GARVEY PHONES, TONY FIELD, HIS LAWYER..
--AND HAVE THE $250,000 READY I'LL SEND THE STUFF OVER-- SAM WILL BE THERE TO COLLECT TO-NIGHT!
IN THE NEXT ROOM ONE OF THE HENCHMEN, INFLUENCED BY "THE BLACK WIDOW" ---REBELS---
I'M FED UP WITH THIS WHOLE RACKET!
WHAT'S TH' MATTER JOE?
WE DO THE DIRTY WORK AND THE BOSS COLLECTS TH'GRAVY!
LISTEN JOE IT'S NOT HEALTHY TO TALK ABOUT THE BOSS!
THAT MOMENT GARVEY ENTERS THE ROOM--
WHAT'S ALL THE COMMOTION ABOUT?
JOE'S MAKIN' TROUBLE BOSS!
I'VE BEEN PUSHED AROUND LONG ENOUGH!
YEA? WELL WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?
THIS!


I'LL SHOW YOU WHO IS BOSS!
THIS GOES FOR ALL WHO GET FUNNY IDEAS!
YOU GUYS DRIVE THE TRUCKS OVER TO TONY'S. SAM'S GOING FOR THE DOUGH.
O.K. BOSS!
THAT NIGHT—
$250,000! SOME COLLECTION FOR THE BOSS!
SUDDENLY THE GHOSTLY FIGURE OF THE BLACK WIDOW APPEARS---
HEY! WHAT TH'? TAKE THAT!
HIS SHOTS HAVING NO EFFECT, THE TERRIFIED MAN RUNS AWAY---
FOOLISH MORTAL!
YEEOWW! LET ME OUT OF HERE!
SAM SPEEDS TO THE HOME OF THE BOSS-
BOSS!! A SPOOK! SHE TOOK TH' DOUGH!
WHAT? ARE YOU NUTS?
5

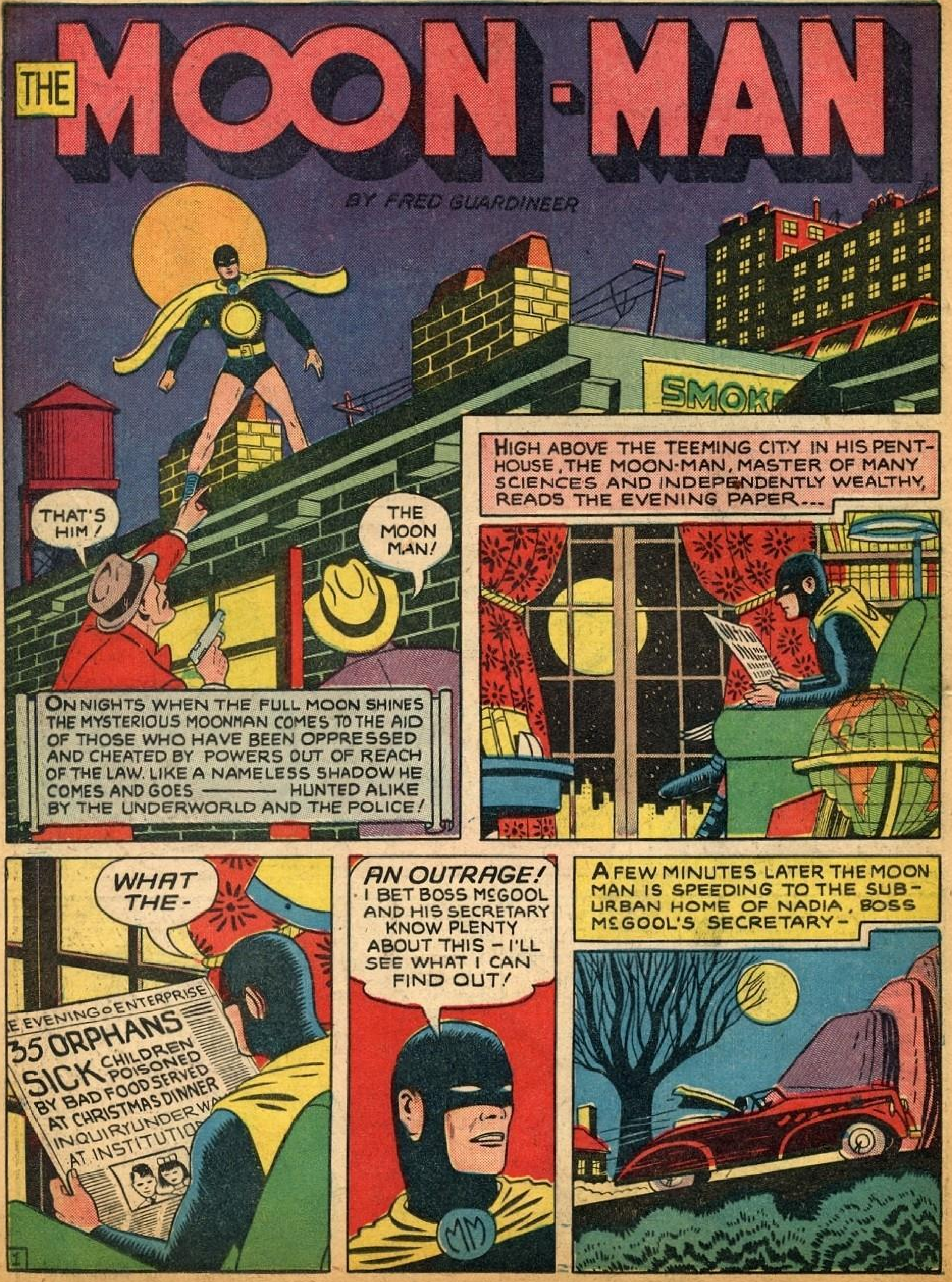

YOU EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE THAT STORY? YOU TOOK THE MONEY YOURSELF!
YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO KILL HIM, BOSS! SOMEONE RANG TH' DOORBELL AND LEFT THIS!
HUH? IT'S THE DOUGH!
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT-- IT'S ALL HERE!
GET RID OF THE BODY!
SURE.
LATER-
BOYS! I'M HOLDING A MASQUERADE PARTY TO CELEBRATE OUR SUCCESS BRING YOUR GIRL FRIENDS AND WE'LL HAVE A BIG BLOWOUT!
SWELL!
THE NIGHT OF THE MASQUERADE-
HOW DO I LOOK BOYS?
YOU'RE A RIOT BOSS HA-HA!
HA! HA-HA!
SUDDENLY, APPEARING AT THE DOOR OF THE HALL, IS - THE BEAUTIFUL BLACK WIDOW!
LOOK! SHE'S A BEAUTY!
WHO IS SHE?
SHE'LL WALK AWAY WITH THE TOP PRIZE DOUGH!
6

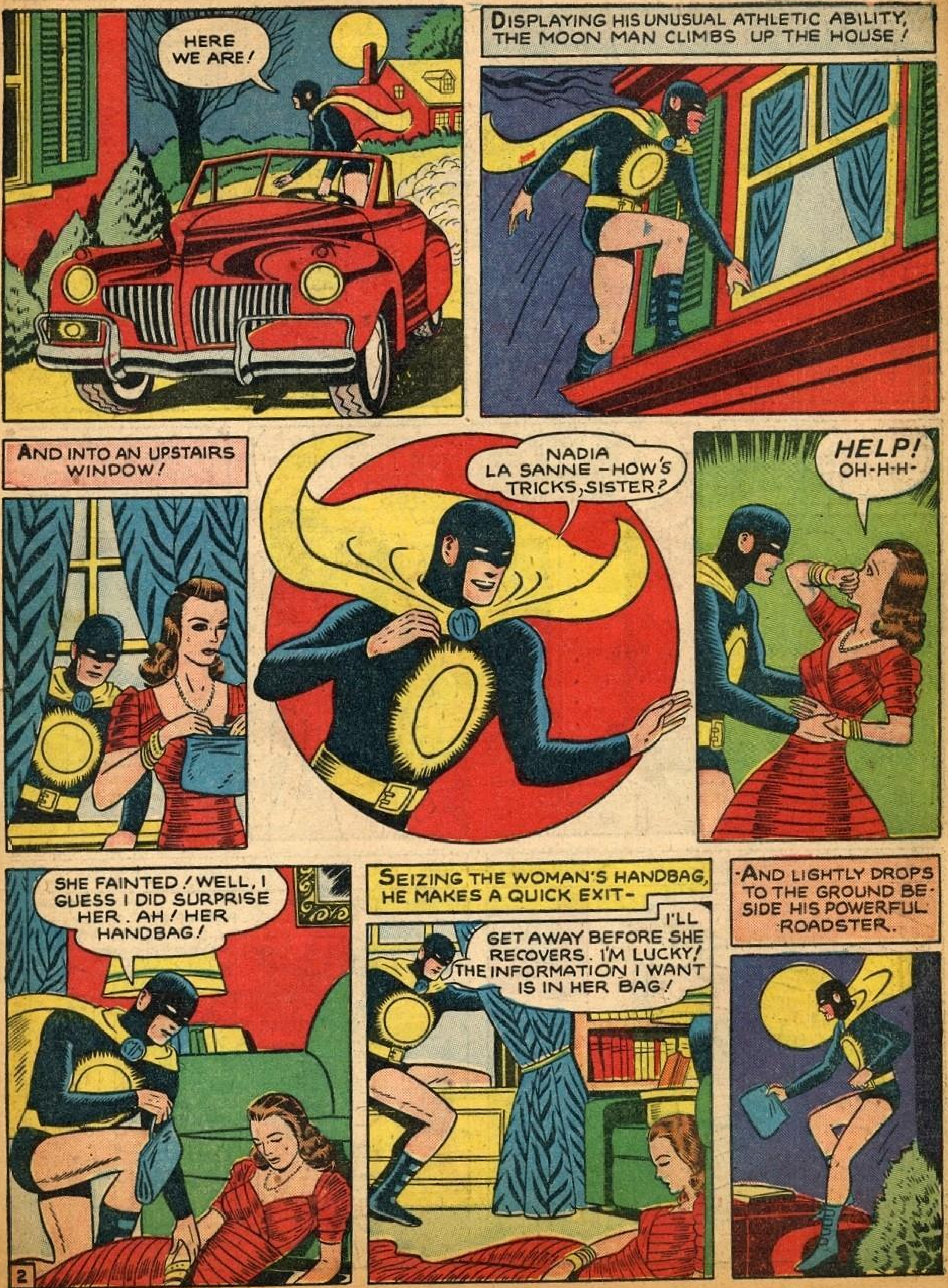

SAY, AL! WATCH ME GO AFTER HER!
WOULD YOU CARE TO DANCE WITH ME?
I'D BE *VERY* DELIGHTED!
I CAN'T GUESS WHO YOU MIGHT BE!
YOU'LL KNOW SOON! YOU MUST BE THE BIG BOSS?
YEP! GARVEY LANG! THAT'S ME!
GARVEY LANG? HM-MM!
LET'S YOU AND ME STEP OVER HERE OUT OF THE WAY.
YES, *MR. LANG.*
HOW ABOUT GIVING THE BOSS A KISS?
THAT CAN BE ARRANGED!
⑦
THEY REMOVE THEIR MASKS AND GARVEY LANG LOOKS INTO HER EYES WITH STARK TERROR AS SHE LIFTS HER HAND TO HIS BROW---
HERE IS YOUR KISS!
YOU--**YOU - YOU'RE TH'-**

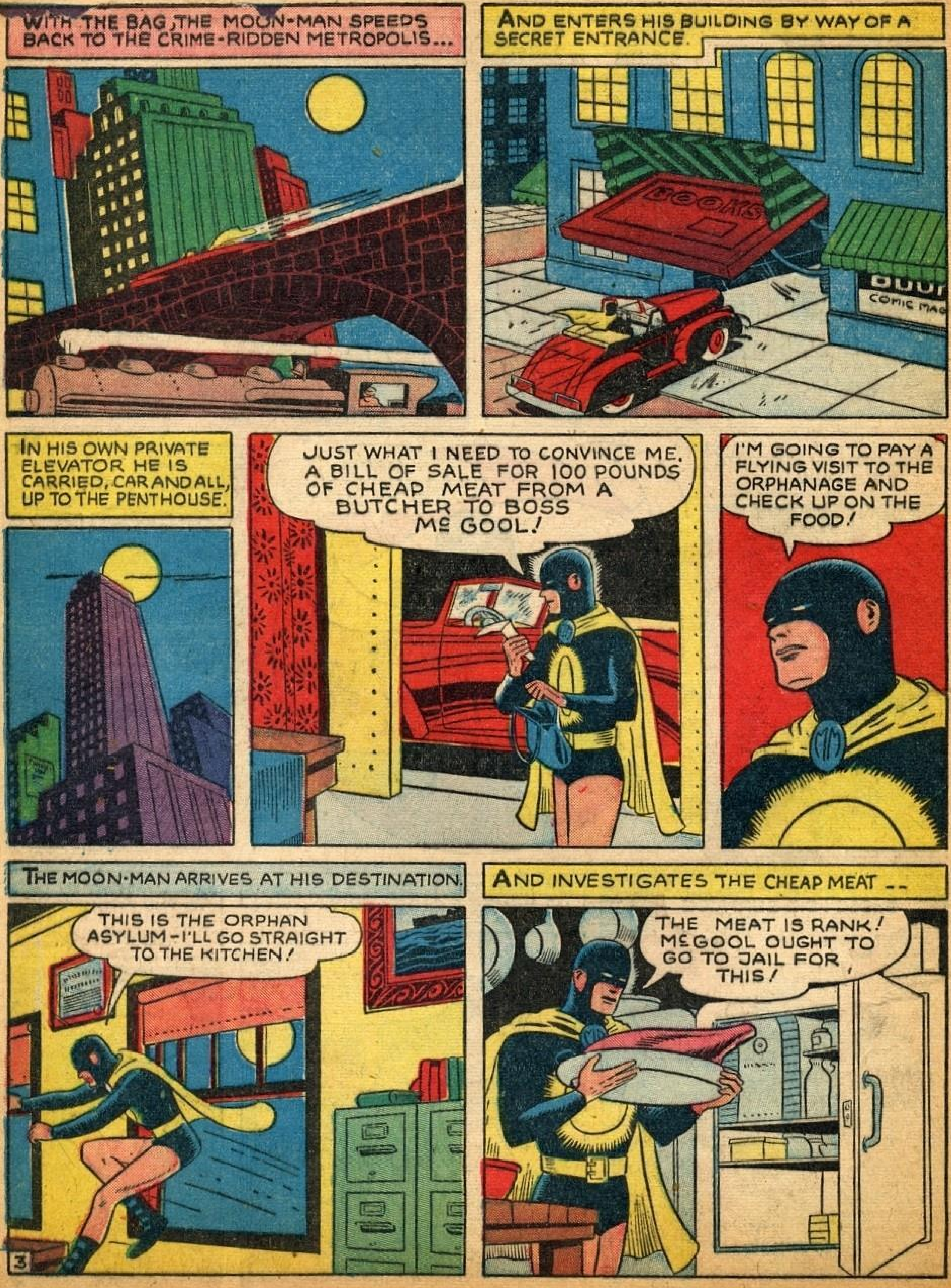

-THE KISS OF DEATH!!
SATAN WILL SEE YOU SOON!
WITH A BRILLIANT FLASH THE BLACK WIDOW DISAPPEARS-
A CROWD SOON GATHERS ABOUT THE FALLEN MAN
HE'S DEAD!
LOOK! A SEAL BURNED INTO HIS HEAD!
THE BLACK WIDOW!
THE BLACK WIDOW RETURNS TO HADES---
YOU HAVE DONE WELL.
YES SIRE! THE OPPRESSED ON EARTH WILL SOON BE RID OF THE EVIL ELEMENT!
HAH! THE CRIMINALS ON THE UPPER WORLD ARE BEGINNING TO FEEL THE DEADLY STING OF THE BLACK WIDOW!
ANOTHER NEW MYSTIFYING STORY OF The BLACK WIDOW in MYSTIC COMICS
8

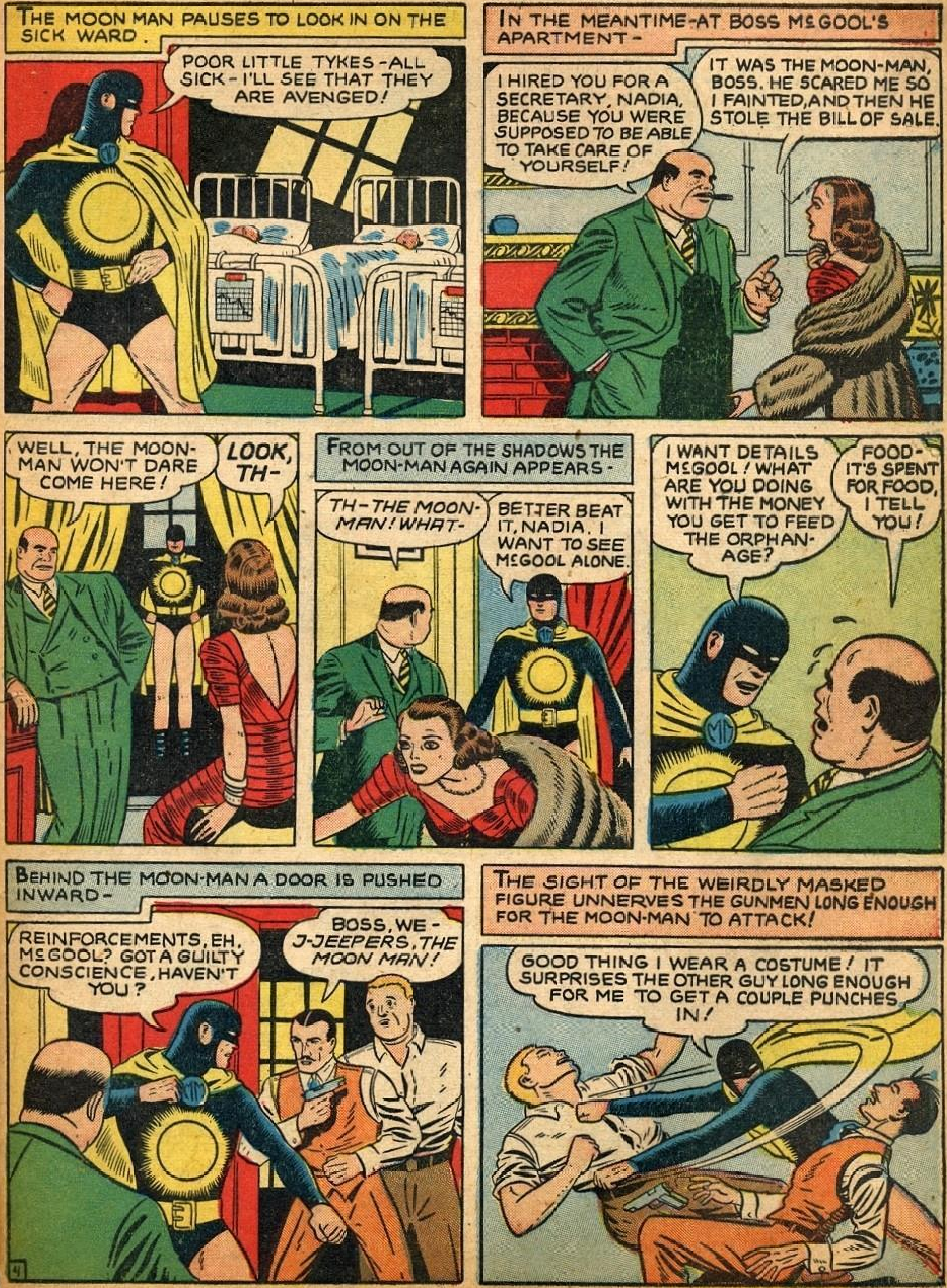
THE MOON-MAN

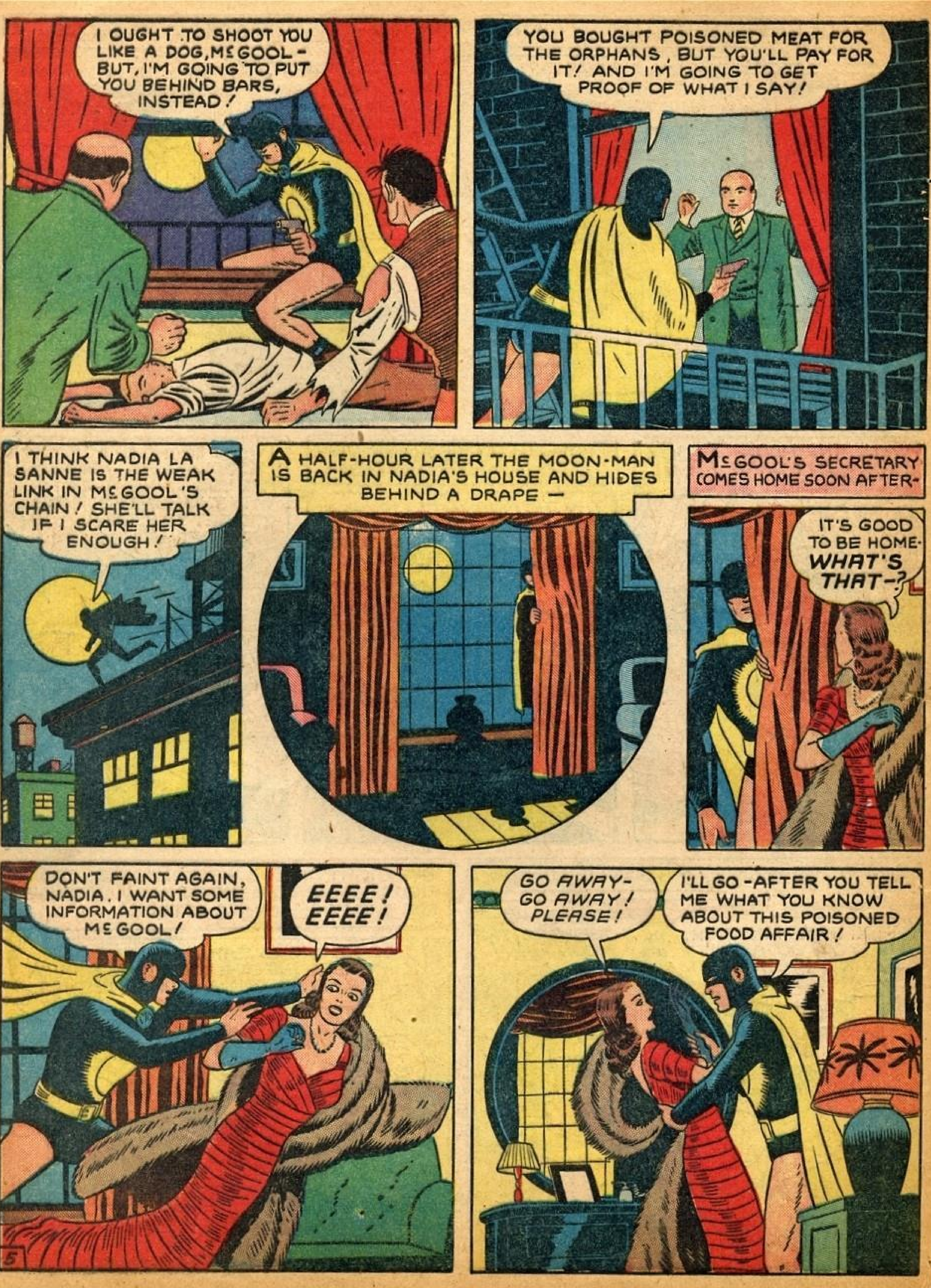
BY FRED GUARDINEER

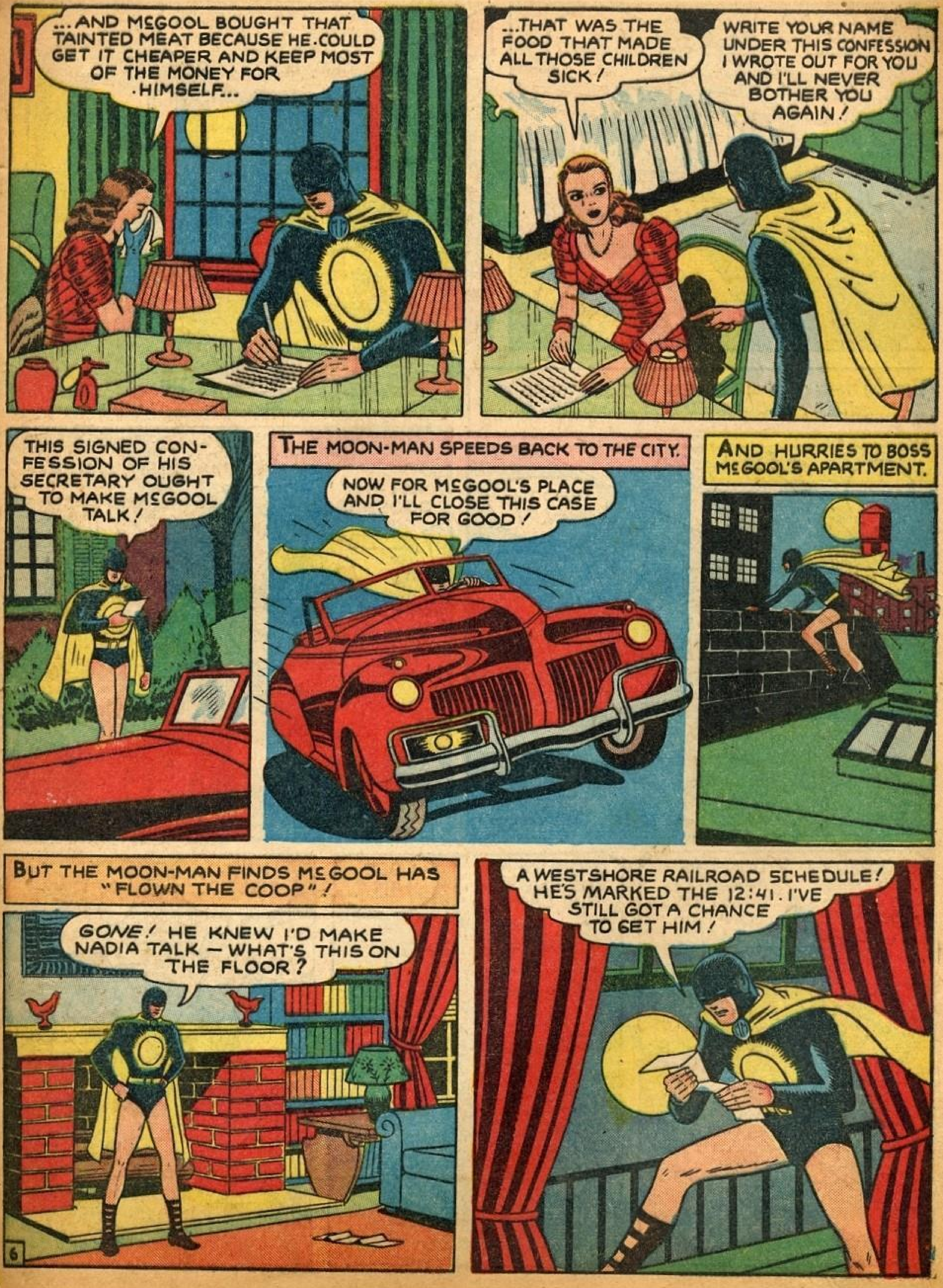

SMOKE
THAT'S HIM!
THE MOON MAN!
ON NIGHTS WHEN THE FULL MOON SHINES THE MYSTERIOUS MOONMAN COMES TO THE AID OF THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN OPPRESSED AND CHEATED BY POWERS OUT OF REACH OF THE LAW. LIKE A NAMELESS SHADOW HE COMES AND GOES ——— HUNTED ALIKE BY THE UNDERWORLD AND THE POLICE!
HIGH ABOVE THE TEEMING CITY IN HIS PENTHOUSE, THE MOON-MAN, MASTER OF MANY SCIENCES AND INDEPENDENTLY WEALTHY, READS THE EVENING PAPER---
WHAT THE-
E EVENING ENTERPRISE
35 ORPHANS SICK
CHILDREN POISONED BY BAD FOOD SERVED AT CHRISTMAS DINNER
INQUIRY UNDER WA
AT INSTITUTIO
AN OUTRAGE! I BET BOSS McGOOL AND HIS SECRETARY KNOW PLENTY ABOUT THIS - I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN FIND OUT!
MM
A FEW MINUTES LATER THE MOON MAN IS SPEEDING TO THE SUBURBAN HOME OF NADIA, BOSS McGOOL'S SECRETARY-
1

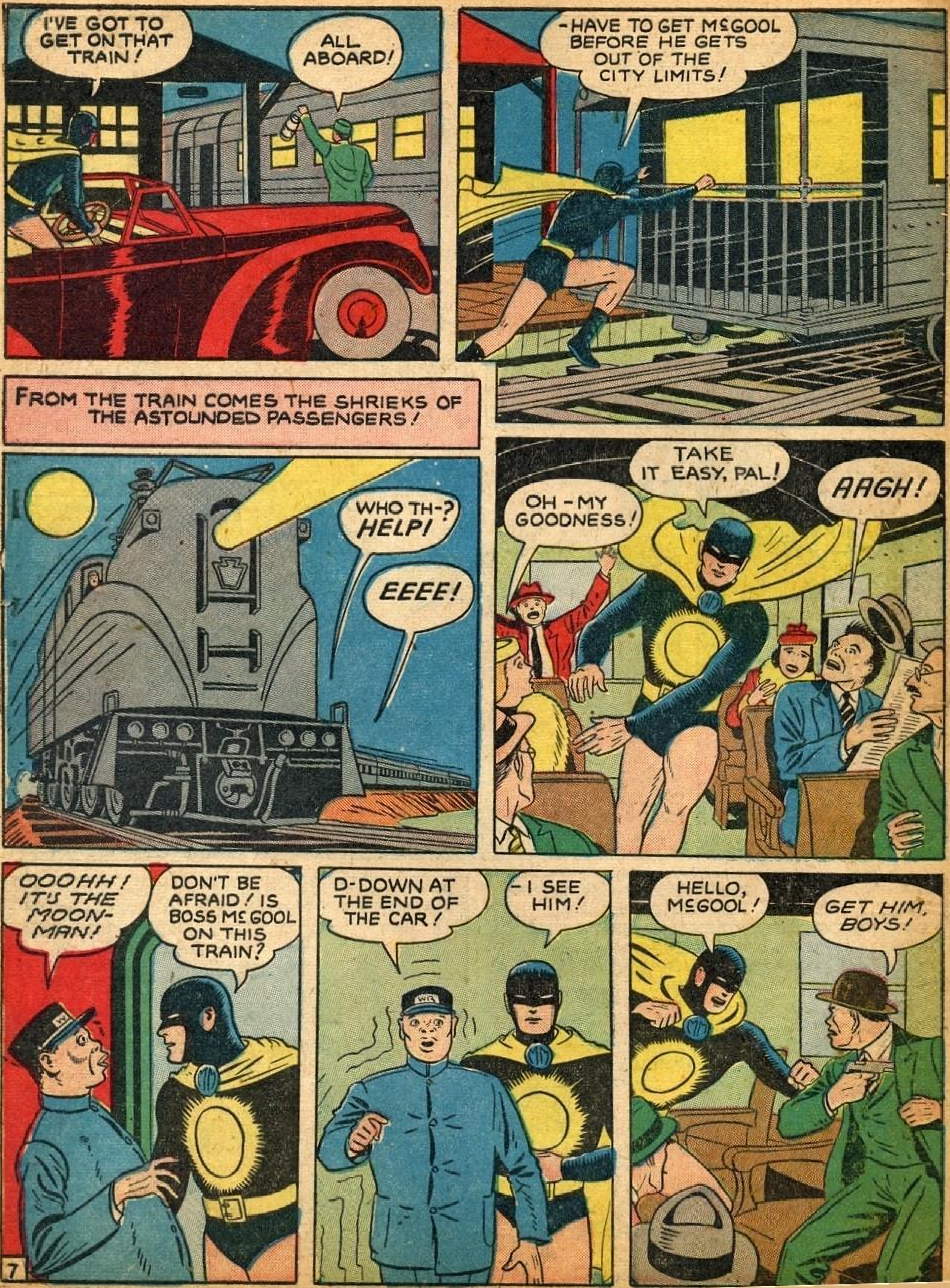

HERE WE ARE!
DISPLAYING HIS UNUSUAL ATHLETIC ABILITY, THE MOON MAN CLIMBS UP THE HOUSE!
AND INTO AN UPSTAIRS WINDOW!
NADIA LA SANNE – HOW'S TRICKS, SISTER?
HELP! OH-H-H-
SHE FAINTED! WELL, I GUESS I DID SURPRISE HER. AH! HER HANDBAG!
SEIZING THE WOMAN'S HANDBAG, HE MAKES A QUICK EXIT–
I'LL GET AWAY BEFORE SHE RECOVERS. I'M LUCKY! THE INFORMATION I WANT IS IN HER BAG!
-AND LIGHTLY DROPS TO THE GROUND BESIDE HIS POWERFUL ROADSTER.

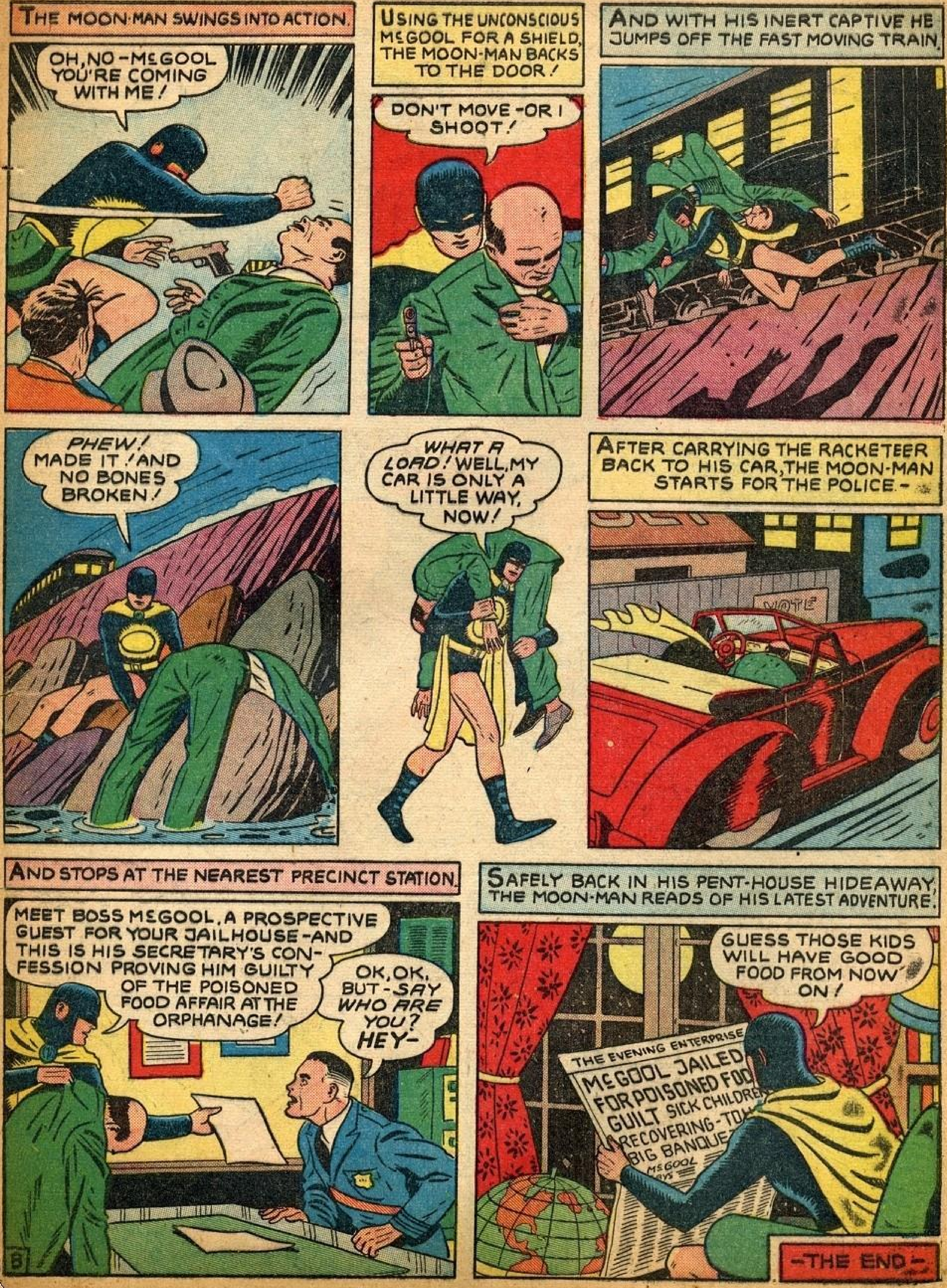

WITH THE BAG, THE MOON-MAN SPEEDS BACK TO THE CRIME-RIDDEN METROPOLIS...
AND ENTERS HIS BUILDING BY WAY OF A SECRET ENTRANCE.
BOOKS
COMIC MAG
IN HIS OWN PRIVATE ELEVATOR HE IS CARRIED, CAR AND ALL, UP TO THE PENTHOUSE.
JUST WHAT I NEED TO CONVINCE ME. A BILL OF SALE FOR 100 POUNDS OF CHEAP MEAT FROM A BUTCHER TO BOSS M^C GOOL!
I'M GOING TO PAY A FLYING VISIT TO THE ORPHANAGE AND CHECK UP ON THE FOOD!
MM
THE MOON-MAN ARRIVES AT HIS DESTINATION.
THIS IS THE ORPHAN ASYLUM - I'LL GO STRAIGHT TO THE KITCHEN!
AND INVESTIGATES THE CHEAP MEAT --
THE MEAT IS RANK! M^C GOOL OUGHT TO GO TO JAIL FOR THIS!

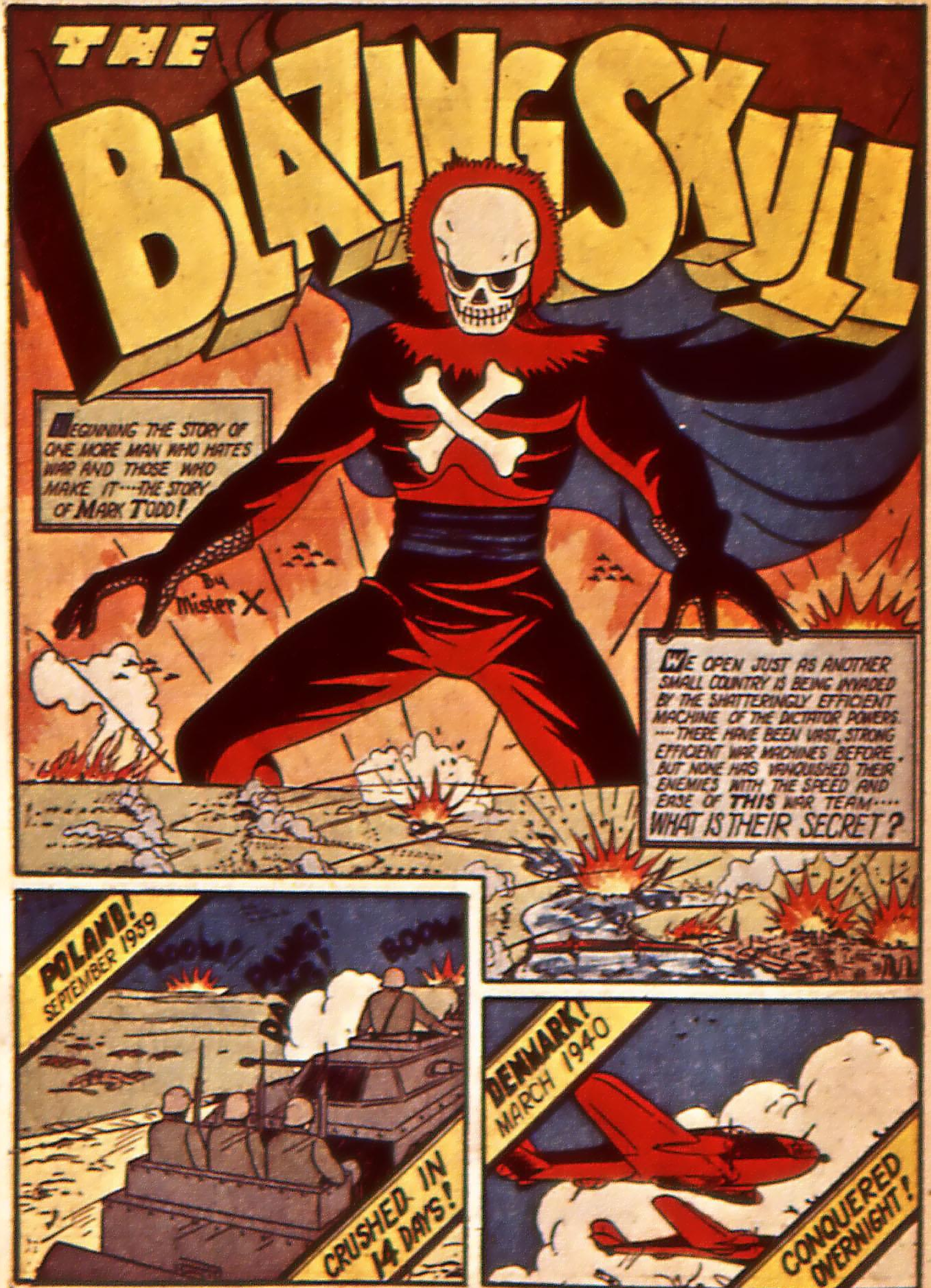

THE MOON MAN PAUSES TO LOOK IN ON THE SICK WARD.
POOR LITTLE TYKES - ALL SICK - I'LL SEE THAT THEY ARE AVENGED!
IN THE MEANTIME - AT BOSS McGOOL'S APARTMENT -
I HIRED YOU FOR A SECRETARY, NADIA, BECAUSE YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE ABLE TO TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF!
IT WAS THE MOON-MAN, BOSS. HE SCARED ME SO I FAINTED, AND THEN HE STOLE THE BILL OF SALE.
WELL, THE MOON-MAN WON'T DARE COME HERE!
LOOK, TH-
FROM OUT OF THE SHADOWS THE MOON-MAN AGAIN APPEARS -
TH-THE MOON-MAN! WHAT-
BETTER BEAT IT, NADIA. I WANT TO SEE McGOOL ALONE.
I WANT DETAILS McGOOL! WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THE MONEY YOU GET TO FEED THE ORPHANAGE?
FOOD - IT'S SPENT FOR FOOD, I TELL YOU!
BEHIND THE MOON-MAN A DOOR IS PUSHED INWARD -
REINFORCEMENTS, EH, McGOOL? GOT A GUILTY CONSCIENCE, HAVEN'T YOU?
BOSS, WE - J-JEEPERS, THE MOON MAN!
4
THE SIGHT OF THE WEIRDLY MASKED FIGURE UNNERVES THE GUNMEN LONG ENOUGH FOR THE MOON-MAN TO ATTACK!
GOOD THING I WEAR A COSTUME! IT SURPRISES THE OTHER GUY LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO GET A COUPLE PUNCHES IN!

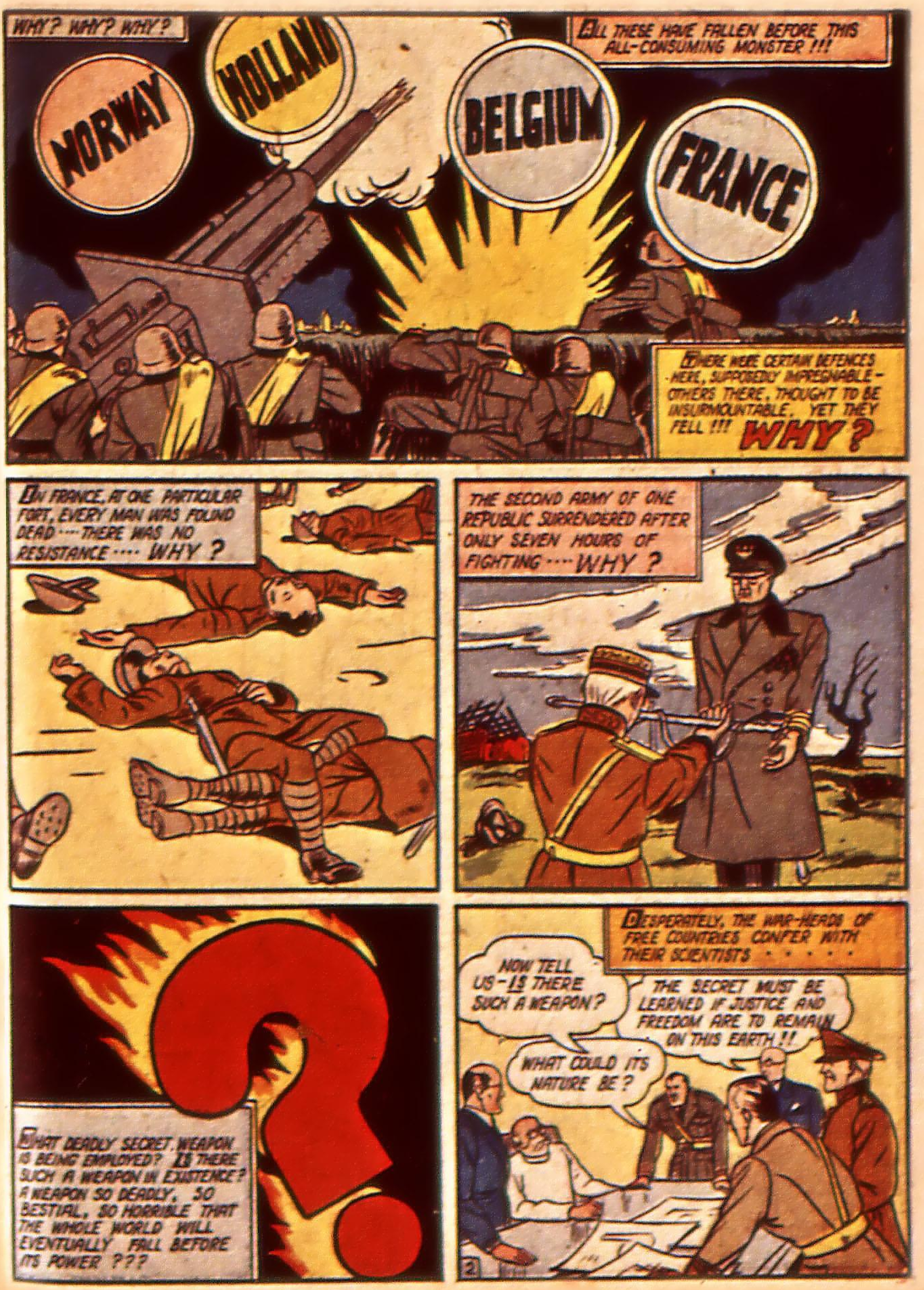

I OUGHT TO SHOOT YOU LIKE A DOG, McGOOL - BUT, I'M GOING TO PUT YOU BEHIND BARS, INSTEAD!
YOU BOUGHT POISONED MEAT FOR THE ORPHANS, BUT YOU'LL PAY FOR IT! AND I'M GOING TO GET PROOF OF WHAT I SAY!
I THINK NADIA LA SANNE IS THE WEAK LINK IN McGOOL'S CHAIN! SHE'LL TALK IF I SCARE HER ENOUGH!
A HALF-HOUR LATER THE MOON-MAN IS BACK IN NADIA'S HOUSE AND HIDES BEHIND A DRAPE —
McGOOL'S SECRETARY COMES HOME SOON AFTER-
IT'S GOOD TO BE HOME- *WHAT'S THAT-?*
DON'T FAINT AGAIN, NADIA. I WANT SOME INFORMATION ABOUT McGOOL!
EEEE! EEEE!
GO AWAY- GO AWAY! PLEASE!
I'LL GO -AFTER YOU TELL ME WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS POISONED FOOD AFFAIR!


...AND McGOOL BOUGHT THAT TAINTED MEAT BECAUSE HE COULD GET IT CHEAPER AND KEEP MOST OF THE MONEY FOR HIMSELF...
...THAT WAS THE FOOD THAT MADE ALL THOSE CHILDREN SICK!
WRITE YOUR NAME UNDER THIS CONFESSION I WROTE OUT FOR YOU AND I'LL NEVER BOTHER YOU AGAIN!
THIS SIGNED CONFESSION OF HIS SECRETARY OUGHT TO MAKE McGOOL TALK!
THE MOON-MAN SPEEDS BACK TO THE CITY.
NOW FOR McGOOL'S PLACE AND I'LL CLOSE THIS CASE FOR GOOD!
AND HURRIES TO BOSS McGOOL'S APARTMENT.
BUT THE MOON-MAN FINDS McGOOL HAS "FLOWN THE COOP"!
GONE! HE KNEW I'D MAKE NADIA TALK — WHAT'S THIS ON THE FLOOR?
A WESTSHORE RAILROAD SCHEDULE! HE'S MARKED THE 12:41. I'VE STILL GOT A CHANCE TO GET HIM!


I'VE GOT TO GET ON THAT TRAIN!
ALL ABOARD!
-HAVE TO GET McGOOL BEFORE HE GETS OUT OF THE CITY LIMITS!
FROM THE TRAIN COMES THE SHRIEKS OF THE ASTOUNDED PASSENGERS!
WHO TH-? HELP!
EEEE!
OH-MY GOODNESS!
TAKE IT EASY, PAL!
AAGH!
OOOHH! IT'S THE MOON-MAN!
DON'T BE AFRAID! IS BOSS McGOOL ON THIS TRAIN?
D-DOWN AT THE END OF THE CAR!
-I SEE HIM!
HELLO, McGOOL!
GET HIM, BOYS!


THE MOON-MAN SWINGS INTO ACTION.
OH, NO-McGOOL YOU'RE COMING WITH ME!
USING THE UNCONSCIOUS McGOOL FOR A SHIELD, THE MOON-MAN BACKS TO THE DOOR!
DON'T MOVE-OR I SHOOT!
AND WITH HIS INERT CAPTIVE HE JUMPS OFF THE FAST MOVING TRAIN.
PHEW! MADE IT! AND NO BONES BROKEN!
WHAT A LOAD! WELL, MY CAR IS ONLY A LITTLE WAY, NOW!
AFTER CARRYING THE RACKETEER BACK TO HIS CAR, THE MOON-MAN STARTS FOR THE POLICE.-
VOTE
AND STOPS AT THE NEAREST PRECINCT STATION.
MEET BOSS McGOOL, A PROSPECTIVE GUEST FOR YOUR JAILHOUSE-AND THIS IS HIS SECRETARY'S CONFESSION PROVING HIM GUILTY OF THE POISONED FOOD AFFAIR AT THE ORPHANAGE!
OK, OK, BUT-SAY WHO ARE YOU? HEY-
SAFELY BACK IN HIS PENT-HOUSE HIDEAWAY, THE MOON-MAN READS OF HIS LATEST ADVENTURE!
GUESS THOSE KIDS WILL HAVE GOOD FOOD FROM NOW ON!
THE EVENING ENTERPRISE
McGOOL JAILED FOR POISONED FOO
GUILT SICK CHILDRE
RECOVERING-TO
BIG BANQUE
McGOOL
-THE END-

THE BLAZING SKULL
BEGINNING THE STORY OF ONE MORE MAN WHO HATES WAR AND THOSE WHO MAKE IT----THE STORY OF MARK TODD!
By Mister X
WE OPEN JUST AS ANOTHER SMALL COUNTRY IS BEING INVADED BY THE SHATTERINGLY EFFICIENT MACHINE OF THE DICTATOR POWERS. ----THERE HAVE BEEN VAST, STRONG EFFICIENT WAR MACHINES BEFORE, BUT NONE HAS VANQUISHED THEIR ENEMIES WITH THE SPEED AND EASE OF THIS WAR TEAM.... WHAT IS THEIR SECRET?
POLAND! SEPTEMBER 1939
BOOM!
BOOM
CRUSHED IN 14 DAYS!
DENMARK! MARCH 1940
CONQUERED OVERNIGHT!


WHY? WHY? WHY?
NORWAY
HOLLAND
BELGIUM
FRANCE
ALL THESE HAVE FALLEN BEFORE THIS ALL-CONSUMING MONSTER !!!
THERE WERE CERTAIN DEFENCES HERE, SUPPOSEDLY IMPREGNABLE - OTHERS THERE, THOUGHT TO BE INSURMOUNTABLE. YET THEY FELL !!! WHY?
IN FRANCE, AT ONE PARTICULAR FORT, EVERY MAN WAS FOUND DEAD ···· THERE WAS NO RESISTANCE ···· WHY ?
THE SECOND ARMY OF ONE REPUBLIC SURRENDERED AFTER ONLY SEVEN HOURS OF FIGHTING ···· WHY ?
WHAT DEADLY SECRET WEAPON IS BEING EMPLOYED? IS THERE SUCH A WEAPON IN EXISTENCE? A WEAPON SO DEADLY, SO BESTIAL, SO HORRIBLE THAT THE WHOLE WORLD WILL EVENTUALLY FALL BEFORE ITS POWER ???
DESPERATELY, THE WAR-HEADS OF FREE COUNTRIES CONFER WITH THEIR SCIENTISTS · · · · ·
NOW TELL US - IS THERE SUCH A WEAPON?
THE SECRET MUST BE LEARNED IF JUSTICE AND FREEDOM ARE TO REMAIN ON THIS EARTH !!
WHAT COULD ITS NATURE BE?
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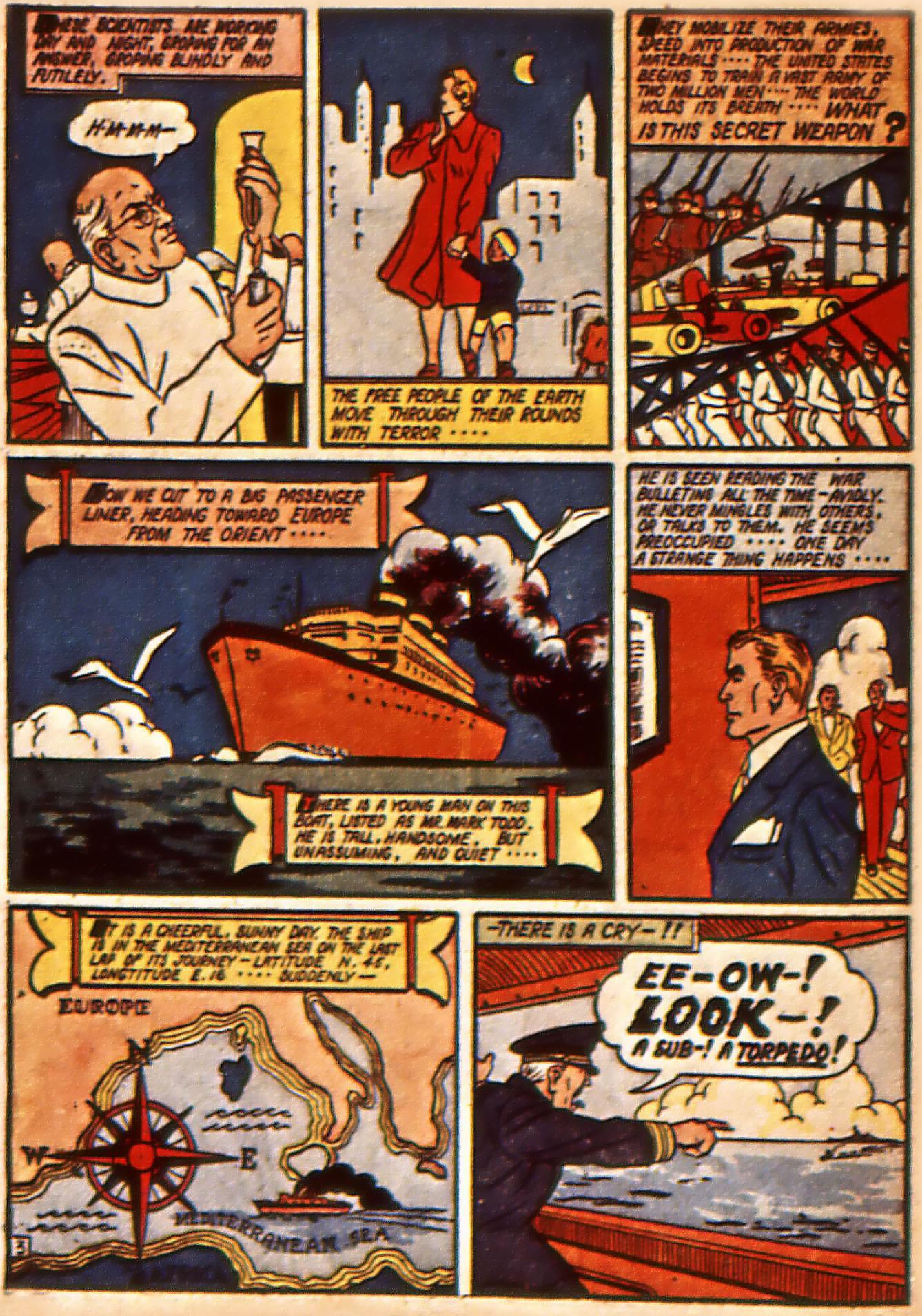
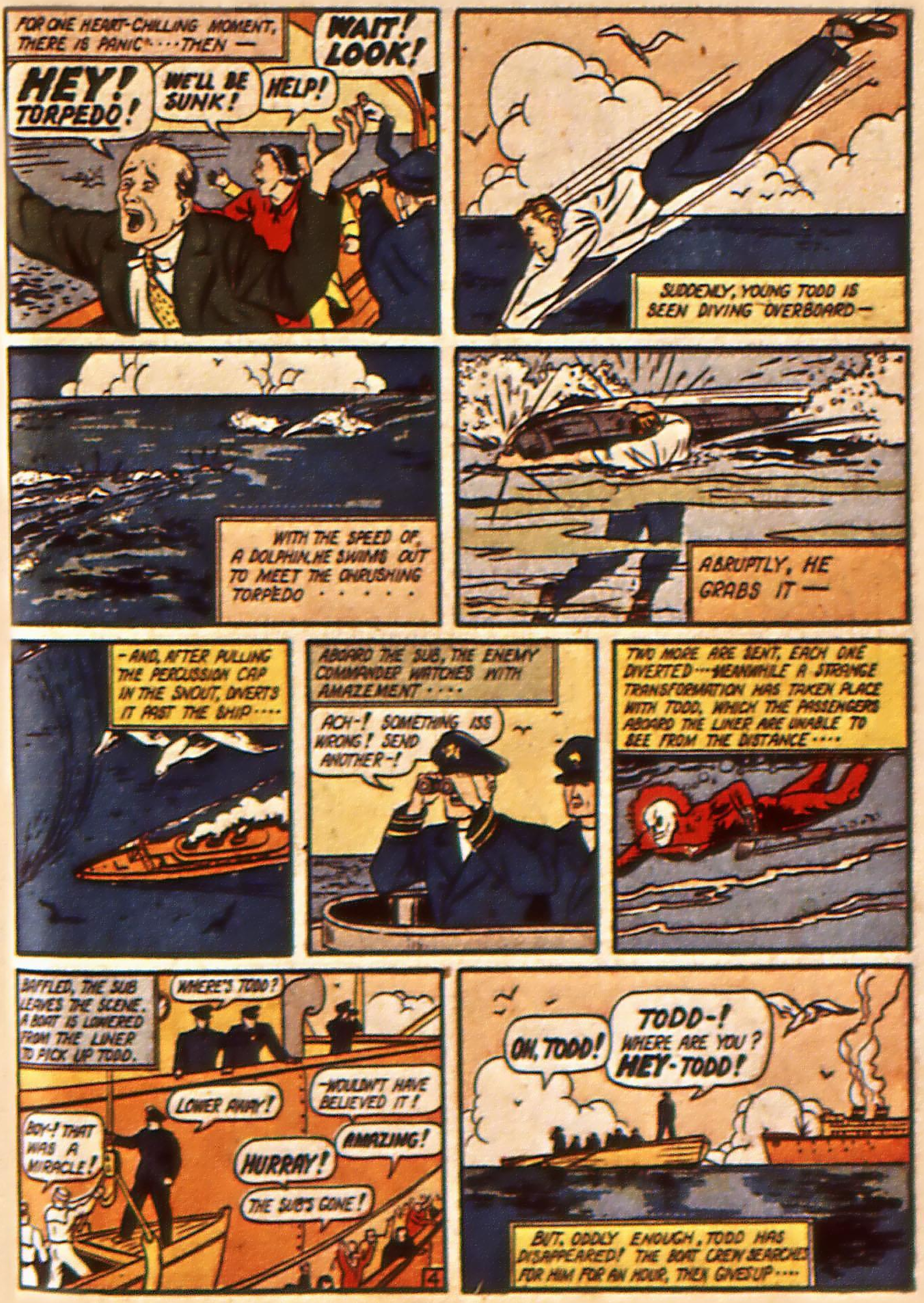
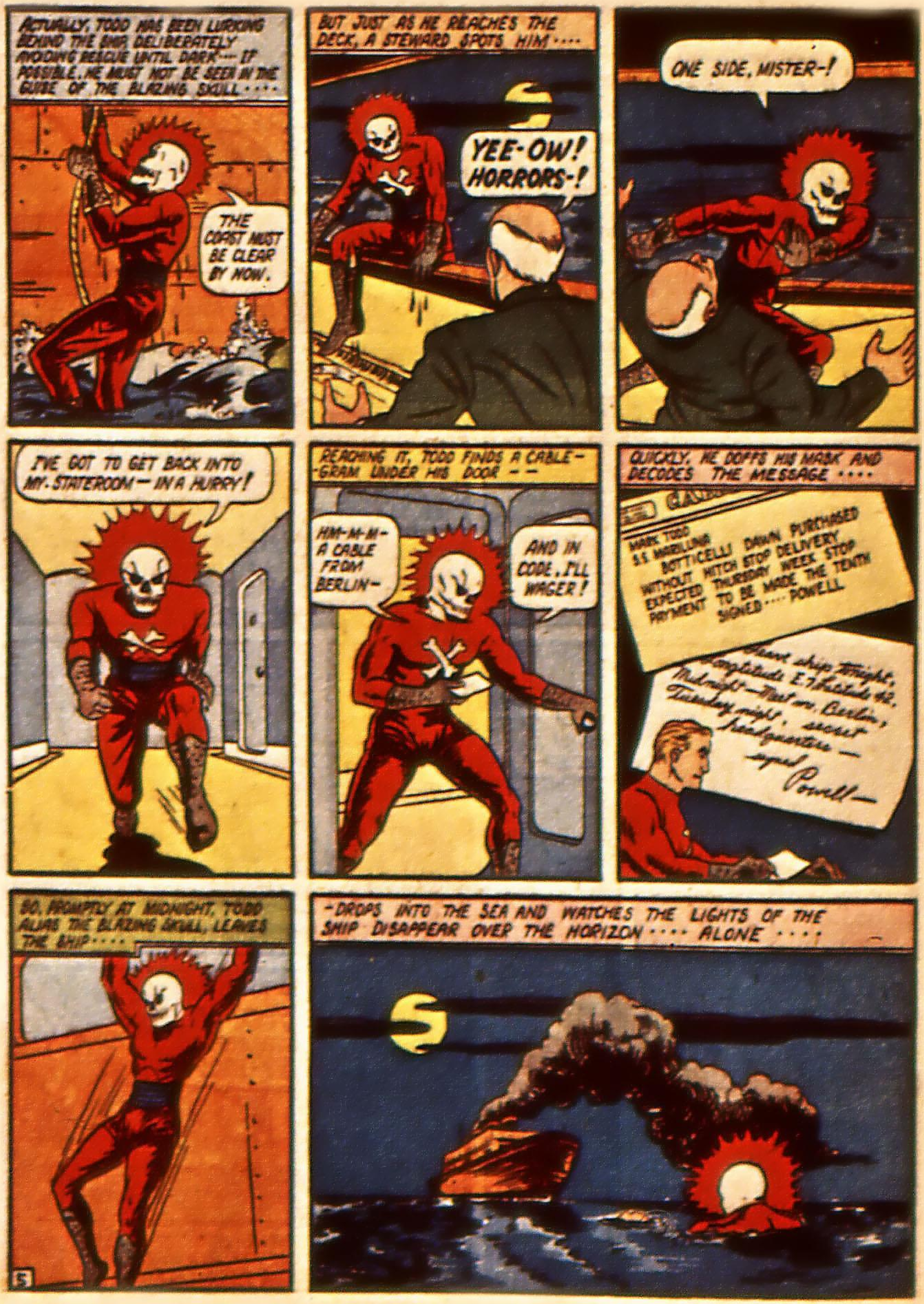
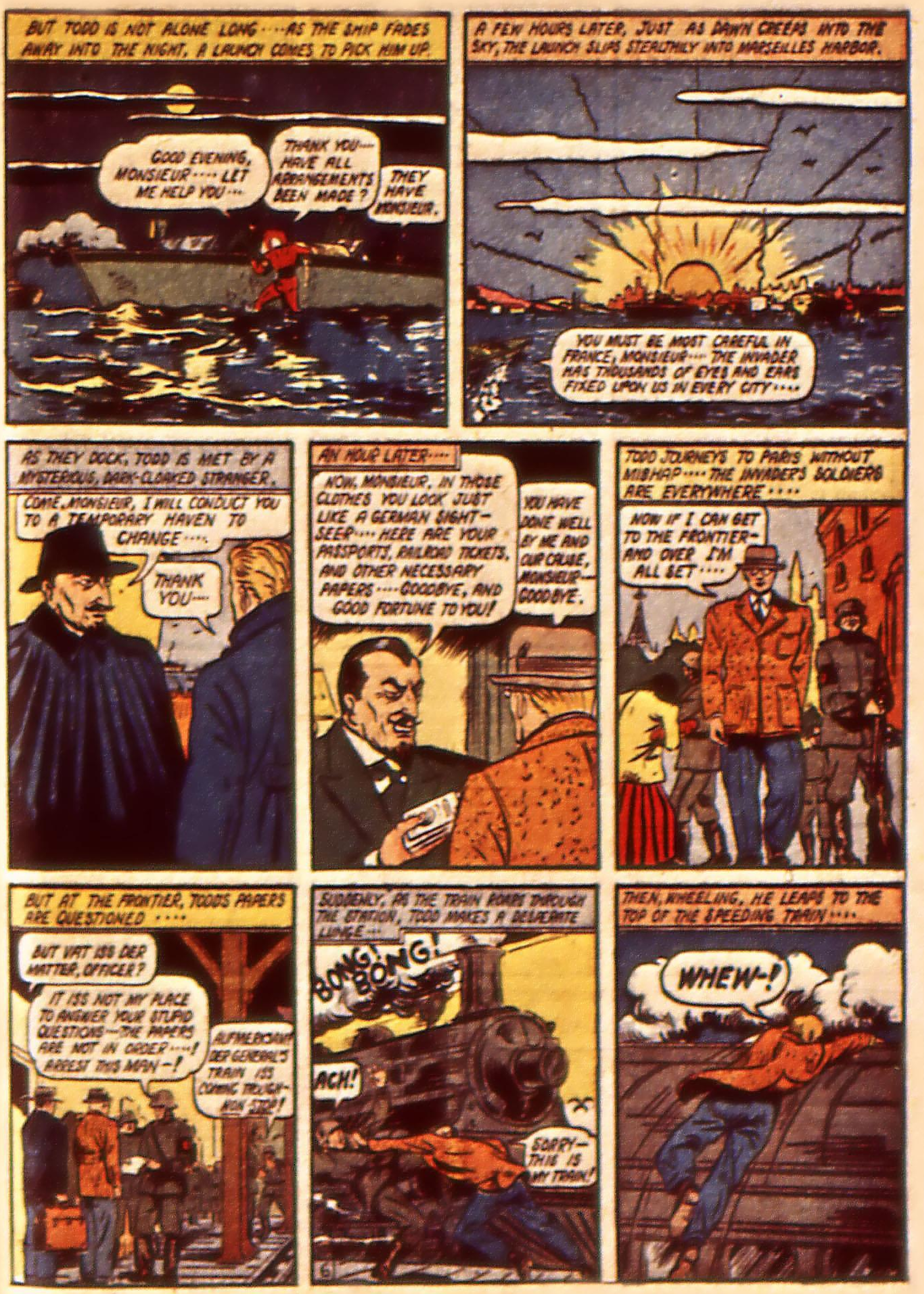
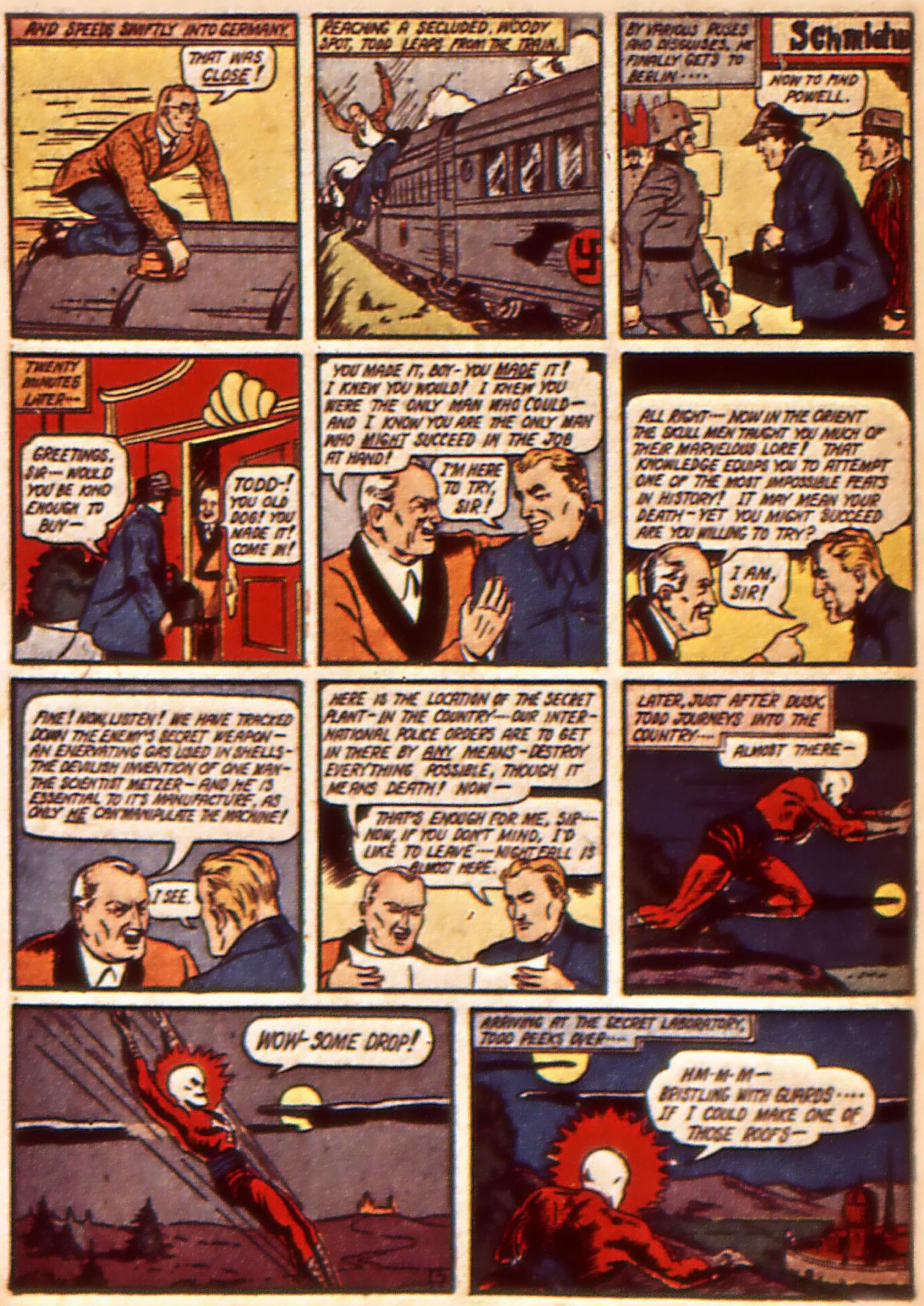
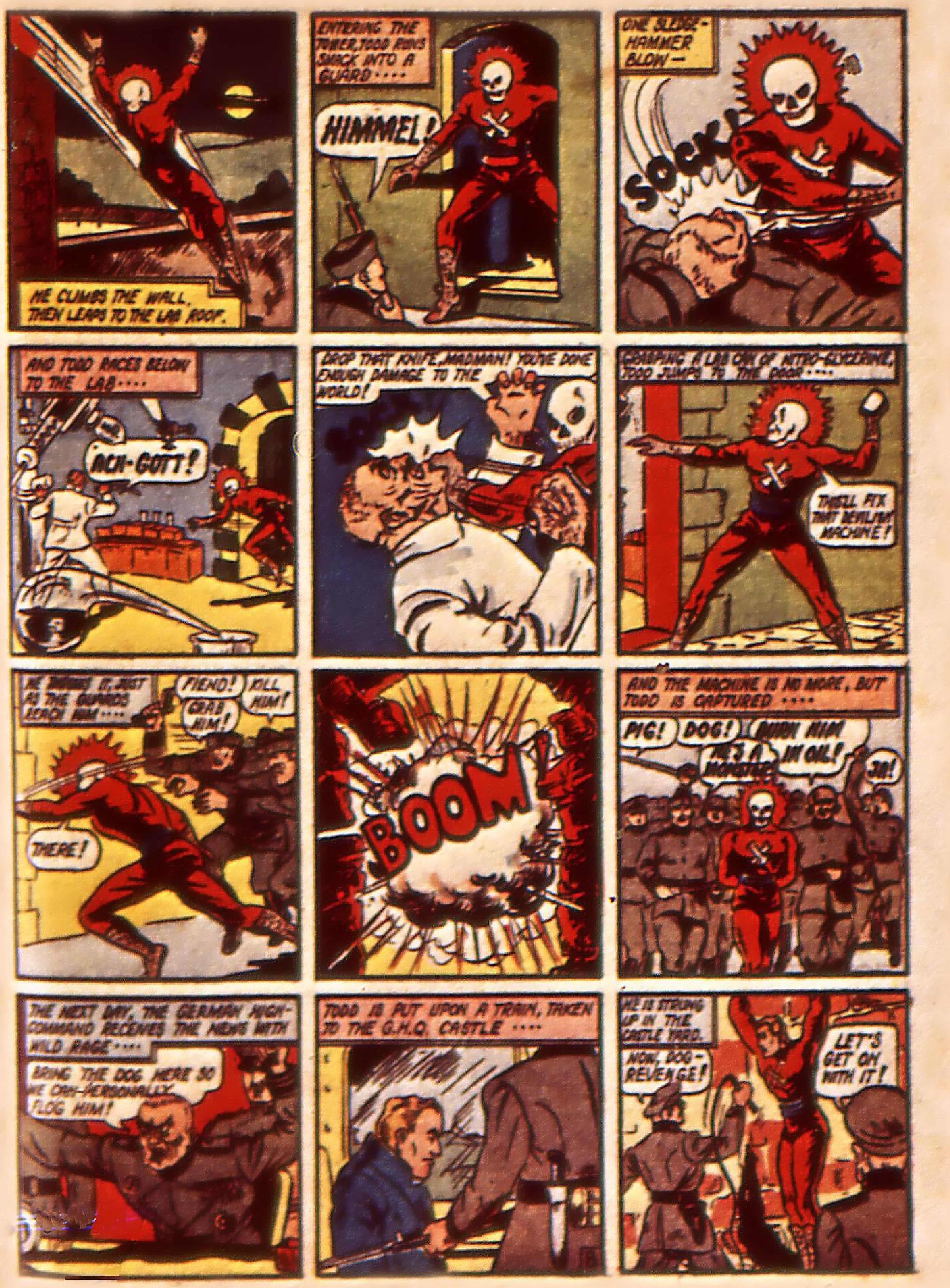

THESE SCIENTISTS ARE WORKING DAY AND NIGHT, GROPING FOR AN ANSWER, GROPING BLINDLY AND FUTILELY.
H-M-M-M—
THE FREE PEOPLE OF THE EARTH MOVE THROUGH THEIR ROUNDS WITH TERROR ····
THEY MOBILIZE THEIR ARMIES, SPEED INTO PRODUCTION OF WAR MATERIALS ···· THE UNITED STATES BEGINS TO TRAIN A VAST ARMY OF TWO MILLION MEN ···· THE WORLD HOLDS ITS BREATH ···· WHAT IS THIS SECRET WEAPON?
NOW WE CUT TO A BIG PASSENGER LINER, HEADING TOWARD EUROPE FROM THE ORIENT ····
THERE IS A YOUNG MAN ON THIS BOAT, LISTED AS MR. MARK TODD, HE IS TALL, HANDSOME, BUT UNASSUMING, AND QUIET ····
HE IS SEEN READING THE WAR BULLETINS ALL THE TIME—AVIDLY. HE NEVER MINGLES WITH OTHERS, OR TALKS TO THEM. HE SEEMS PREOCCUPIED ···· ONE DAY A STRANGE THING HAPPENS ····
IT IS A CHEERFUL, SUNNY DAY. THE SHIP IS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA ON THE LAST LAP OF ITS JOURNEY—LATITUDE N. 45, LONGTITUDE E. 16 ···· SUDDENLY—
EUROPE
W
E
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
—THERE IS A CRY—!!
EE-OW-! LOOK-! A SUB-! A TORPEDO!

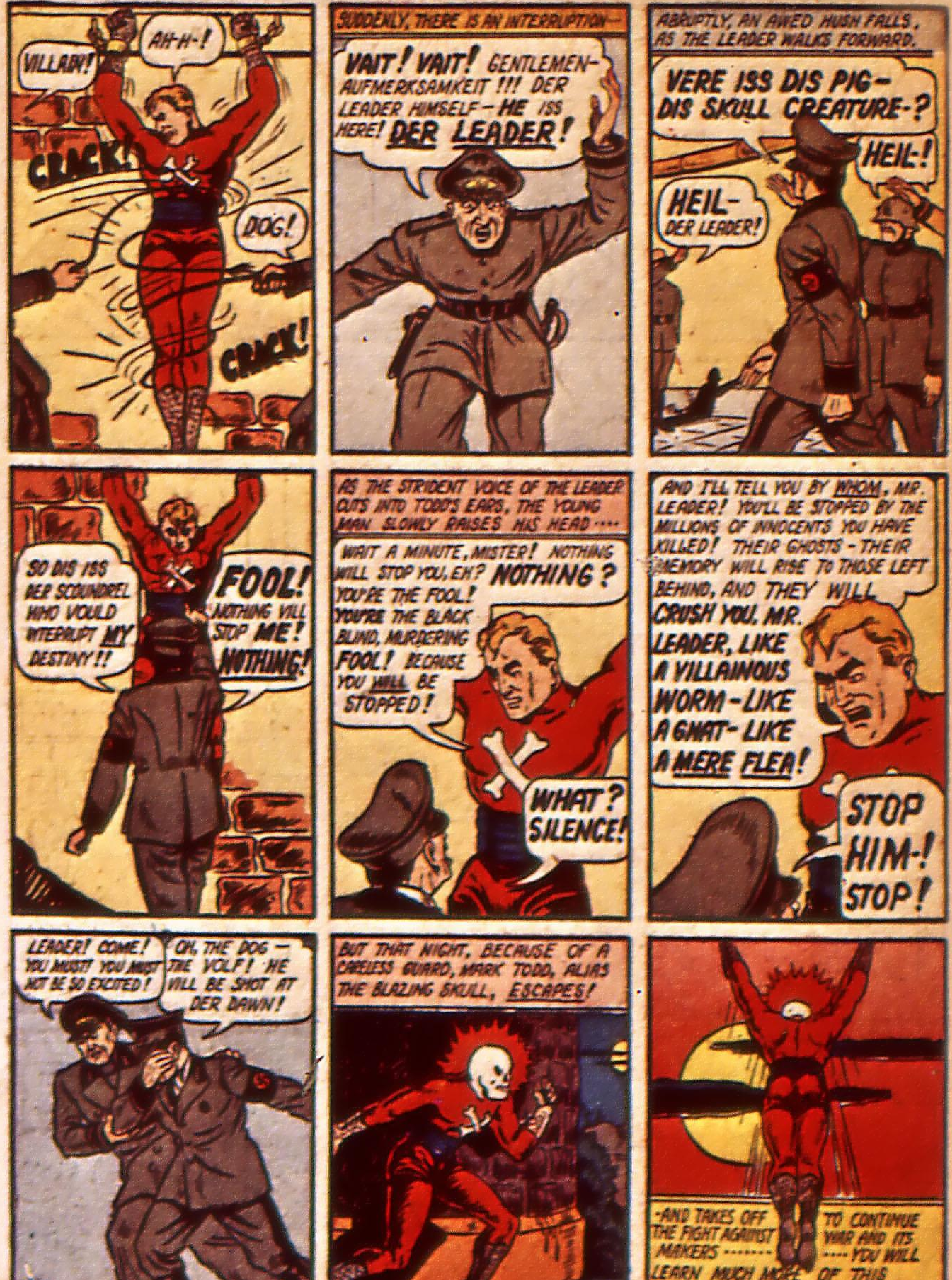

FOR ONE HEART-CHILLING MOMENT, THERE IS PANIC.... THEN —
WAIT! LOOK!
HEY! TORPEDO!
WE'LL BE SUNK!
HELP!
SUDDENLY, YOUNG TODD IS SEEN DIVING OVERBOARD—
WITH THE SPEED OF A DOLPHIN, HE SWIMS OUT TO MEET THE ONRUSHING TORPEDO . . . . .
ABRUPTLY, HE GRABS IT —
—AND, AFTER PULLING THE PERCUSSION CAP IN THE SNOUT, DIVERTS IT PAST THE SHIP....
ABOARD THE SUB, THE ENEMY COMMANDER WATCHES WITH AMAZEMENT....
ACH-! SOMETHING ISS WRONG! SEND ANOTHER-!
TWO MORE ARE SENT, EACH ONE DIVERTED....MEANWHILE A STRANGE TRANSFORMATION HAS TAKEN PLACE WITH TODD, WHICH THE PASSENGERS ABOARD THE LINER ARE UNABLE TO SEE FROM THE DISTANCE....
BAFFLED, THE SUB LEAVES THE SCENE. A BOAT IS LOWERED FROM THE LINER TO PICK UP TODD.
WHERE'S TODD?
LOWER AWAY!
-WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED IT!
BOY-! THAT WAS A MIRACLE!
AMAZING!
HURRAY!
THE SUB'S GONE!
4
OH, TODD!
TODD-! WHERE ARE YOU? HEY-TODD!
BUT, ODDLY ENOUGH, TODD HAS DISAPPEARED! THE BOAT CREW SEARCHES FOR HIM FOR AN HOUR, THEN GIVES UP....


ACTUALLY, TODD HAS BEEN LURKING BEHIND THE SHIP, DELIBERATELY AVOIDING RESCUE UNTIL DARK--- IF POSSIBLE, HE MUST NOT BE SEEN IN THE GUISE OF THE BLAZING SKULL····
THE COAST MUST BE CLEAR BY NOW.
BUT JUST AS HE REACHES THE DECK, A STEWARD SPOTS HIM····
YEE-OW! HORRORS-!
ONE SIDE, MISTER-!
I'VE GOT TO GET BACK INTO MY STATEROOM — IN A HURRY!
REACHING IT, TODD FINDS A CABLEGRAM UNDER HIS DOOR --
HM-M-M- A CABLE FROM BERLIN-
AND IN CODE, I'LL WAGER!
QUICKLY, HE DOFFS HIS MASK AND DECODES THE MESSAGE····
MARK TODD
S.S. MARILLINA
BOTTICELLI DAWN PURCHASED WITHOUT HITCH STOP DELIVERY EXPECTED THURSDAY WEEK STOP PAYMENT TO BE MADE THE TENTH
SIGNED···· POWELL
Leave ship tonight, Longitude E.7 latitude 42, Midnight—Meet me, Berlin, Tuesday night, secret headquarters — signed Powell—
SO, PROMPTLY AT MIDNIGHT, TODD ALIAS THE BLAZING SKULL, LEAVES THE SHIP····
5
-DROPS INTO THE SEA AND WATCHES THE LIGHTS OF THE SHIP DISAPPEAR OVER THE HORIZON···· ALONE····


BUT TODD IS NOT ALONE LONG····AS THE SHIP FADES AWAY INTO THE NIGHT, A LAUNCH COMES TO PICK HIM UP.
GOOD EVENING, MONSIEUR···· LET ME HELP YOU···
THANK YOU··· HAVE ALL ARRANGEMENTS BEEN MADE?
THEY HAVE MONSIEUR.
A FEW HOURS LATER, JUST AS DAWN CREEPS INTO THE SKY, THE LAUNCH SLIPS STEALTHILY INTO MARSEILLES HARBOR.
YOU MUST BE MOST CAREFUL IN FRANCE, MONSIEUR···· THE INVADER HAS THOUSANDS OF EYES AND EARS FIXED UPON US IN EVERY CITY····
AS THEY DOCK, TODD IS MET BY A MYSTERIOUS, DARK-CLOAKED STRANGER.
COME, MONSIEUR, I WILL CONDUCT YOU TO A TEMPORARY HAVEN TO CHANGE····.
THANK YOU···
AN HOUR LATER····
NOW, MONSIEUR, IN THOSE CLOTHES YOU LOOK JUST LIKE A GERMAN SIGHT-SEER···· HERE ARE YOUR PASSPORTS, RAILROAD TICKETS, AND OTHER NECESSARY PAPERS····GOODBYE, AND GOOD FORTUNE TO YOU!
YOU HAVE DONE WELL BY ME AND OUR CAUSE, MONSIEUR— GOODBYE.
TODD JOURNEYS TO PARIS WITHOUT MISHAP····THE INVADER'S SOLDIERS ARE EVERYWHERE····
NOW IF I CAN GET TO THE FRONTIER— AND OVER I'M ALL SET····
BUT AT THE FRONTIER, TODD'S PAPERS ARE QUESTIONED····
BUT VAT ISS DER MATTER, OFFICER?
IT ISS NOT MY PLACE TO ANSWER YOUR STUPID QUESTIONS—THE PAPERS ARE NOT IN ORDER····! ARREST THIS MAN—!
AUFMERKSAM! DER GENERAL'S TRAIN IS COMING TRUGH— NON-STOP!
SUDDENLY, AS THE TRAIN ROARS THROUGH THE STATION, TODD MAKES A DESPERATE LUNGE···
BONG! BONG! BONG!
ACH!
SORRY— THIS IS MY TRAIN!
THEN, WHEELING, HE LEAPS TO THE TOP OF THE SPEEDING TRAIN····
WHEW—!


AND SPEEDS SWIFTLY INTO GERMANY.
THAT WAS CLOSE!
REACHING A SECLUDED, WOODY SPOT, TODD LEAPS FROM THE TRAIN.
BY VARIOUS RUSES AND DISGUISES, HE FINALLY GETS TO BERLIN....
Schmidt
NOW TO FIND POWELL.
TWENTY MINUTES LATER---
GREETINGS, SIR--- WOULD YOU BE KIND ENOUGH TO BUY—
TODD-! YOU OLD DOG! YOU MADE IT! COME IN!
YOU MADE IT, BOY- YOU MADE IT! I KNEW YOU WOULD! I KNEW YOU WERE THE ONLY MAN WHO COULD— AND I KNOW YOU ARE THE ONLY MAN WHO MIGHT SUCCEED IN THE JOB AT HAND!
I'M HERE TO TRY, SIR!
ALL RIGHT--- NOW IN THE ORIENT THE SKULL MEN TAUGHT YOU MUCH OF THEIR MARVELOUS LORE! THAT KNOWLEDGE EQUIPS YOU TO ATTEMPT ONE OF THE MOST IMPOSSIBLE FEATS IN HISTORY! IT MAY MEAN YOUR DEATH- YET YOU MIGHT SUCCEED ARE YOU WILLING TO TRY?
I AM, SIR!
FINE! NOW, LISTEN! WE HAVE TRACKED DOWN THE ENEMY'S SECRET WEAPON— AN ENERVATING GAS USED IN SHELLS- THE DEVILISH INVENTION OF ONE MAN- THE SCIENTIST METZER— AND HE IS ESSENTIAL TO IT'S MANUFACTURE, AS ONLY HE CAN MANIPULATE THE MACHINE!
I SEE.
HERE IS THE LOCATION OF THE SECRET PLANT- IN THE COUNTRY--- OUR INTERNATIONAL POLICE ORDERS ARE TO GET IN THERE BY ANY MEANS- DESTROY EVERYTHING POSSIBLE, THOUGH IT MEANS DEATH! NOW—
THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ME, SIR--- NOW, IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'D LIKE TO LEAVE--- NIGHTFALL IS ALMOST HERE.
LATER, JUST AFTER DUSK TODD JOURNEYS INTO THE COUNTRY---
ALMOST THERE—
WOW- SOME DROP!
15
ARRIVING AT THE SECRET LABORATORY, TODD PEEKS OVER---
HM-M-M— BRISTLING WITH GUARDS.... IF I COULD MAKE ONE OF THOSE ROOFS—


HE CLIMBS THE WALL, THEN LEAPS TO THE LAB ROOF.
ENTERING THE TOWER, TODD RUNS SMACK INTO A GUARD....
HIMMEL!
ONE SLEDGE-HAMMER BLOW—
SOCK!
AND TODD RACES BELOW TO THE LAB....
ACH-GOTT!
DROP THAT KNIFE, MADMAN! YOU'VE DONE ENOUGH DAMAGE TO THE WORLD!
GRASPING A LAB CAN OF NITRO-GLYCERINE, TODD JUMPS TO THE DOOR....
THIS'LL FIX THAT DEVILISH MACHINE!
HE THROWS IT, JUST AS THE GUARDS REACH HIM....
FIEND!
GRAB HIM!
KILL HIM!
THERE!
BOOM!
AND THE MACHINE IS NO MORE, BUT TODD IS CAPTURED....
PIG!
DOG!
HE'S A MONSTER!
BURN HIM IN OIL!
JA!
THE NEXT DAY, THE GERMAN HIGH-COMMAND RECEIVES THE NEWS WITH WILD RAGE....
BRING THE DOG HERE SO WE CAN—PERSONALLY FLOG HIM!
TODD IS PUT UPON A TRAIN, TAKEN TO THE G.H.Q. CASTLE....
HE IS STRUNG UP IN THE CASTLE YARD.
NOW, DOG—REVENGE!
LET'S GET ON WITH IT!


VILLAIN!
AH-H-!
CRACK!
DOG!
CRACK!
SUDDENLY, THERE IS AN INTERRUPTION—
VAIT! VAIT! GENTLEMEN-AUFMERKSAMKEIT !!! DER LEADER HIMSELF—HE ISS HERE! DER LEADER!
ABRUPTLY, AN AWED HUSH FALLS, AS THE LEADER WALKS FORWARD.
VERE ISS DIS PIG- DIS SKULL CREATURE-?
HEIL-!
HEIL- DER LEADER!
SO DIS ISS DER SCOUNDREL WHO VOULD INTERRUPT MY DESTINY!!
FOOL! NOTHING VILL STOP ME! NOTHING!
AS THE STRIDENT VOICE OF THE LEADER CUTS INTO TODD'S EARS, THE YOUNG MAN SLOWLY RAISES HIS HEAD....
WAIT A MINUTE, MISTER! NOTHING WILL STOP YOU, EH? NOTHING? YOU'RE THE FOOL! YOU'RE THE BLACK BLIND, MURDERING FOOL! BECAUSE YOU WILL BE STOPPED!
WHAT? SILENCE!
AND I'LL TELL YOU BY WHOM, MR. LEADER! YOU'LL BE STOPPED BY THE MILLIONS OF INNOCENTS YOU HAVE KILLED! THEIR GHOSTS - THEIR MEMORY WILL RISE TO THOSE LEFT BEHIND, AND THEY WILL CRUSH YOU, MR. LEADER, LIKE A VILLAINOUS WORM-LIKE A GNAT-LIKE A MERE FLEA!
STOP HIM-! STOP!
LEADER! COME! YOU MUST! YOU MUST NOT BE SO EXCITED!
OH, THE DOG— THE VOLF! HE VILL BE SHOT AT DER DAWN!
9
BUT THAT NIGHT, BECAUSE OF A CARELESS GUARD, MARK TODD, ALIAS THE BLAZING SKULL, ESCAPES!
-AND TAKES OFF TO CONTINUE THE FIGHT AGAINST WAR AND ITS MAKERS ------- ---- YOU WILL LEARN MUCH MORE OF THIS FASCINATING CHARACTER IN THE NEXT MYSTIC COMICS!

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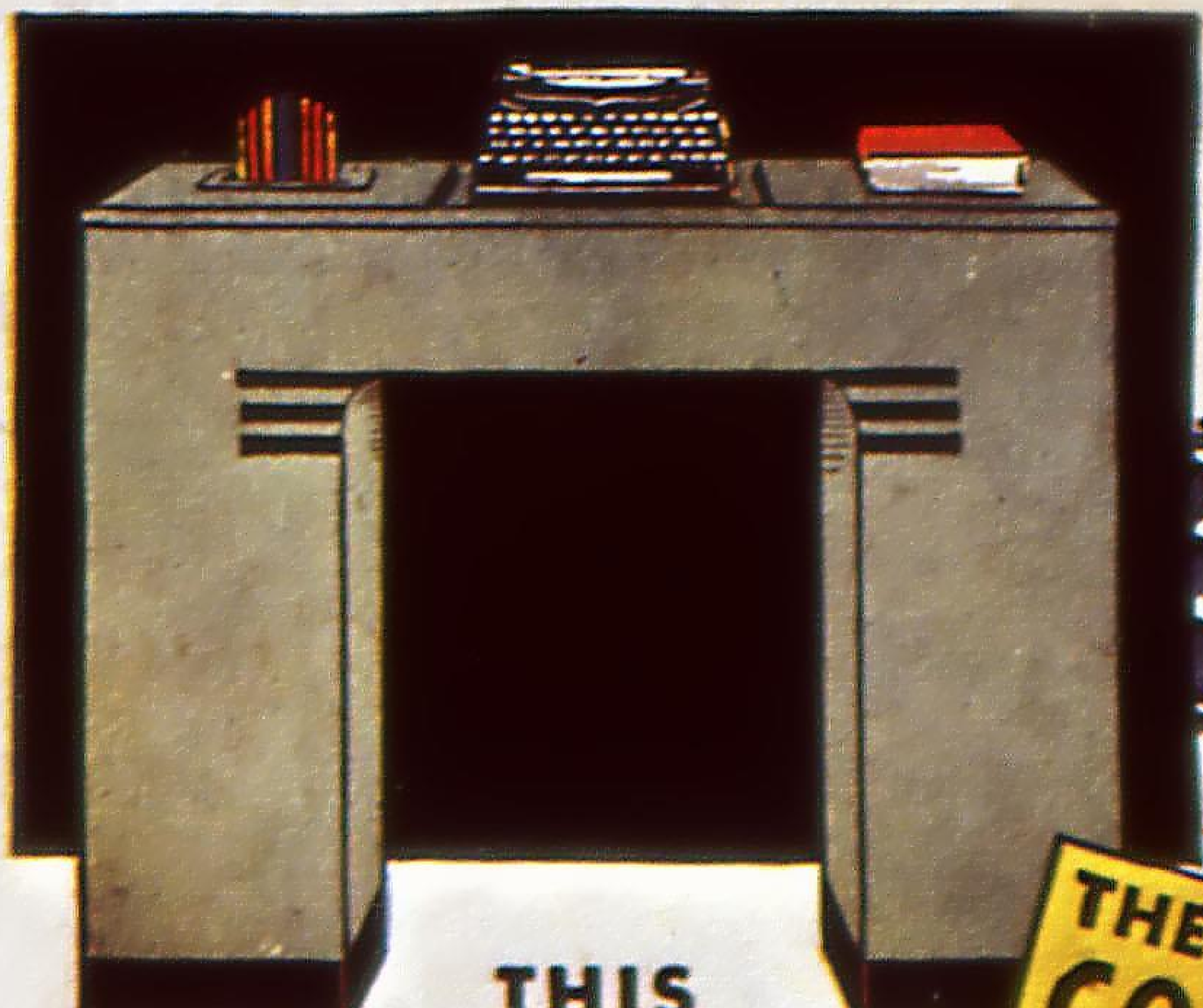

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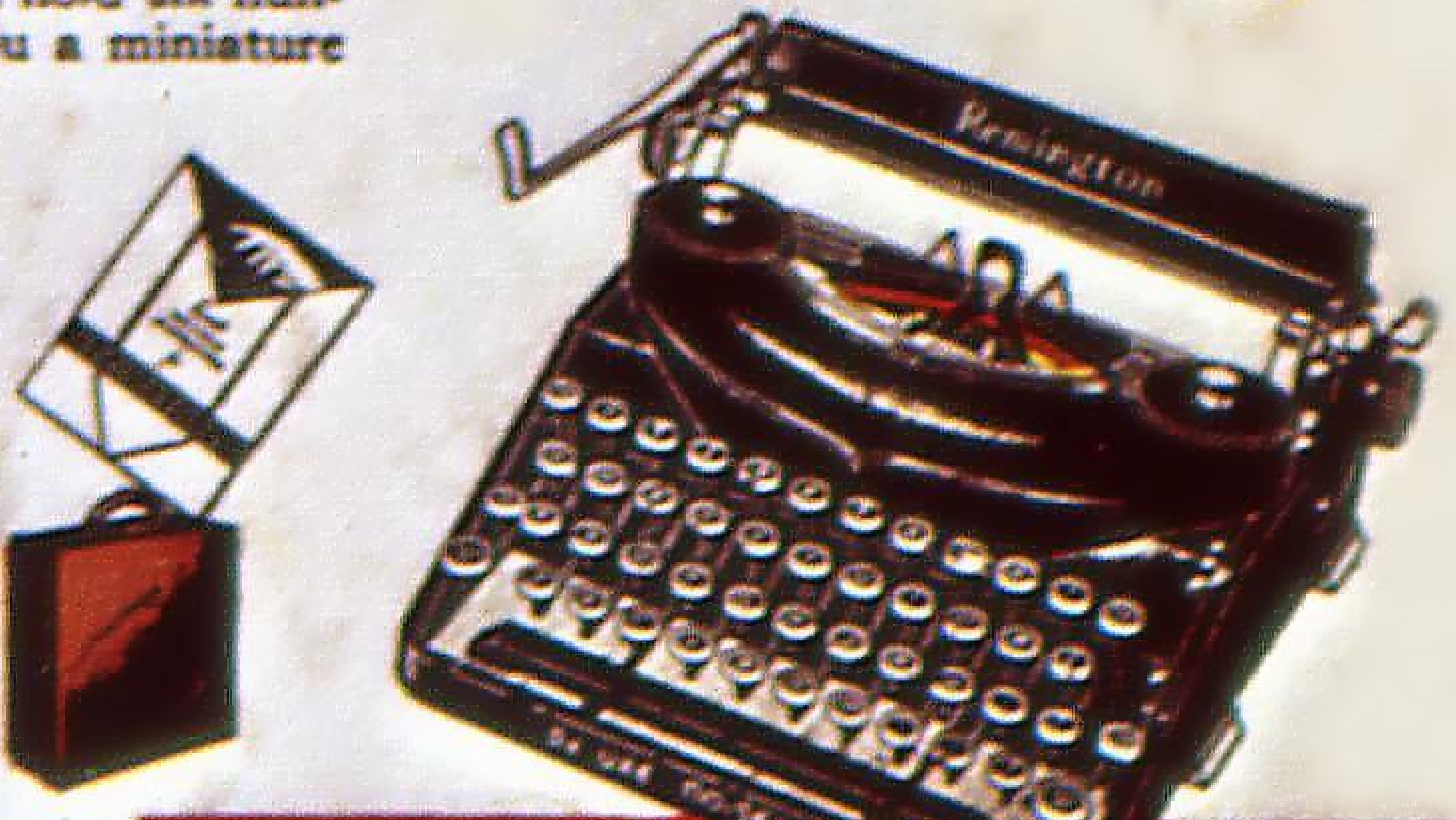

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